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TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

by

William Shakespeare

罗密欧与朱丽叶

[W. 莎士比亚 著]

托尔斯泰论莎士比亚

Liuchang People's Publishing House, China

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Is this book for you?

一曲青春与爱情的颂歌

莎士比亚一生的创作可分为四个时期。从26岁至30岁这一时期是其创作的第一个时期，这一时期，莎士比亚的写作以模仿古罗马喜剧和悲剧为主，是习作时期。当时的英国流行塞内加悲剧，即“血的悲剧”，莎士比亚写过这种剧本。《罗密欧与朱丽叶》是莎士比亚第二个创作时期的精品，表明他已掌握了创作艺术，文笔流畅，臻于成熟。这一时期的作品大都欢乐向上，富有诗意。1601年，莎士比亚创作了《哈姆雷特》，开始了他创作的第三个时期。在整整8年时间里，莎翁洞悉了世间所有邪恶，以致他近乎悲观到绝望的程度，因此，这一时期创作的喜剧也是悲苦的。最后一个时期莎士比亚采用了新的创作形式——悲喜剧或传奇剧。他的悲喜剧宁静、庄重、趣味幽雅，这一时期最有代表性的作品就是《暴风雨》。

《罗密欧与朱丽叶》讲述了凯普莱特和蒙太古两大家族恩怨情仇的故事。一天，蒙太古家的儿子罗密欧，听说自己喜欢的一个女孩要去凯普莱特家赴宴，为了见一眼这个女孩，他和自己的朋友戴上面具，混进了凯普莱特家。宴会上，他被凯普莱特家的女儿朱丽叶深深吸引，并向朱丽叶表达了爱慕之情，朱丽叶对罗密欧同样抱有好感。在罗密欧知道了朱丽叶的身份后，仍然深深爱慕着朱丽叶，他翻墙溜进凯普莱特的果园，正好

听见了朱丽叶在窗口情不自禁呼唤着自己的名字。翌日，罗密欧来到修道院，请神父帮忙。神父答应了罗密欧的请求，认为，如果二人喜结良缘，便可化解两家的宿仇。罗密欧请朱丽叶的奶妈帮忙把朱丽叶约到了修道院，在神父的主持下，二人结为夫妻。

一天，罗密欧在街上遇到了朱丽叶的堂兄提伯尔特。提伯尔特提出要与罗密欧决斗，被罗密欧拒绝，罗密欧的朋友认为这样有损罗密欧的面子，于是决定接受提伯尔特的决斗要求，结果被提伯尔特杀死。盛怒之下，罗密欧拔剑为朋友报仇，杀死了提伯尔特。罗密欧被流放，出发的前一天晚上，罗密欧悄悄溜进朱丽叶的卧室，度过了新婚之夜。罗密欧刚一离开，帕里斯伯爵就来求婚。凯普莱特家族对帕里斯非常满意，要求朱丽叶在下个星期四出嫁。

朱丽叶去找神父帮忙，神父给了她一剂药，服下去后如同死了一样，但四十二小时后可以苏醒。神父答应她派人找回罗密欧，挖开墓穴，然后让她和罗密欧远走高飞。朱丽叶依计行事，第二天婚礼变成了葬礼。神父马上派人去通知罗密欧。可是，罗密欧在神父派来的送信人到达之前就听到了消息。他来到朱丽叶的墓前，杀死了阻拦他的帕里斯伯爵，掘开了墓穴，他吻了朱丽叶之后，就服毒自尽了。等朱丽叶醒来看到死去的罗密欧，就拔出罗密欧的剑刺向自己。神父向两个家族的人讲述了罗密欧与朱丽叶的爱情故事。两家父母如梦方醒，可是为时已晚。从此，两家消除积怨，言归于好。

《罗密欧与朱丽叶》虽然是悲剧，但其结局却完全符合莎士比亚时期的喜剧标准。罗密欧和朱丽叶一见倾心，却因封建世仇，恋爱受到阻挠，导致二人早逝。最终，双方家长鉴于世仇铸成的悲剧而言归于好。作品

反映了人文主义者的爱情理想与封建恶习、封建压迫之间的冲突。在创作手法上，莎士比亚以抒情的笔调，用日光、月光、星光等象征光明的意象，来形容青春和爱情的美好，谱写了一首赞美青春和爱情的颂歌。作品中，罗密欧与朱丽叶在月夜阳台上对话的场景，已成为经典。一对相爱的青年虽然死了，但美好的事物和真正的爱情是不朽的，在付出代价之后，封建偏见是可以被克服的。

如果您是英文爱好者中的一员，希望您通过阅读英语原文，来欣赏这部作品，这无疑是种无法替代的精神享受。

如果您是学生家长，建议您给上中学或大学的孩子准备一套“最经典英语文库”，放在书架上。它们是永远不会过时的精神食粮。

如果您是正在学习的大中学生，也建议您抽空读读这些经时间检验的人类精神食粮文库里最经典的精品。一时读不懂不要紧，先收藏起来，放进您的书架里，等您长大到某个时候，您会忽然发现，自己开始能读，而且读懂了作品字里行间的意义时，那种喜悦感，是无法言述的，也是无与伦比的。您可能也会因此对走过的人生，有更深刻的感悟与理解。

关于这套图书的装帧设计与性价比：完全按欧美出版规则操作，从图书开本，到封面设计，从体例版式，到字体选取，但价钱却比欧美原版图书便宜三分之二，甚至更多。因此，从性价比看，它们也是最值得收藏的。

——马玉凤

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SCENE

Verona; Mantua.

THE PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

[Exit.]



ACT I

Scene I

Verona. A public place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory (with swords and bucklers) of the house of Capulet.

Samp. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.

Samp. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar.

Samp. I strike quickly, being moved.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Greg. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand.
Therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Samp. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Greg. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Samp. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Samp. 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids- I will cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Samp. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads.

Take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Samp. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor-John. Draw thy tool! Here comes two of the house of Montagues.

Enter two other Servingmen [Abram and Balthasar].

Samp. My naked weapon is out. Quarrel! I will back thee.

Greg. How? turn thy back and run?

Samp. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry. I fear thee!

Samp. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Samp. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Samp. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Samp. [*aside to Gregory*] Is the law of our side if I say ay?

Greg. [*aside to Sampson*] No.

Samp. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

Samp. But if you do, sir, am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Samp. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. [*aside to Sampson*] Say 'better.' Here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Samp. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Samp. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

They fight.

Ben. Part, fools! [*Beats down their swords.*]

Put up your swords. You know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee Benvolio! look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.
Have at thee, coward! They fight.

Enter an officer, and three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans.

Officer. Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! beat them down!

Citizens. Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter Old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

Wife. A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Old Montague and his Wife.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!- Hold me not, let me go.

M. Wife. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus, with his Train.

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel-
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins!
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets
And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cank'red with peace, to part your cank'red hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Freetown, our common judgment place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt [all but Montague, his Wife, and Benvolio].

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them. In the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

M. Wife. O, where is Romeo? Saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me

And stole into the covert of the wood.
I- measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not be
found,
Being one too many by my weary self-
Pursu'd my humour, not Pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest East bean to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friend;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself- I will not say how true-
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes. So please you step aside,
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away,
Exeunt

[Montague and Wife].

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that which having makes them
short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out-

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.

Ben. Alas that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?