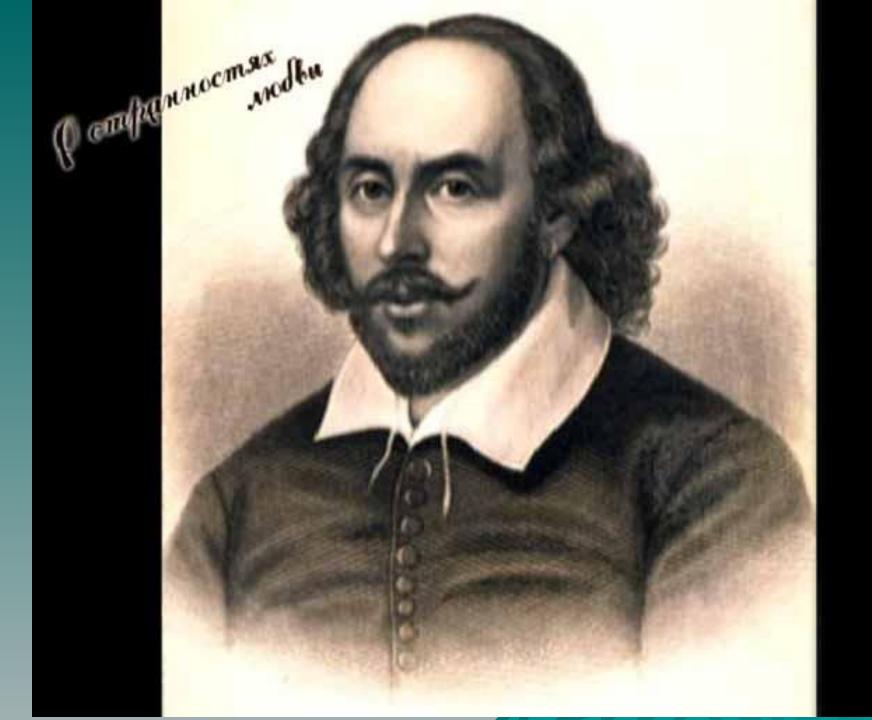
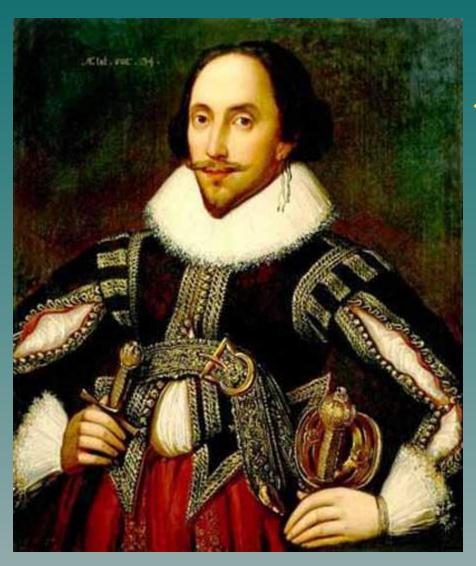
William Shakespeare

(1564-1616)



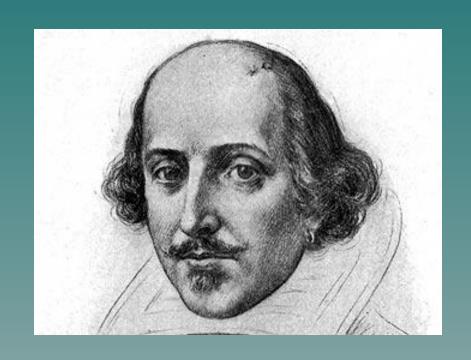
William Shakespeare is the most famous English poet and dramatist



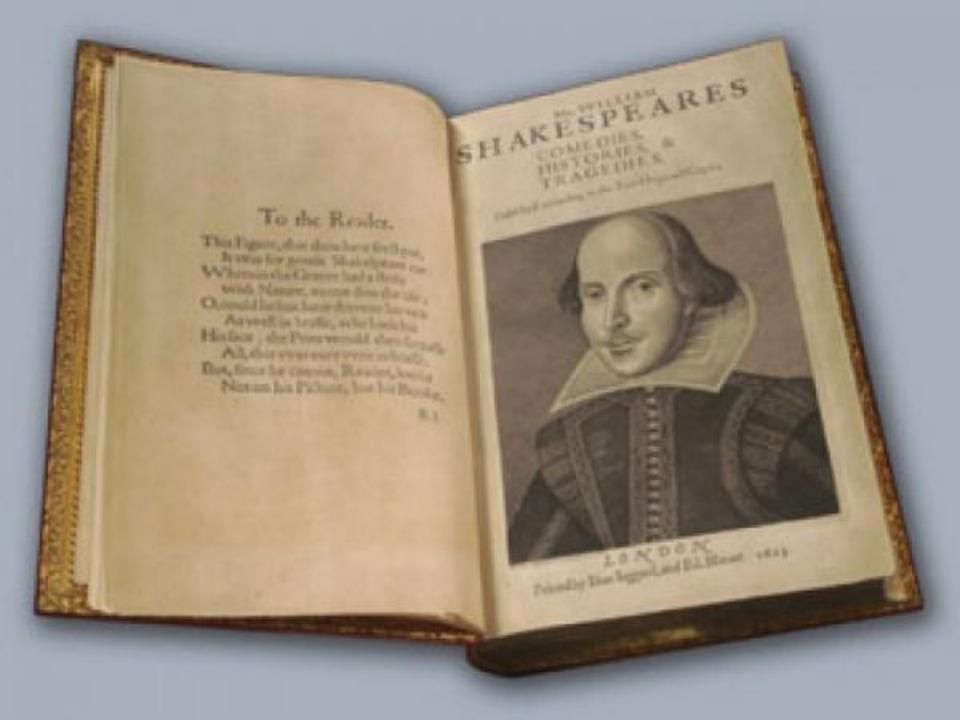


He was born on April twenty-six, 1564 and died on April, twenty-three, 1616. Shakespeare wrote thirty-seven plays and two long poems during his lifetime.

The playwright lived in Stratford-upon-Avo n, county Warwickshire in England. His plays are performed today and his is quoted in modern literature very often.



 Shakespeare was not only writer, but also an actor. By 1594 he was a member of the acting company named 'The Chamberlain's Men'.



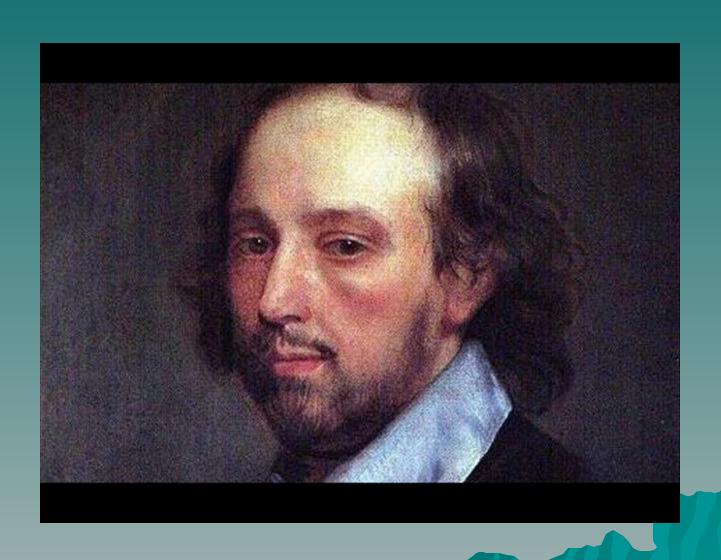
 Shakespeare's plays are of different genres or kinds. There are comedies, histories, tragedies. His plays are the most known in English literature, they are studied in many schools and universities all over the world. The playwright has been credited for adding many new phrases and words to the English language of the day and for making his lexicon more popular.





 Shakespeare was popular during his lifetime. He was known as an actor and also was becoming popular as a writer. But in 1616, the year of his death, only some of his works were published. In 1623 the plays were collected and published, six years later after his death.

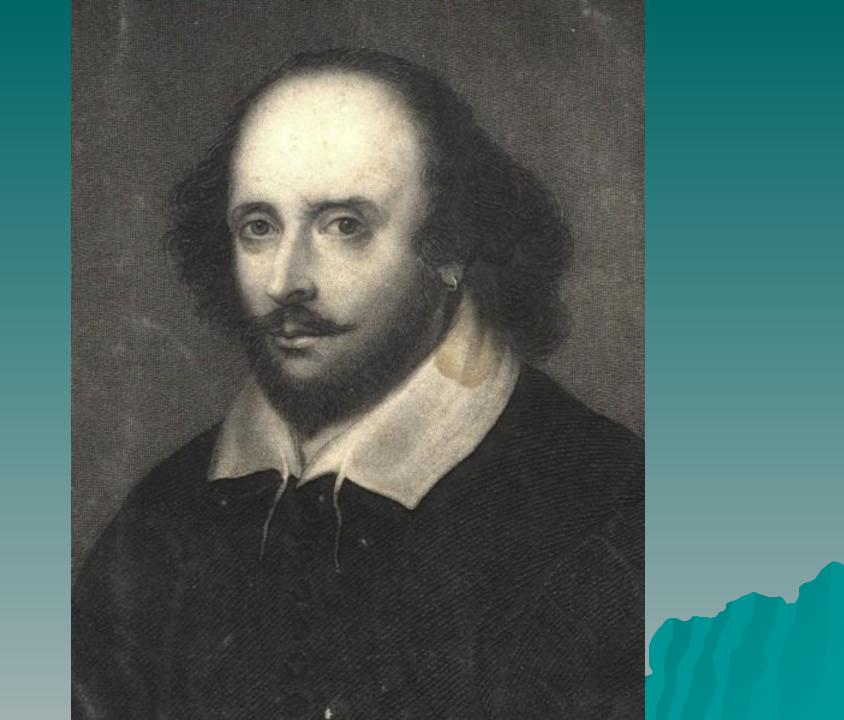
Shakespeare's family



William Shakespeare was married. His wife, Ann Hathaway, was eight years older than he was. The playwright had three children - Susanna, Hamlet (died due to unknown reasons at the age of eleven) and Judith.

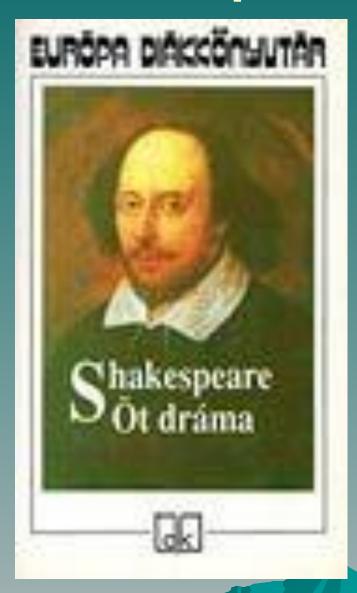


 150 years after William Shakespeare died, somé writers of the day began to doubt his authorship of plays and poems. They said that these works were created by another person. There were reasons for these. For example, the author of plays knew a lot of other countries, William Shakespeare never left England. Most scholar's still believe than Shakespeare did write these works, but the idea that somebody else 'wrote Shakespeare' is still discussed.





Interesting facts about Shakespeare

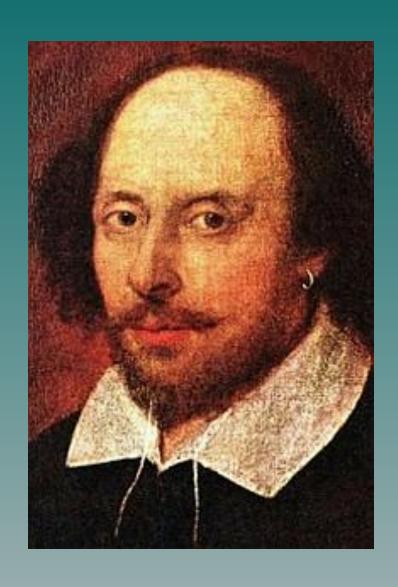




Shakespeare's wife (Anne) was older then William (he was 18, and she was 26 when they got married). Anne was three month pregnant at that time.

The writer put a curse on anyone who would dare to move his body from his final resting place in the Holy Trinity Church. His remains are still undisturbed





 Shakespeare is considered to be the most quoted writer in the English language (only various Bible authors are quoted more). William lived a double life. In his hometown Stratford, where his family lived, he was known as property owner and businessman, while in London he became a famous playwright.



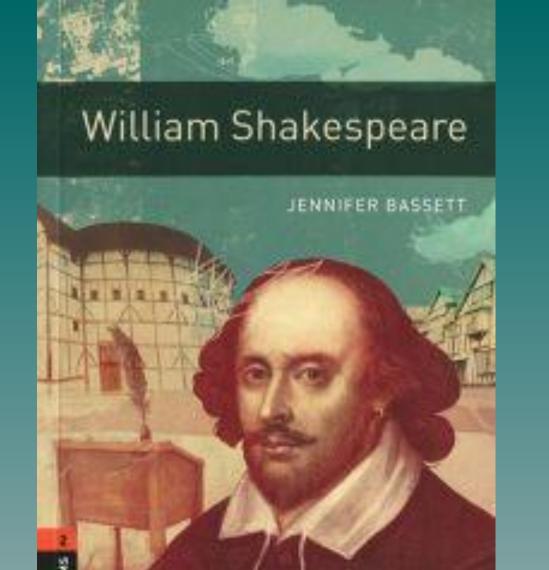
The first sonnet

 From fairest creatures we desire increase, That thereby beauty's rose might never die, But as the riper should by time decease, His tender heir might bear his memory: But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes, Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel, Making a famine where abundance lies, Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel. Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament And only herald to the gaudy spring, Within thine own bud buriest thy content, And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding: Pity the world, or else this glutton be, To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee



The second sonnet

 When forty winters shall besiege thy brow, And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field, Thy youth's proud livery so gazed on now Will be a tottered weed of small worth held: Then being asked where all thy beauty lies, Where all the treasure of thy lusty days, To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise. How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use, If thou couldst answer, 'This fair child" of mine Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse', Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold

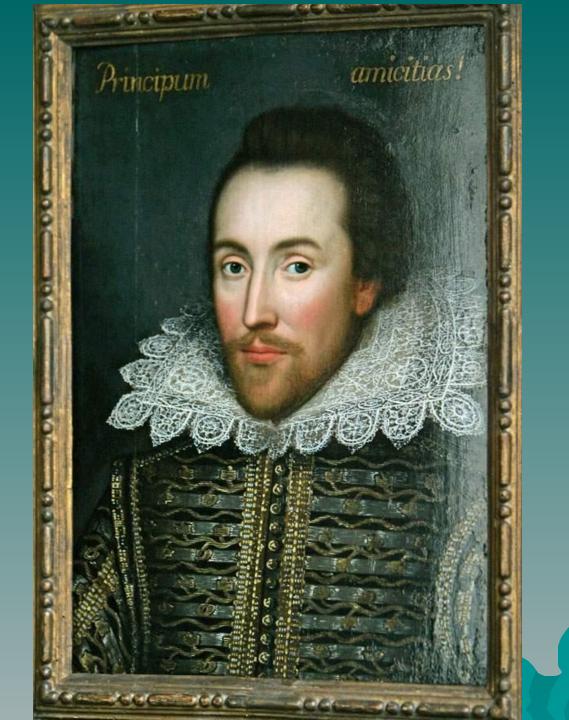


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The third sonnet

 Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest, Now is the time that face should form another, Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest, Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.

For where is she so fair whose uneared womb Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry? Or who is he so fond will be the tomb Of his self-love to stop posterity? Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee Calls back the lovely April of her prime; So thou through windows of thine age shalt see, Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time. But if thou live rememb'red not to be, Die single, and thine image dies with thee.



The fourth sonnet

 Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy? Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend, And being frank she lends to those are free: Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse The bounteous largess given thee to give? Profitless usurer, why dost thou use So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live? For having traffic with thyself alone, Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive: Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone, What acceptable audit canst thou leave? Thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee, Which used lives th'executor to be.

