

556
近代英文獨幕名劇選

下冊 原文

選譯者
羅家倫

商務印書館發行

近代英文獨幕名劇選

下 冊 原 文

選 譯 者
羅 家 倫

商 務 印 書 館 發 行

選劇名幕獨英文近代

此書有著作權翻印必究

中華民國二十年十月初版

布面一冊定價大洋叁元伍角
紙面二冊定價大洋貳元捌角

外埠酌加運費匯費

選譯者 羅家倫

上海寶山路五〇一號
發行人 王雲五

上海寶山路
印刷所 商務印書館

上海及各埠
發行所 商務印書館

REPRESENTATIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS

BY LO CHIA LUN

PUBLISHED BY Y. W. WONG

1st ed., Oct., 1931

Price: Cloth Cover, \$3.50,
Paper Cover, \$2.80, postage extra

THE COMMERCIAL PRESS, LTD., SHANGHAI

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

PREFACE

At various times since 1921, when the present anthologist and translator was suffocated by the shelf-dust of historical archives, he found his refuge of mental recreation in reading one-act plays. Within about ten years, he read more than five hundred pieces of this newly evolved form of literary art. The "little theatre movement" both in America and in Europe also gave him a strong impetus in making an anthology of the best representative one-act plays to appear together with Chinese translations for the reading public in China.

While undertaking such a work, the anthologist always kept in mind the following criteria: first, any play to be selected must be of high artistic value of its own; secondly, its setting, background and underlying ideas must not be too alien to the Chinese mind; thirdly, since for the purpose of study the original text is printed with the translation, the selection is made only among the plays written in the English language by British, Irish and American playwrights. It is hoped that this volume will provide a good English textbook for Chinese college students and general readers who are interested in modern literature. It is also hoped that the translation is rendered in such a form of spoken Chinese that it can be easily used on the stage by amateur players in colleges, dramatic clubs, and even little theatres, no matter how few, in this land.

A short biographical sketch of each author, frequently touching the author's fundamental idea of the particular play selected, together with a list of his dramatic works, is placed before the respective Chinese translation, in order to help the reader to reach a better understanding of the play and to promote his interest in further studies. Of course, in doing so, the anthologist is also quite aware that every piece of real art is itself a crystal-gazing which can never be conclusively interpreted.

The anthologist is very much indebted to many of his friends, especially to Dr. James McCabe, Mr. George Lawton, Miss Annabelle Compton and Prof. M. S. Bates, either for their kind assistance in explaining to him some of the colloquial passages when the translation was being prepared, or for their friendship with the anthologist which enabled him to have a closer contact and better appreciation of British, Irish and American life.

CHIA-LUEN LO.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
John Masfield: "THE SWEEPS OF NINETY EIGHT"	3
George Middleton: "TIDES"	15
Lady Gregory: "THE RISING OF THE MOON"	31
John Galsworthy: "THE SUN"	47
Lord Dunsany: "FAME AND THE POET"	55
Winthrop Parkhurst: "THE BEGGAR AND THE KING" . . .	65
Thomas H. Dickinson: "IN HOSPITAL"	77
Stanley Houghton: "FANCY FREE"	93
Arnold Bennett: A QUESTION OF SEX"	107
Henry Arthur Jones: "THE GOAL"	127

THE SWEEPS OF NINETY EIGHT

原
书
空
白
页

REPRESENTATIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS

THE SWEEPS OF NINETY-EIGHT

JOHN MASEFIELD

SCENE: *An inn at Dunleary. A parlour. TIGER ROCHE, an old, well-preserved man, with his left arm in a sling.*

ROCHE. I have been in seven lost causes. This is the seventh; and it comes to an end like the others. There were good fellows with me. They poured out their lives like water. Good fellows they were. They are all gone now. Shears, and all of them. My God! but they were brave. And to think of those swine at the Castle ruling men like they were! *(He rings the bell. Enter HOSTESS.)* Well, what did the ship-captain say?

HOSTESS. There'll be a boat below the door here in half an hour from now.

ROCHE. And he'll engage to land me in France?

HOSTESS. In France itself.

ROCHE. You said half an hour?

HOSTESS. Yes, sir.

ROCHE. So I've half an hour more in Ireland. Half an hour more in Ireland, and then—

Adieu for ever more,

My love,

Adieu for ever more.

Well, there's no sense in sorrow; I may as well have some wine.

HOSTESS. What wine would you like, sir? Claret? Burgundy?

ROCHE. Have you any Miss Taylor?

HOSTESS. Why, sir, that's a common drink. Only sailors drink Miss Taylor.

ROCHE. I drank a cup of Miss Taylor the day I landed at Killala. I would drink it again to the memory of the friends who pledged me in it. *(Soliloquizing.)* It ought not to have failed. But the honest purpose does fail, for it is fighting the knavery of the world. It's a harsh alternative, to fail or be British. Fail, aye, and I'm proud to fail.

Better be trampled out by asses' hooves

Than be the thing the asses' mind approves.

(HOSTESS goes out and returns with bottle and glass.)

HOSTESS. Here it is, sir.

ROCHE. I thank you. (HOSTESS goes out. Pouring out a glass of wine and holding it up.) I drink to you, my comrades. You fought a good fight, my comrades. You were spent like water. Your names shall be written in fire. (Re-enter HOSTESS.)

HOSTESS. There's some gentlemen coming, sir. Perhaps you'd like to step aside, sir. The cellar's dark, and there's a good place in the henhouse.

ROCHE. I'll stay where I am, thank you.

HOSTESS. It may be dangerous for you to stay, sir. One of them's that Major SIRR.

ROCHE. I shall be glad to meet him.

HOSTESS. (Looking out.) It may be very dangerous, sir. One of them's that Major Sandys.

ROCHE. O! Who's the third?

HOSTESS. Sir, would you not be advised, since it might be your death? He's the drunken fat man who flogged poor Mr. Wright. I must go out, sir. (Exit.)

ROCHE. Old Fitzpatrick! I shall have pleasant company for my last half-hour in Ireland. (He sits down. Enter MAJOR SIRR, MAJOR SANDYS, and THOMAS JUDKIN FITZPATRICK, J. P.)

FITZ. And so, sir, when he said that, sir, there was no use bothering a jury.

SIRR. Aha. Very good, very good. You are a wag, sir.

FITZ. Yes, sir, the rebellious dog.

SAND. All the same, the rebellion's not stamped out. I shall be glad when that new regiment comes in.

SIRR. What new regiment?

SAND. O, a Kentish regiment. Fencibles and that. They'll be marching through here, by the way. Before we go, I expect.

SIRR. Well, the more the merrier. But all the same, I think we've scotched the rebellion. Let's sit down and be merry.

SAND. All the same, I'm glad the new regiment's coming. And I'm glad it'll pass this tavern. We are in the enemy's country, so far from Dublin.

SIRR. Come, let's be merry. Mr. Fitzpatrick, I hear you hanged the last of these rebels yesterday morning.

FITZ. Yes, sir; the rebellious dog. Under God's providence I hanged that rebel, sir. The rebellious dog, sir, he was little better than a common atheist. If we could catch that arch-traitor, Tiger Roche, sir; why, honest men, sir, could sleep in peace again.

SAND. Why, I thought Tiger Roche had died twenty years ago.

FITZ. That's an instance, sir, of the lengths these rebels go to. It's their subtlety, sir; their canting, lying, hypocritical subtlety.

He pretended he was dead, sir. He gave out a report that he was dead, sir. And then, sir, if you please, he lands at Killala with a troop of pike-men. Dead? A crocodile's tears, sir. Twenty years of scheming and plotting; and pretending all the time he was in his grave. (*Staring hard at ROCHE.*) Who's the old put with his arm in a bag?

SIRR. O, some old put or other. Let's be merry. (*He rings the bell. Enter HOSTESS.*)

SIRR. Mine's brandy. What's yours? What's yours, Sandys?

FITZ. A bottle of brandy, woman. Bring a bottle of brandy. (*HOSTESS brings bottle and glasses. Then lingers.*) Well, ma'am. And why don't you go, ma'am?

HOSTESS. The brandy is half a guinea, sir.

FITZ. You saucy jade. Hark ye, mistress. I'd have you know, ma'am, that I'm a justice of the peace, ma'am. I shouldn't wonder if you're another of these pernicious atheistical Friends of Ireland, as they call them. Pernicious, lying, murderous dogs.—Well! What are you waiting for?

HOSTESS. I'm waiting for my money, sir. I don't like to be put upon.

FITZ. What? Rebel, would you, against the King's Peace? I am the King's Peace, madam. Not another word, or I'll commit you. (*Exit HOSTESS.*)

SIRR. You are a wag, sir. You are merry.

SAND. Excellent. Excellent. (*They draw to the table, unbuckle their belts, put down their swords and papers, and prepare to enjoy themselves.*)

(*To FITZ.*) They say you made a great haul of rebels in Tipperary, about six weeks back.

FITZ. Under God's providence, I did, sir. I caught seven, sir. I had them all flogged, sir, and then hanged the eldest. Strong measures, sir; but without strong measures we shouldn't sleep in peace, sir. No, sir. If we didn't exert the strong arm, sir—and you will agree with me that might is right—there'd be a subversion of all Liberty. But I thank God, sir, that we have a Constitution. Let me hear no cant about Equality and Liberty, and the Rights of Man, sir. Show me a man who talks of Truth, and I will show you a rebel.

SIRR. Hear, hear.

SAND. Well, about the rebels. How did you catch them?

FITZ. Catch them? I saw them in the streets, sir. The effrontery of these rebels knows no bounds, sir.

SAND. What, with arms in their hands?

FITZ. Arms in their hands? No, sir. In Tipperary, sir—under God's providence—they know better.

SAND. Well—but how did you know them?

FITZ. Know them, sir? I knew them by their waistcoats, their canting, atheistical, seditious red French waistcoats. There was “Down with Church and State” in every button. Sir, the evidence was plain, sir. Those waistcoats would have condemned a Christian martyr, sir.

ROCHE. (*Aside.*) It seems they did.

FITZ. What’s the old put there muttering?

SAND. Ah, don’t pay any heed to him. Tell us of the man who didn’t take off hat to you.

SIRR. Yes, tell us of that. You are a wag, Mr. Fitzpatrick. I’m afraid you’re a merry wag, sir.

FITZ. Sir, your very good health.

SIRR. O, sir, your servant, I’m sure. (*They drink.*)

SAND. Well, about the man——

FITZ. O, yes. The rebellious hound. He didn’t take off his hat to me, sir. Well, sir. He that affronts me, sir, affronts King George, sir. For I, sir, under God’s providence, am King George’s Justice of the Peace, sir; so, sir, when a man does not salute me, he does not salute King George, sir. He is a rebel, sir. A *sans-culotte*, sir. A murdering pike in the hand of a *sans-culotte*, sir. He is a rebel on the face of it. And so, sir, to make a short tale, I gave him fifty lashes. And d’ye know, sir, he had the brazen-faced effrontery to contradict me when I called him a rebel to his teeth. Beat that if you can, sir. What d’ye think of that, sir? Beat it if you can for cold-blooded, brazen-faced, rebellious audacity. These people are possessed of the devil, sir.

SAND. Look at my case. Only last week. I had a traitor. He was taken in the fact, as it were. That man Hevey. Why, he was a known traitor. There was no need to try him. The thing was evident. I condemned him to be hanged. Well, he had a mare, a grey mare, a famous creature. I told him to send her round to me. I told him straight out that a mare like her should never again load her loyal loins with the vile burden of a convicted traitor. And he’d the heaven-sent impudence to complain to General Craig.

FITZ. These people are possessed of the devil, sir. But come, a bumper. A bumper.

SIRR. (*Aside.*) I think that old put’s a rebel. He blushed like fire, Major, when you told your story. (*They look at ROCHE, who is reading a little book.*)

FITZ. What’s he reading? These reading people, they’re generally deep ones.

SIRR. (*Peeping.*) It seems to be poetry.

FITZ. (*Aside.*) Poetry? He is a rebel without doubt. (*Aloud.*)

I would make it a capital offence to read poetry. Yes, sir. When a man deliberately starts to poison his mind with incendiary cant about Truth and Beauty, he is as good as damned, sir. I would hang any man who read poetry. A man who has a book of poems in one hand has always a rebel's pike in the other. You mark my words, sir. Ahem! You, sir! You with your arm in the sling.

ROCHE. You were pleased to speak to me?

FITZ. Yes, sir, I was pleased, as you call it, to speak to you. Don't trifle with me, sir. For I am, under God's providence, a Justice of the King's Peace, King George's deputy, under God's providence, if you know what that means.

ROCHE. Sir, I know what that means. Yes, sir, I know what that means. Its meaning is written red across this island.

FITZ. So, sir. I am glad to find you so well affected. Are you an honest man, sir?

ROCHE. Come, Mr. Fitzpatrick. A man is known by the company he keeps.

SIRR. You are a wag, sir.

FITZ. So, sir, I see you know me?

ROCHE. Not know Mr. Fitzpatrick!

FITZ. Why then, sir, you will let me see what book you are reading.

ROCHE. With pleasure, sir. The Odes of Horace.

SAND. I know that Odes O'Horace to be a pamphleteering rebel. Mr. Fitzpatrick, we must secure this man.

SIRR. (*Looking at book.*) There's mighty few rebels understands Hebrew, let me tell you that, Sandys.

ROCHE. (*To SIRR.*) I thought I couldn't be mistaken. Can it be—tell me—Am I not in the presence of Major SIRR, the saviour of this benighted country, the apprehender of that arch-offender, that rebel chief, Sir Peter Keogh? O happy day! A glorious privilege!

FITZ. Yes, sir, that is Major SIRR, sir. Our Saviour under God's providence, Major SIRR, sir. Come, sit down and be merry, Mr.—Mr.—what's your name?

SAND. All very well, Fitzpatrick. But you and I are of the Commission. Hark! There's the fifes. The regiment's coming. We'd better send him in with the regiment and have him properly examined.

SIRR. Don't be an ass, Sandys.

FITZ. Major Sandys, sir. When you are drunk, sir, you are a credit to your King and your religion, sir. But Major Sandys, sir, when you are sober, sir, you are a dry toast, sir. You stick in an honest man's throat, sir. Damme, sir, sit down and drink like a Christian.

SAND. Well. The regiment's coming. The band are out of tune. These militia are the deuce. Well, Mr. Rebel, or Mr. Honest Man, whoever you are, the bottle lies with you.

FITZ. Give us a toast, Mr. Honest Man.

ROCHE. Gentlemen, pass up your glasses. I will give you a toast. Hand up your glasses. I will give you a toast.

SIRR. What is it you're drinking?

ROCHE. Tokay, Major, a kind of Imperial Tokay.

FITZ. A man who drinks Tokay, sir, is a man of principle. Did the rebels drink Tokay? No, sir, they drank vile atheistical whisky.

ROCHE. Come, don't abuse whisky. I've known whisky get a grocer knighted.

FITZ. Sir, a King, sir, is above the law, sir. Come, give us your toast.

SAND. Yes, give us your toast.

SIRR. Fill fair, now, honest man. (ROCHE *lines up the three glasses and fills them full.*)

FITZ. Your toast, now.

ROCHE. Gentlemen, I give you a toast—"The Trinity of Judas."—There, sir, is yours; there's yours, Major Sandys; there's yours, Major SIRR. (*He flings the glasses one by one into the faces of the trio.*) Gentlemen, I am Tiger Roche. I hope you like your wine.

SIRR. Traitor! Help me, you two. There is a thousand pounds reward.

FITZ. My religion forbids re—retaliation.

SAND. (*To ROCHE.*) Well, you bully. The regiment's coming. Then we'll see about Mr. Tiger Roche, with his toasts and his Hebrew. (SIRR *tries to reach his sword.*)

ROCHE. (*To SIRR.*) I should be sorry to have your blood upon my sword, Major SIRR. (SIRR *relapses.* *To SANDYS.*) Now, Mr. Sandys, about your regiment. That is not your regiment. Your regiment is a red ruin at Rathnew. Those fifes are the fifes of the Friends of Ireland. In five minute's time I hope to be leading them to Dublin.

ALL. What! O God, we are lost!

ROCHE. Sit down, you carrion.

SIRR. And I've a wife and two sons.

ROCHE. What! Human feeling in a SIRR!

FITZ. O Mr. Roche, sir; Captain Roche, sir. Have pity; I am not fit to die.

ROCHE. Truth from a Fitzpatrick!

SAND. O Captain Roche. You shall have the grey mare. Hevey's famous mare, that won the trotting match.

ROCHE. Generosity in a Mr. Major Sandys.

ALL. O Mr. Roche, we'll reform. O, hide us, Mr. Roche. Not the mob, Mr. Roche. We shall be torn limb from limb.

ROCHE. Well, you'd better get up that chimney.

FITZ. My belly'll never go up there.

ROCHE. Well, it had better go there.

SAND. It won't hold us all. You must stand out, Fitzpatrick. Stand by, Sirr. I go first. *(He gets up the chimney.)*

SIRR. O God, will I be in time? *(He gets up the chimney. The fifes sound clearly.)*

FITZ. My belly will bring my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. O you inhuman Sandys. Help me up. O, help me up. I'll squeeze in somehow. O Mr. Roche, help me up. Do now, kind Mr. Roche. O, I shall choke. *(He gets up the chimney. An agonized voice from the chimney.)* Do our legs show? *(The band sounds without. ROCHE gathers up their papers in a pile. Then goes to the window.)*

ROCHE. Ho, there. Captain!

VOICE WITHOUT. What d'ye want?

ROCHE. Bring in a file of men. There are some rebels secreted here. *(The troops ground arms and halt. Enter CAPTAIN and file.)*

CAPTAIN. Well, sir, where are the rebels?

ROCHE. Sir, I hold the King's Commission. I have traced these rebels here. Five minutes since we were drinking at this table. They are up that chimney. Do your duty.

SOLDIERS. *(Running to chimney.)* Here's a leg. Here they are all right. Yank them down, sons. We'll give you Killala Bay. We'll give you Erin-go-bragh. In the neck we'll give it to you. *(They pull down three filthy, blinking scarecrows. As they wipe the soot from their eyes ROCHE indicates them.)*

ROCHE. This *(pointing to SANDYS)* is Mr. Napper Tandy. This *(pointing to SIRR)* is Captain Tiger Roche. He looks a tiger, I must say. This *(pointing to FITZPATRICK)* is that arch-felon, Mr. Wolfe Tone. Guard them carefully, Captain. They are worth some seven thousand pounds.

ALL THREE. *(Recognizing the King's uniform through the soot.)* Unhand us, Captain. We are the King's Justices. That man there is the rebel. That is Tiger Roche, Captain. We are the King's Justices.

A SOLDIER. Bleeding fine Justices the King's got, then.

CAPTAIN. You and your Justices. We'll give you all the justice you need. An ounce of lead is the justice you'll get.

ALL THREE. Unhand us, will you! Captain! What are you doing. That is the rebel. That is Tiger Roche. Take off your men. We are the King's Justices.

CAPTAIN. I've heard that song before. Shut your damned seditious heads or I'll make you chew a trooper's cook.

ROCHE. (*Smiling.*) What in the world's a trooper's cook? Captain.

CAPTAIN. It's a piece of wood, sir. It's all the cook a trooper has. Between the teeth, it is an effective gag.

ALL THREE. But hear us, Captain.

A SOLDIER. Blimy! Shut your heads. Don't you hear what the Captain tells you?

SAND. Damn it, Captain. You shall suffer——

FITZ. If there's justice in Ireland.

A SOLDIER. There's no justice in Ireland.

SIRR. But there's law, sir. And you shall have it.

CAPTAIN. Yes, there's law, and you shall have it. There's man-o'-war law—"over the face and eyes."

SERGEANT. Like the cat give the monkey.

ROCHE. You've secured their hands, sir. They are three desperate felons.

SERGEANT. Their hands won't give no trouble.

CAPTAIN. (*To ROCHE.*) Well, sir. What next?

ROCHE. (*Writing at table.*) O, march them into Dublin—this note will explain—and give them in charge to General Craig.

CAPTAIN. I presume you will come, too, sir.

ROCHE. I will follow in a moment. I must place a seal on these papers I have found here.

THE THREE JUSTICES. That proves it, Captain. He's the rebel. He's Tiger Roche. Don't let him stay behind, Captain.

ROCHE. Captain, remove those babblers. Silence, you felons. Give them the trooper's cook. Stay a moment. Leave a file of men. They can bear witness to my sealing the papers.

CAPTAIN. I've a reputation to keep up. What! Leave my men in a tavern? No, sir, and I'm obliged to you. The hostess will be witness enough. Forward, my croppy boys. Quick march.

ROCHE. But you'll have a drink before you go, Captain?

CAPTAIN. Not in working hours, thank ye. Now, my croppy boys.

THE THREE. You shall hang for this, Captain.

CAPTAIN. There's some I know will hang too. Quick march, I say. (*He nods to ROCHE.*) I'll see you later, at the General's.

ROCHE. At General Craig's. But I shall probably overtake you on the road.

CAPTAIN. "We will meet at that beautiful shore." Quick march, my sons. (*Exeunt. The troops pass on. A pause, during which ROCHE watches them from the window.*)

ROCHE. Well, the fire's out and the guests are gone. There's

only the bill to pay. (*He empties a purse on the table. Enter Hostess.*)

HOSTESS. The boat is waiting below, sir.

ROCHE. It is good-bye, then.

HOSTESS. You'll be coming again, sir. There'll be other friends going the same road.

ROCHE. I shall be too old when they try again. Good-bye.

Now with his useless steel the beaten rebel goes
To that proud misery's peace no victor ever knows.

Written in 1905.

原
书
空
白
页