

# 哈 姆 莱 特

英语对白 视听教材

浙江师范学院外语系

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# HAMLET

# HAMLET

## CHARACTERS

- CLAUDIUS.....Brother of King Hamlet, whom he kills  
in order to become King and marry  
Queen Gertrude.
- HAMLET.....Devoted son of the late King Hamlet,  
who revenges his father's death, by kill-  
ing Claudius.
- GERTRUDE.....Queen of Denmark, and mother of  
Hamlet. Marries Claudius two months  
after King Hamlet dies.
- OPHELIA.....Daughter of Polonius and in love with  
Hamlet.
- POLONIUS.....Lord Chamberlain, and father of Leartes  
and Ophelia.
- HORATIO.....A loyal friend of Hamlet's.
- LAERTES ..... Ophelia's brother and Hamlet's murderer.
- OSRIC ..... A fashionable and very affected courtier.
- MARCELLUS  
BERNARDO } .....Soldiers.  
FRANCISCO }

## REEL ONE

HAMET'S VOICE:

SO oft it chzneces in particular man,  
That through some vicious mole nature in them,  
By the o'er growth of some complexion,  
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason  
Or by some habit grown too much that these men  
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect.  
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace.  
Shall in the genenal censure take corruption  
From that particular fault.  
This is the tragedy of a man who could not  
make up his mind.

BERNARDO: Who's there?

FRANCISCO: Nay, answer me; stand and unfold yourself.

BERNARBO: Long live the King.

FRANCISCO OFF: Bernardo?

BERNARDO: He.

FRANCISCO to BERNARDO: You come most carefully  
Upon your hour.

BERNARDO to ERANCISCO: 'Tis now struck twelve; get  
thee to bed Francisco.

FRANCISCO to BERNARDO: For this relief much thanks.  
'Tis bitter cold, and I am sick at heart.

BERNARDO to FRANCISCO: Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO to BERNARDO: Not a mouse stirring.

BERNARDO: Well good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, the rivals  
of my watch, bid them make haste.

FRANCISCO: I think I hear them.

(SHOUTING: ) Stand ho! Who's there?

HORATIO to FRANCISCO OFF: Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS: And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO to HORATIO and MARCELLUS: Give you  
goodnight.

MARCELLUS to FRANCISCO: O, farewell honest soldier;  
who hath relieved you?

FRANCISCO to MARCELLUS: Bernardo has my place. Give  
you goodnight.

MARCELLUS: Holla! Bernardo!

BERNARDO OFF: Say! What! Is Horatio here?

HORATIO to BERNARDO OFF: A piece of him.

BERNARDO to HORATIO and MARCELLUS: Welcome  
Hoiatio.

Welcome good Marcellus.

MARCELLUS to BERNARDO: What, has this thing appeared  
again tonight?

BERNARDO to MARCELLUS: I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS to BERNARDO: Horatie says 'tis but our fantasy  
and will not let belief take hold of him touching  
this dreaded sight: twice seen of us.

Therefore I have entreated him along with us

To watch the minutes of this night. That if  
again this apparition come, he may approve  
our eyes and speak to it.

HORATIO: Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BERNARDO to HORATIO: Sit down awhile; And let us once  
again assail your ears, that are so fortified  
against our story;  
what we two nights have seen.

HORATIO to BERNARDO and MARCELLUS: well, sit we  
down And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

BERNARDO to HORATIO: Last night of all, When you  
same star that's Westward from the pole, had  
made his course illumine that part of heaven where  
now it burns, Marcellus and myself  
(GHOST NOISE AND THROB BING STARTS:)

The bell then beating one.....

MARCELLUS: (TO GHOST: )Peace!

(TO BERNARDO: )Break thee off

THROBBING NOISE FADES AWAY:

MARCELLUS OFF: Look, where it comes again.

BERNARDO OFF: IN the same figure, like the dead King  
Hamlet,

MARCELLUS OFF: (TO HORATIO)

Thou art a scholar.....

MARCELLUS to HORATIO: Speak to it Horatio.

BERNARDO to HORATIO: Looks 'it not like the King?  
Mark it Horatio.

HORATIO to BERNARDO: Most like; It harrows me with  
fear and wonder.

BERNARDO to HORATIO: It would be spoke to;

MARCELLUS to HORATIO: Question it Horatio.

MUSIC STARTS:

HORATIO to GHOST OFF: If thou hast any sound, or use  
of voice,

Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done, That  
may to thee do ease and grace to me, O speak!

A COCK CROWS from the distance:

HORATIO to GHOST OFF: Stay and speak.

(TO MARCELLUS: ) Stop it Marcellus

BERNARDO: 'Tis here!

HORATIO: 'Tis here!

MUSIC FADES OUT:

MARCELLUS: 'Tis gone; and will not answer.

BERNARDO to HORATIO: How now Horatio? You tremble  
and look pale.

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?

HORATIO to BERNARDO: Before my God, I might not  
this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch of mine  
own eyes.

MARCELLUS to HORATIO: Is it not like the King?

HORATIO to MARCELLUS: As thou art to thyself; 'Tis

strange.

BERNARDO: It was about to speak when the cock crew.

HORATIO: And then it started like a guilty thing.

Upon a fearful summons;

BERNARDO to HORATIO and MARCELLUS: I have heard

The cock that is the herald to the morn,

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat,

Awake the god of day; and, at its warning,

The wandering and uneasy spirit Hies to its  
confine.

MARCELLUS: It faded on the crowing of the cock. Some  
say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawns singeth all night long;

And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;

The nights are wholesome then; no planets strike,

no fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,

So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

## REEL TWO

HORATIO to MARCELLUS and BERNARDO: So have I  
heard; and do in part believe it. But look;  
the morn, in russet mantle clad,

Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill,

Break we our watch up, and by my advice,

Let us impart what we have seen tonight.



Unto young Hamlet for, upon my life, This  
spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

MARCELLUS to HORATIO: Let's do it, I pray; Something  
is rotten in the state of Denmark.

MUSIC STARTS;

SINGING, TALKING and CHEERING.

KING to COURTIERS: Though yot of Hamlet our dear bro-  
ther's death

The memory be green, and that it us befitted  
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom  
To be contracted in one brow of woe,  
yet so far hath discretion fought with nature  
That we with wisest sorrow think on him, To-  
gether with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore, our sometime sister, now ourqueen,  
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy With  
mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,  
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,  
Taken to wife; nor have we here'in barr'd,  
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone.  
With this affair along for all; our thanks.

And now

Laertes.....

KING to LAERTES: ...what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit; what is t Laertes?  
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane;  
And lost your voice; what wouldst thou bag

Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

KING to LAERTES OFF: The head is not more native to  
the heart;

The hand more instrumental to the mouth  
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

LAERTES to KING OFF: Dread my lord, Your leave and  
favour to return to France,

From whence though willingly I came to  
Denmark,

To show my duty in your coronation,

Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend, again toward  
France.

LAERTES to KING: And bow them to your gracious leave  
and pardon.

KING to LAERTES: Have you your father s'leave?

(TO POLONIUS) What says Polonius?

POLONIUS to KING: He hath, my lord, wrung from me  
my slow leave

By laboursome petition,

and at last

Upon his will I've seal'd my hard consent:

I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

KING to LAERTES: Take thy fair hour, Laertes;

KING to LAERTES: ...time be thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy best graces  
spend it at thy will:

(TO HAMPLET)

But now my cousin

Hamlet, and our son

How is it that clouds still hang on you?

QUEEN to HAMLET: Good Hamlet, cast thy night colour off,  
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark,  
Do not for ever with thy lowered lids  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.  
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must  
die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET to QUEEN: Ay, madam, it is common;

QUEEN to HAMPLET: If it be, why seems it so particular  
with thee?

HAMLET to QUEEN: Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know  
not "seems",

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black  
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief;  
That can denote me truly; these indeed "seem"  
For they are actions that a man might play;  
But I have that within which 'passeth show;  
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING to HAMLET: 'Tis sweet and commendable in your  
nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father; ...  
KING to HAMLET OFF: But you must know, your father  
lost a father,  
That father lost, lost his and the survivor bound  
In filial obligation for some term  
To do obsequious sorrow; but to persist  
In obstinate condolment is a course of impious  
stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief  
A fault to heaven,  
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
To reason most absurd, whose common theme  
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,  
From the first corpse till he that died today, ...

KING to HAMLET OFF: This must be so.  
Why should we in our peevish opposition  
Take it to heart?

KING to HAMLET; We pray you throw to earth  
This unprevailing woo, and think of us  
As of a father;  
For let the world take note,  
You are the most immediate to our throne;  
And with no less nobility of love  
Then that which dearest father bears his son  
Do I impart toward you.

TRUMPETERS FANFARE.

KING to HAMLET: For your intent  
In going back to school in wittenborg,

It is most retrogade to our desire;  
And we beseech you, bend you to remain.  
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye;  
Our chiefast courtier, cousin, and our son.

QUEEN to HAMLET: Let not thy mother lost her prayers;  
Hamlet,

I pray thee, stay with us; go not to wittenberg.

HAMLET to QUEEN: I shall in all may best obey you,  
Madam.

KING to HAMLET: Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;

Be as ourselves in Denmark,

(TO QUEEN) Madam come:

This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet

(TO COURT) Sits smiling to my heart;

in grace whereof

No jocund health that Denmark drinks today,

but the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,

And the King's carouse the heavens shall roar  
again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder.

(TO QUEEN) Come, away.

## REEL THREE

TRUMPETERS FANFARE.

MUSIC STARTS:

HAMLET'S THOUGHTS: O! That this too, too solid flesh  
would melt,

Thaw and resolve itself into a dew.

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd

His cannon 'gainst selfslaughter! O God! God!

HAMLET'S THOUGHTS: How weary, stale, flat and un-  
profitable

Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden

That grows to seed; things rank and gross in  
nature

Possess it merely.

That it should come to this

But two months dead!

Nay, not so much, not two;

So excellent a king; that was to this Hyporion  
to a satyr; so loving to my mother

That he might not suffer the winds of heaven,  
Visit her face too roughly.

Heaven and earth!

Must I remember?

HAMLET'S THOUGHTS: Why she would hang on him,

As if increase of appetite had grow,  
By what it fed on;  
And yet; within a month  
Let me not think on't;

HAMLET'S THOUGHTS: Frailty, thy name is woman!

A little month!  
ere hose shoes were old  
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears;  
Shy she even she  
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason.  
Would have mourn'd longer,  
married with my uncle  
My father's brother but no more like my father  
Than I to Hercules,  
Within a month  
She married.  
O most wicked speed to post  
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
It is not nor it cannot come to good;  
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

LAERTES to OPHELIA: My necessities are embark'd;

Farewell;

And, sister, as the winds give benefit  
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,  
But let me hear from you.

MUSIC FADES OUT;

OPHELIA to LAERTES: Do you doubt that?

LAERTES to OPHELIA: For Hamlet, and the trifling of his  
favour...

LAERTES OFF to OPHELIA: Hold it a fashion, and a toy  
in blood,

A violet in the youth of primy nature

...

LAERTES to OPHELIA: Forward, not permanent, sweet,  
not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute.

LAERTES OFF to OPHELIA: No more.

OPHELIA to LAERTES: No more but so?

LAERTES OFF to OPHELIA: Think it no more.

LAERTES to OPHELIA: Perhaps loves you now, but you  
must fear,

His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;

For he himself is subject to his birth;

He may not, as unvalued persons do,

Carve for himself, for on his choice depends

The safety and health of this whole state;

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,

If with too willing ear you list his songs,

Or lost your heart, or your chaste treasure open

To his unmaster'd importunity,

Be wary then; best safety lies in fear.

OPHELIA to LAERTES: I shall the effect of this 'good les-  
son keep



As watchman to my heart.  
But, good my brother,  
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,  
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads  
And minds not his own creed.

LAERTES to OPHELIA: Oh fear me not.

But here my father comes.

I stay too long.

POLONIUS OFF to LAERTES: Yet here Laertes!

Aboard, aboard, for shame!

POLONIUS to LAERTES: The wind sits in the shoulder of  
your sail,

And you are stayed for.

There: my blessing with thee

And these few precepts in thy memory;

Look thou character.

Give thy thoughts no tongue

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;

POLONIUS to LAERTES: Those friends thou hast, and their  
adoption trid,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment.

Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.

Beware