

(英语原著版·第三辑)
中译经典文库·世界文学名著

★★★★★
诗意浓郁的爱情悲剧



ROMEO AND JULIET

(UNABRIDGED)

罗密欧与朱丽叶

■ William Shakespeare

中国出版集团
中国对外翻译出版公司

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出版前言

一部文学史是人类从童真走向成熟的发展史，是一个个文学大师用如椽巨笔记载的人类的心灵史，也是承载人类良知与情感反思的思想史。阅读这些传世的文学名著就是在阅读最鲜活生动的历史，就是与大师们做跨越时空的思想交流与情感交流，它会使一代代的读者获得心灵的滋养与巨大的审美满足。

中国对外翻译出版公司以中外语言学习和中外文化交流为自己的出版方向，向广大读者提供既能提升语言能力，又能滋养心灵的精神大餐是我们的一贯宗旨。尽管随着网络技术和数字出版的发展，读者获得这些作品的途径更加便捷，但是，一本本装帧精美、墨香四溢的图书仍是读书人的最爱。

“熟读唐诗三百首，不会做诗也会吟”，汉语学习如此，外语学习尤其如此。要想彻底学好一种语言，必须有大量的阅读。这不仅可以熟能生巧地掌握其语言技能，也可了解一种语言所承载的独特文化。“中译经典文库·世界文学名著（英语原著版）”便是这样一套必将使读者受益终生的读物。

PREFACE

A history of literature is a phylogeny of human beings growing from childhood to adulthood, a spiritual history of masters in literature portraying human spirit with great touch, as well as a thinking history reflecting human conscience and emotional introspection. Reading these immortal classics is like browsing through our history, while communicating across time and space with great writers into thinking and feelings. It bestows spiritual nutrition as well as aesthetic relish upon readers from generation to generation.

China Translation and Publishing Corporation (CTPC), with a publishing mission oriented toward readings of Chinese and foreign languages leaning as well as cultural exchange, has been dedicated to providing spiritual feasts which not only optimize language aptitude but also nourish heart and soul. Along with the development of Internet and digital publication, readers have easier access to reading classic works. Nevertheless, well-designed printed books remain favorite readings for most readers.

“After perusing three hundred Tang poems, a learner can at least utter some verses, if cannot proficiently write a poem.” That is true for learning Chinese, more so for learning a foreign language. To master a language, we must read comprehensively, not only for taking in lingual competence, but also for catching the unique cultural essence implied in the language. “World Literary Classics (English originals)” can surely serve as a series of readings with everlasting edifying significance.

作家与作品

莎士比亚（1564—1616）是英国文艺复兴时期伟大的戏剧家和诗人。一生共创作 37 部戏剧，154 首十四行诗，两部长诗和其他诗歌。他的作品是人文主义文学的杰出代表，对后代作家影响深远，在世界文学史上有极其重要的地位。

莎士比亚出生在英格兰沃里克郡埃文河畔斯特拉特福镇一个富裕市民家庭，曾在当地文法学校学习。13 岁时家道中落辍学经商，18 岁结婚，几年以后去伦敦谋生。当过剧院的打杂工、演员和编剧等。1597 年在家乡购置了房产，1616 年在家乡病逝。

莎士比亚文学创作的主要成就是戏剧，按时代、思想和艺术风格的发展，可分为三个时期：

第一时期（1590—1600 年），是莎士比亚人文主义世界观和创作风格形成时期，共写了 9 部历史剧和 2 部长诗。其中最为人所熟知的有《理查三世》（1592）、《罗密欧与朱丽叶》（1595）和《威尼斯商人》（1597）。

第二时期（1601—1607 年），是莎士比亚文艺思想成熟、艺术上达到高峰的阶段。这一时期创作了不朽的四大悲剧：《哈姆雷特》（1601）、《奥赛罗》（1604）、《李尔王》（1606）、《麦克白》（1606）。

第三时期（1608—1612 年），是莎士比亚的创作晚期，作品由悲剧转向传奇剧，带有明显的乌托邦式的空想主义色彩。反映了他的人文主义理想与客观现实之间的尖锐矛盾，以及他力求

两者的和谐心态。主要作品有《辛白林》(1609)、《冬天的故事》(1610)和《暴风雨》(1611)。

莎士比亚戏剧的最大艺术特色是题材典型、情节生动、语言丰富、人物个性鲜明。他从民间和古典作品中汲取营养，融入自己独特的见解，把作品锤炼得炉火纯青。马克思称莎士比亚为“人类最伟大的天才之一”。恩格斯盛赞其作品的现实主义精神与情节的生动性、丰富性。莎士比亚的作品几乎被翻译成世界各种文字。1919年后被介绍到中国，现已有中文版《莎士比亚全集》。

《罗密欧与朱丽叶》讲述这样一个故事：意大利维洛那城两家世仇凯普莱特家和蒙太古家彼此纷争不断。蒙太古的儿子罗密欧与凯普莱特的女儿朱丽叶一见钟情，他们瞒过家人，在修道院劳伦斯神父的主持下举行了婚礼。当他们还沉浸于新婚快乐时，两家的冲突再次爆发，罗密欧杀死了朱丽叶的堂兄提伯尔特，因此遭到放逐。他听从神父劝告，当夜与朱丽叶告别，黎明之际逃往曼多亚。罗密欧走后不久，老凯普莱特要将朱丽叶嫁给帕里斯伯爵。在神父的帮助下，朱丽叶在和帕里斯举行婚礼前二十四小时服药假死，躲过纠缠。不明真相的罗密欧听到朱丽叶的死讯，悲痛欲绝，匆匆来到维洛那城，他杀死帕里斯伯爵，吻一下朱丽叶之后掏出毒药一饮而尽，倒在朱丽叶身旁死去。朱丽叶醒来见到死去的罗密欧，知道他是为了自己而服毒身亡，毫不犹豫地拔出罗密欧身上的剑自刎而死。悲剧发生后，两家从悲痛中觉醒，尽释前嫌，言归于好，并决定为这对情人塑造金像作为纪念。

《罗密欧与朱丽叶》是一部诗意浓郁的爱情悲剧。自16世纪末首场演出以来，一直在世界各国舞台上盛演不衰。剧中男女主人公的名字，几乎成了忠贞爱情的象征。

Dramatis Personae

Chorus

Escalus *Prince of Verona*

Paris *a young count, kinsman to the Prince*

Montague

Capulet

An old man, of the Capulet family

Romeo *son to Montague*

Mercutio *kinsman to the Prince and friend to Romeo*

Benvolio *nephew to Montague and friend to Romeo*

Tybalt *nephew to Lady Capulet*

Friar Lawrence }
Friar John } *Franciscans*

Balthasar *servant to Romeo*

Sampson }
Gregory } *servants to Capulet*

Peter *servant to Juliet's nurse*

Abram *servant to Montague*

An Apothecary

Three Musicians

An Officer

Lady Montague *wife to Montague*

Lady Capulet *wife to Capulet*

Juliet *daughter to Capulet*

Nurse to Juliet

Citizens of Verona, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen of both houses, Maskers,
Torchbearers, Pages, Guards, Watchmen, Servants, and Attendants

Scene: Verona; Mantua

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ACT II

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ACT III

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Scene II

Scene III

Scene IV

Scene V

ACT IV

Scene I

Scene II

Scene III

Scene IV

Scene V

ACT V

Scene I

Scene II

Scene III

The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet

THE PROLOGUE



[Enter Chorus.]

CHORUS. 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-crossed lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-marked 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.

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

GREGORY. No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON. I mean, and we be in choler, we'll draw.

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

SAMPSON. I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

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

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

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

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

SAMPSON. '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.

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

SAMPSON. '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.

GREGORY. The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON. Ay, the heads of the maids or their maiden-heads. Take it in what sense thou wilt.

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

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

GREGORY. '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].

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

GREGORY. How? Turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON. Fear me not.

GREGORY. No, marry. I fear thee!

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

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

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

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

SAMPSON. I do bite my thumb, sir.

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

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

GREGORY. [*Aside to Sampson*] No.

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

GREGORY. Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM. Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

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

you.

ABRAM. No better.

SAMPSON. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

GREGORY. Say "better." Here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON. Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM. You lie.

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

They fight.

BENVOLIO. Part, fools!

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

Enter Tybalt.

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

Turn thee Benvolio; look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO. I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT. 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! Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife.

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

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

CAPULET. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come

And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Montague and his Wife.

MONTAGUE. Thou villain Capulet! — Hold me not; let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE. 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-stainèd 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 movèd prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturbed 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].*

MONTAGUE. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BENVOLIO. 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 prepared;
 Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed 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.

LADY MONTAGUE. O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO. Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun
 Peered 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 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,
 Pursued my humour not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE. 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 farthest East begin 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 out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

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

MONTAGUE. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO. Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE. Both by myself and many other friend;

But he, his own affections' counselor,
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.

BENVOLIO. See, where he comes. So please you step aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

MONTAGUE. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay

To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.

Exeunt [Montague and Wife].

BENVOLIO. Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO. Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO. But new struck nine.

ROMEO. Ay me! Sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

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

ROMEO. Not having that which having makes them short.

BENVOLIO. In love?

ROMEO. Out—

BENVOLIO. Of love?

ROMEO. Out of her favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO. Alas that love, so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO. 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?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,

O anything, of nothing first created!

O heavy lightness, serious vanity,

Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO. No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO. Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO. At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown