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SHAKESPEARE:

FOUR TRAGEDIES

(UNABRIDGED)

莎士比亚四大悲剧

William Shakespeare

Shakespeare: Four Tragedies 莎士比亚四大悲剧

William Shakespeare

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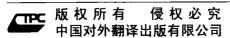
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出版前言

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,就是在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。

中国对外翻译出版有限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。

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。一生共创作了 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, 在世界文学史上占有极其重要的地位。

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,以及他力求两者和谐的心态。主要作品有《辛白林》(1609)、《冬天的故事》

(1610) 和《暴风雨》(1611)。

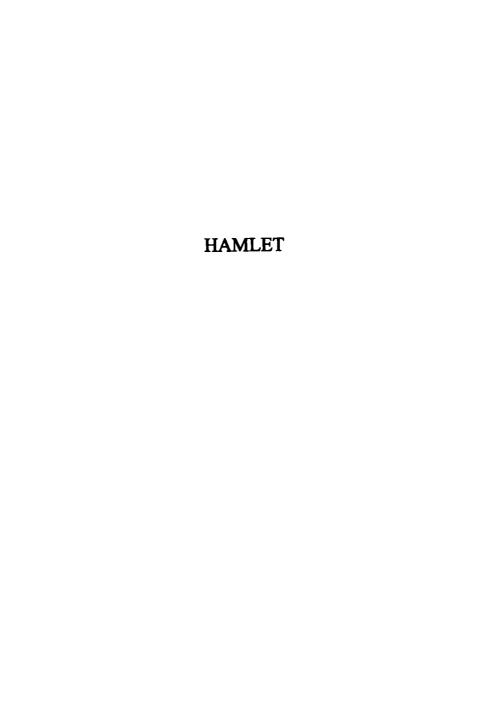
莎士比亚戏剧的最大艺术特色是题材典型、情节生动、语言丰富、人物个性鲜明。他从民间和古典作品中汲取营养,融入自己独特的见解,把作品锤炼得炉火纯青。马克思称莎士比亚为"人类最伟大的天才之一"。恩格斯盛赞其作品的现实主义精神与情节的生动性、丰富性。莎士比亚的作品几乎被翻译成世界各种文字。1919 年后被介绍到中国,现已有中文版《莎士比亚全集》。

莎士比亚四大悲剧包括《哈姆雷特》、《奥赛罗》、《李尔王》、 《麦克白》,故事均取自欧洲的历史传说。莎士比亚的悲剧之所以 伟大,在于它们具有高度的概括意义。《哈姆雷特》是一出人文 主义思想家的悲剧,主人公哈姆雷特的父王被叔父杀害,母亲嫁 给了叔父,父王的亡灵要求他报仇。这个事件促使他考虑到整个 社会和时代、决定担负起"重整乾坤"的责任;但他单枪匹马同 黑暗势力较量,寡不敌众,最后失败。《奥赛罗》的主题包括爱 情与嫉妒、轻信与背信、异族通婚等。奥赛罗是威尼斯城邦雇用 的一个将军,是黑皮肤摩尔人,与威尼斯一个贵族的女儿结婚。 他受阴谋家摆布,杀死了心爱的妻子;当他得知真相后、悔恨之 余拔剑自刎,倒在了妻子身边。《李尔王》最富于哲学意义、主 要写李尔王从一个有绝对权威的封建君主变为一个人文主义者心 目中的"人"的过程;处理了权威与爱的矛盾、权威与社会正义 的矛盾、"真诚的"爱与虚伪爱的对比、人性与大自然的善恶问题。 《麦克白》在更广泛的意义上探索人性的善转变为恶的过程。主 人公麦克白是苏格兰大将,由于野心的驱使,杀死了慈祥的国王; 他是个立过功、有所作为的英雄、性格中有善良的一面、由于女 巫和夫人的诱惑,他想干一番大事业的雄心变成了野心;一旦野 心实现,必然引起一连串新的犯罪,最后导致灭亡。

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Dramatis Personae

King of Denmark Claudius

Hamlet son to the former and nephew to the present King

Polonius Lord Chamberlain

friend to Hamlet Horatio son to Polonius

Voltemand

Comelius

Laertes

Rosencrantz courtiers

Guildenstern

A Gentleman

A Priest

Osric

Marcellus

Bernardo Francisco

a soldier

Reynaldo

servant to Polonius

Players

Two Clowns grave-diggers

Prince of Norway **Fortinbras**

A Norwegian Captain

English Ambassadors

Queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet Gertrude

daughter to Polonius Ophelia

Ghost of Hamlet's Father

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants

ACT I



Elsinore. The guard-platform of the Castle.

Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

BERNARDO Who's there?

FRANCISCO Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

BERNARDO Long live the King!

FRANCISCO Bernardo?

BERNARDO He.

FRANCISCO You come most carefully upon your hour.

BERNARDO 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRANCISCO For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

BERNARDO Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO Not a mouse stirring.

BERNARDO Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

FRANCISCO I think I hear them.

Stand, ho! Who is there?

HORATIO Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO Give you good night.

MARCELLUS O, farewell, honest soldier!

Who hath reliev'd you?

FRANCISCO Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night.

Exit.

MARCELLUS Holla, Bernardo!

BERNARDO Say —

What, is Horatio there?

HORATIO A piece of him.

BERNARDO Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good Marcellus.

MARCELLUS What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

BERNARDO I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS Horatio 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 Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,

And let us once again assan your cars,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

HORATIO Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

BERNARDO Last night of all,

When youd same star that's westward from the pole,

Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven

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Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,

The bell then beating one—

Enter Ghost.

MARCELLUS Peace! break thee off! Look where it comes again!

BERNARDO In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

MARCELLUS Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

BERNARDO Look 'a not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.

HORATIO Most like. It harrows me with fear and wonder.

BERNARDO It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS Question it, Horatio.

HORATIO What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, speak!

MARCELLUS It is offended.

BERNARDO

See, it stalks away!

HORATIO Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

Exit Ghost.

MARCELLUS 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

BERNARDO How now, Horatio! You tremble and look pale.

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?

HORATIO Before my God, I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

MARCELLUS Is it not like the King?

HORATIO As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on

When he the ambitious Norway combated;

So frown'd he once when, in an angry parle,

He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.

'Tis strange.

MARCELLUS Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour, With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

HORATIO In what particular thought to work I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

MARCELLUS Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land;

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,

And foreign mart for implements of war;

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week;

What might be toward, that this sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:

Who is't that can inform me?

HORATIO

That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,

Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,

Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet-

For so this side of our known world esteem'd him-

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,

Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands

Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror;

Against the which a moiety competent

Was gaged by our king; which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras. Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same comart And carriage of the article design'd, His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras, Of unimproved mettle hot and full, Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there, Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes, For food and diet, to some enterprise That hath a stomach in't; which is no other, As it doth well appear unto our state, But to recover of us, by strong hand And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands So by his father lost; and this, I take it, Is the main motive of our preparations, The source of this our watch, and the chief head Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

BERNARDO I think it be no other but e'en so.

Well may it sort, that this portentous figure

Comes armed through our watch; so like the King

That was and is the question of these wars.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse;
And even the like precurse of fear'd events,

As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again! I'll cross it, though it blast me.

Stay, illusion.

Ghost spreads its arms.

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, Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy country's fate, Which happily foreknowing may avoid, O, speak!

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
The cock crows.

Speak of it! Stay, and speak.

Stop it, Marcellus.

MARCELLUS Shall I strike at it with my partisan?
HORATIO Do, if it will not stand.
BERNARDO 'Tis here!
HORATIO 'Tis here!

MARCELLUS 'Tis gone!

Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestical,

To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

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

HORATIO And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

MARCELLUS It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

This bird of dawning singeth all night long;

And then, they say, no spirit dare stir 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.

HORATIO 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 eastward hill.
Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

MARCELLUS Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know Where we shall find him most convenient.

Exeunt.



Elsinore. The Castle.

Enter King Claudius, Queen Gertrude, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes and his sister Ophelia, Voltemand, Cornelius, Lords and Attendants.

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death KING 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 Together with remembrance of ourselves. Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen, Th' imperial jointress to this warlike state, Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy, With an auspicious and a dropping eye, With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage, In equal scale weighing delight and dole, Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone With this affair along. For all, our thanks.

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