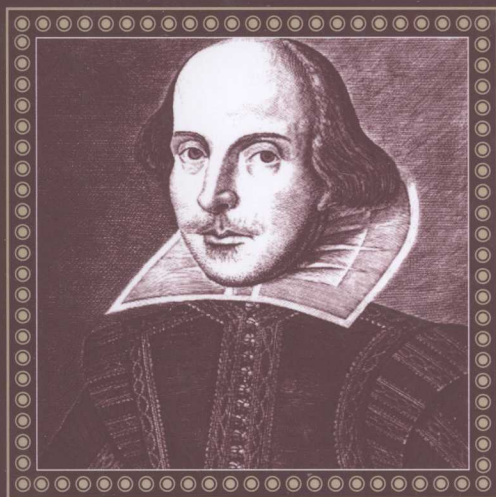


大家中的大家 经典中的经典

SELECTED WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

莎士比亚经典作品集

威廉·莎士比亚



世界图书出版公司

莎士比亚经典作品集
SELECTED WORKS OF
WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

威廉·莎士比亚

Romeo and Juliet



Twelfth Night

Much Ado about Nothing

The Merchant of Venice

A Midsummer Night's Dream

As You Like It

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Foreword

Literature masterpieces usually mirror the culture of a country or area in a specific period of time. By reading these masterpieces, we can enjoy the authors' fluent writing styles, vivid and detailed description, which will place us in that specific period's history and culture. For this purpose we present the series of world literature classics to the readers.

The selection was made based on suggestions of many professional literature translators and literary scholars. And these selected books were edited in accord with the original works. Making no abridgements or changes, we attempt to maintain the original style and flavor of these novels.

By reading them, you will have a better understanding of western history and culture, and your English level will be improved a lot before you realize it.

This series of classics will lead you to the wonderful English world!

前 言

世界文学名著表现了作者描述的特定时代的文化。阅读这些名著可以领略著者流畅的文笔、逼真的描述、详细的刻画，让读者如同置身当时的历史文化之中。为此，我们将这套精心编辑的“名著典藏”奉献给广大读者。

我们找来了专门研究西方历史、西方文化的专家学者，请教了专业的翻译人员，精心挑选了这些可以代表西方文学的著作，并听取了一些国外专门研究文学的朋友的建议，不删节、不做任何人为改动，严格按照原著的风格，提供原汁原味的西方名著，让读者能享受纯正的英文名著。

随着阅读的展开，你会发现自己的英语水平无形中有了大幅提高，并且对西方历史文化的了解也日益深入广阔。

送您一套经典，让您受益永远！

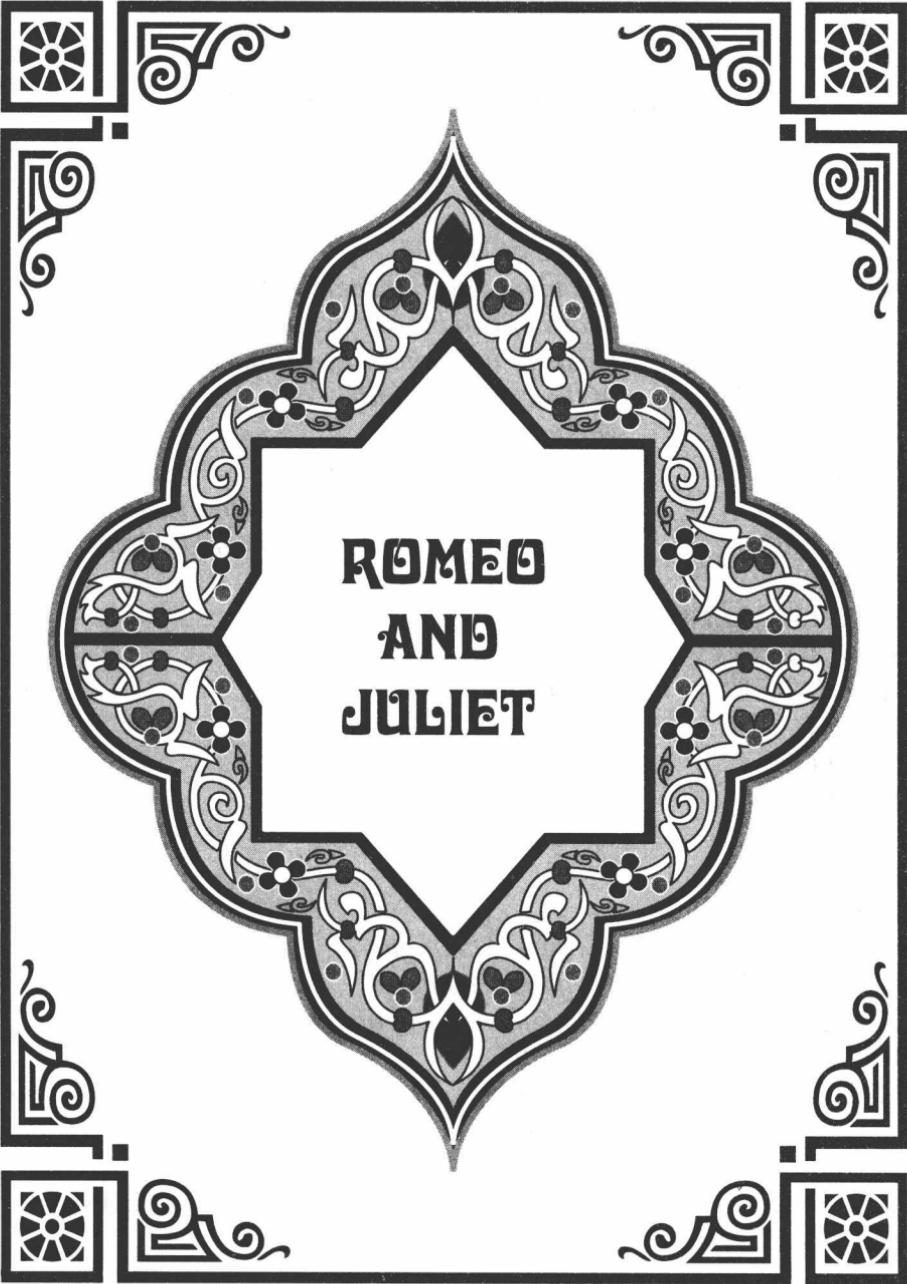


WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE



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The image features a highly decorative border and a central frame. The border is composed of a thick black line with ornate, symmetrical scrollwork and floral motifs at each corner. The central frame is a large, eight-pointed star or floral shape with a scalloped edge. Inside this frame, the title "ROMEO AND JULIET" is written in a bold, serif font. The background within the frame is a light gray, and the text is black.

**ROMEO
AND
JULIET**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ESCALUS	<i>prince of Verona</i>
PARIS	<i>a young count, kinsman to the prince</i>
MONTAGUE	<i>heads of two houses at variance with each other</i>
CAPULET	<i>heads of two houses at variance with each other</i>
AN OLD MAN	<i>of the Capulet family</i>
ROMEO	<i>son to Montague</i>
TYBALT	<i>nephew to Lady Capulet</i>
MERCUTIO	<i>kinsman to the prince and friend to Romeo</i>
BENVOLIO	<i>nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo</i>
TYBALT	<i>nephew to Lady Capulet</i>
FRIAR LAURENCE	<i>Franciscan</i>
FRIAR JOHN	<i>Franciscan</i>
BALTHASAR	<i>servant to Romeo</i>
ABRAM	<i>servant to Montague</i>
SAMPSON	<i>servant to Capulet</i>
GREGORY	<i>servant to Capulet</i>
PETER	<i>servant to Juliet's nurse</i>
APOTHECARY	
OFFICER	
LADY MONTAGUE	<i>wife to Montague</i>
LADY CAPULET	<i>wife to Capulet</i>
JULIET	<i>daughter to Capulet</i>
NURSE	<i>to Juliet</i>
CITIZENS	<i>of Verona, gentlemen and gentlewomen of both houses</i>

MASKERS, TORCHBEARERS, PAGES, GUARDS, WATCHMEN,
SERVANTS, ATTENDANTS, AND MUSICIANS

PROLOGUE

CHORU. 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
 Do 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, nought 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.

10

ACT I SCENE I

Verona. A public place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers

- SAMPS. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.
- GREGO. No, for then we should be colliers.
- SAMPS. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.
- GREGO. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.
- SAMPS. I strike quickly, being moved.
- GREGO. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.
- SAMPS. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
- GREGO. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand:
therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.
- SAMPS. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will 10
take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.
- GREGO. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes
to the wall.
- SAMPS. 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.
- GREGO. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.
- SAMPS. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I
have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the 20
maids, and cut off their heads.
- GREGO. The heads of the maids?
- SAMPS. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads;
take it in what sense thou wilt.
- GREGO. They must take it in sense that feel it.
- SAMPS. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and
'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.
- GREGO. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou
hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool! here comes

two of the house of the Montagues.

30

Enter Abraham and Balthasar

SAMPS. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

GREGO. How! turn thy back and run?

SAMPS. Fear me not.

GREGO. No, marry; I fear thee!

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

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

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

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

SAMPS. I do bite my thumb, sir.

40

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

SAMPS. Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

GREGO. No.

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

GREGO. Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAH. Quarrel sir! no, sir.

SAMPS. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as
you.

ABRAH. No better.

50

SAMPS. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio

GREGO. [*seeing Tybalt*] Say 'better:' here comes one of my
master's kinsmen.

SAMPS. Yes, better, sir.

ABRAH. You lie.

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

[*They fight*]

BENVO. Part, fools!

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

Beats down their swords

Enter Tybalt

TYBAL. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

60

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

TYBAL. 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, several of both houses,

who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs

CITIZ. 1 Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet

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

LADYC. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword? 70

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

Enter Montague and Lady Montague

MONT. Thou villain Capulet, – Hold me not, let me go.

LADYM. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants

PRINC. 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, 80
And hear the sentence of your moved 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 beseeching ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again, 90
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 further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt all but Montague, LADY Montague, and Benvolio

- MONT. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?
- BENVO. Here were the servants of your adversary, 100
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.
- LADYM. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day? 110
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.
- BENVO. Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove 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, 120
That most are busied when they're most alone,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.
- MONT. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew.
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed, 130
Away from the light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks far daylight out
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,

Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

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

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

BENVO. Have you importuned him by any means?

MONT. Both by myself and many other friends: 140

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

BENVO. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside; 150

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

MONT. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,

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

Exeunt Montague and LADY Montague

BENVO. Good-morrow, cousin.

ROMEO Is the day so young?

BENVO. But new struck nine.

ROMEO Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

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

ROMEO Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

BENVO. In love?

ROMEO Out – 160

BENVO. Of love?

ROMEO Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BENVO. 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! 170

O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen 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?

BENVO. No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO Good heart, at what?

BENVO. 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
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vexed a sea nourished with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

BENVO. Soft! I will go along;

And if you leave me so, you do me wrong. 190

ROMEO Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BENVO. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

ROMEO What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVO. Groan! why, no.

But sadly tell me who.

ROMEO Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:

Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVO. I aimed so near, when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love. 200

BENVO. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROMEO Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
 O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,
 That when she dies with beauty dies her store. 210

BENVO. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,
 For beauty starved with her severity
 Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
 She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
 To merit bliss by making me despair:
 She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
 Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

BENVO. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

ROMEO O, teach me how I should forget to think. 220

BENVO. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
 Examine other beauties.

ROMEO 'Tis the way

To call hers exquisite, in question more:
 These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows
 Being black put us in mind they hide the fair;
 He that is stricken blind cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
 What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
 Where I may read who passed that passing fair? 230
 Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVO. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [Exeunt]