

THE TEMPEST

英美学精品译注丛书



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William Shakespeare



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《暴风雨》

威廉·莎士比亚(1564-1616)虽然常常被看作是英国最杰出的剧作家,但实际上人们对他的生平所知甚少。他生于沃里克郡埃文河上的斯特拉特福镇,也可能在那里受教育,并且是在那里结的婚。大约婚后不久,便去了伦敦,到1585年在伦敦已成为一个重要的剧作家。他写了许多剧本,至今仍在世界各地上演,包括喜剧《仲夏夜之梦》、《威尼斯商人》等;杰出的悲剧,如《哈姆雷特》、《麦克白》、《李尔王》、《奥瑟罗》以及写罗马帝国的历史剧如《尤利乌斯·凯撒》、《安东尼和克莉奥佩特拉》和写英国国王的历史剧,如《亨利五世》和《理查三世》。

《暴风雨》公认是莎士比亚的最后一个剧本。剧中常常提到戏剧技巧和表演,看上去似乎是作者对戏剧的信仰声明,和对构成作者艺术的魔术手法的分析。剧中,魔术师普洛士丕罗因他人背叛而失去了米兰公爵的头衔,他用魔法唤来一场暴风雨,让他的敌人认识到他们对他的冤枉。

The Scene: An uninhabited island.

Names of the Actors

Alonso, King of Naples

Sebastian, His brother

Prospero, the right Duke of Milan

Antonio, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan

Ferdinand, son to the King of Naples

Gonzalo, an honest old councilor

Adrian and Francisco, lords

Caliban, a savage and deformed slave

Trinculo, a jester

THE TEMPEST

ACT I

Scene I. [*On a ship at sea.*]

*A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.
Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.*

Master. Boatswain!

Boatswain. Here, master. What cheer?

Master. Good, speak to th' mariners! Fall to't yarely, or we
run ourselves aground. bestir, bestir! *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boatswain. Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!
Yare, yare! Take in the topsail! Tend to th' master's
whistle! Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Stephano, a drunken butler
Master of a ship
Boatswain
Mariners
Miranda, daughter to Prospero
Ariel, an airy spirit
Iris
Ceres
Juno [presented by] spirits
Nymphs
Reapers
[Other Spirits attending on Prospero]

Boatswain: officer of ship in charge of the crew.

What cheer?: how are things going?

Good: Good man. **Fall to't yarely:** do it quickly.

we run ourselves aground: we will hit the rocks. **bestir!:** move!

Heigh: hey!, *call for attention*. **hearts:** dear ones. **Cheerly:** happily. **Yare:** quickly. **Tend:** listen.

whistle: sound made by blowing air out of mouth. **Blow till thou burst thy wind:** *the boatswain tells the storm to do its worst, to blow until it has no more breath*. **if room enough:** if there is enough room to manoeuvre the ship.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alonso. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master?
Play the men.

Boatswain. I pray now, keep below.

Antonio. Where is the master, bos'n?

Boatswain. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor.

Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gonzalo. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these
roarers for the name of king? To cabin! Silence! Trouble
us not!

Gonzalo. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatswain. None that I more love than myself. You are
councilor; if you can command these elements to
silence and work the peace of the present, we will not
hand a rope more. Use your authority. If you cannot,
give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself
ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it
so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say.

Exit.

Gonzalo. I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks
he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is
perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging!
Make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth
little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case
is miserable.

Exit [with the rest].

Enter Boatswain.

Boatswain. Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower!
Bring her to try with main course! (*A cry within.*) A
plague upon this howling! They are louder than the
weather or our office.

boatswain: person responsible for practical side of sailing.

Play the men: act like men.

keep below: stay in your cabins.

bos'n: abbreviation for boatswain.

Do you not hear him?: can't you hear his whistle? **You mar our**

labor: you're making our work more difficult. **Keep:** stay in.

Nay: no.

Hence!: go away!

roarers: strong waves making loud noise.

Trouble us not: do not disturb us.

yet: but. **aboard:** on the ship.

councilor: adviser.

we will not hand a rope more: we will stop working.

mischance: disaster.

if it so hap: if it happens that way. **Cheerly:** happily.

fellow: man. **Methinks:** I think.

he hath no drowning mark upon him: *proverb: "He that's born to be hanged need fear no drowning".* **his complexion is perfect**

gallows: he is certain to be hanged. **Stand fast:** be faithful.

cable: rope to save the ship. **doth little advantage:** is of no help.

If he be: *note the use of subjunctive.*

topmast: tall wooden pole to which sails are attached. **Yare:**

quickly. **main course:** *particular configuration of sails.* **within:**

inside the ship. **A plague upon this howling:** damn this crying.

our office: *the boatswain's whistle and commands.*

Enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Sebastian. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boatswain. Work you, then.

Antonio. Hang, cur! Hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gonzalo. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boatswain. Lay her ahold, ahold! Set her two courses! Off to sea again! Lay her off!

Enter Mariners wet.

Mariners. All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!

[*Exeunt.*]

Boatswain. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gonzalo. The King and Prince at prayers! Let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Sebastian. I am out of patience.

Antonio. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards

This wide-chopped rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

Gonzalo. He'll be hanged yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it

And gape at wid'st to glut him.

A confused noise within: "Mercy on us!"

"We split, we split!" "Farewell, my wife and children!"

"Farewell, brother!" "We split, we split, we split!"

[*Exit Boatswain.*]

Antonio. Let's all sink wi' th' King.

give o'er: turn over.

Have you a mind to sink?: do you want to go to the bottom of the sea? **A pox o' your throat:** damn your voice! **bawling:** crying, shouting.

Work you: work!

cur: dog. **whoreson:** son of prostitute.

I'll warrant him for drowning: I'm certain he will drown.

leaky: lets in or loses liquid.

unstanch'd wench: loose woman, prostitute.

Lay her aholt: keep the ship close to the wind. **Set her two courses:** put up two groups of sails.

To prayers: *the situation is so desperate that they can only pray.*

must our mouths be cold?: must we die?

merely: completely.

wide-chopped: with big jaws, with a big mouth. **rascal:** bad man.

would thou mightst: I wish you would.

The washing of ten tides: *the traditional punishment for pirates was to hang them near the sea and let three tides go over them.*

tides: periodic rising and falling of the level of the sea.

gape at wid'st: the sea opens its mouth completely. **glut:** swallow, consume. **Mercy on us!:** God help us!

We split: the ship is breaking.

Farewell: goodbye for ever.

sink: go to the bottom of the sea.

Sebastian.

Let's take leave of him.

Exit [with Antonio].

Gonzalo. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for
an acre of barren ground—long heath, brown furze,
anything. The wills above be done, but I would fain die
a dry death. *Exit.*

Scene II. [*The island. In front of Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Miranda. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch.
But that the sea, mounting to welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dashed all to pieces! O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed and
The fraughting souls within her.

Prospero. Be collected.

No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

Miranda. O, woe the day!

Prospero. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

take leave of: say goodbye to.

furlong: *measure of length, about 200 metres.*

acre: *measure of area.* **barren:** sterile, where nothing can grow.

heath, furze: plants growing on poor ground. **wills above:** what God wants. **I would fain:** I would rather.

allay: calm.

stinking: with a very unpleasant odour. **pitch:** thick black substance. **welkin's cheek:** the face of the sky.

Dashes... out: extinguishes.

vessel: ship.

Dashed: destroyed.

perished: died.

Had I been: if I had been, *note the inversion.*

sunk: sent down. **ere:** before.

fraughting: forming the cargo. **within:** inside.

Be collected: calm down.

amazement: surprise. **piteous:** compassionate.

harm: damage, hurt.

woe the day: what a terrible day.

naught: nothing.

Of whence I am: where I come from. **more better:** *note Shakespeare often uses both types of comparative at the same time.*

full poor: very poor. **cell:** cave.

Miranda. More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Prospero. 'Tis time

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand

And pluck my magic garment from me. So.

[Lays down his robe.]

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touched

The very virtue of compassion in thee,

I have with such provision in mine art

So safely ordered that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair

Betid to any creature in the vessel

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Sit down;

For thou must now know farther.

Miranda. You have often

Begun to tell me what I am; but stopped

And left me to a bootless inquisition,

Concluding, "Stay; not yet."

Prospero. The hour's now come;

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.

Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not

Out three years old.

Miranda. Certainly, sir, I can.

Prospero. By what? By any other house or person?

Of anything the image tell me that

Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Miranda. 'Tis far off,

And rather like a dream than an assurance

That my remembrance warrants. Had I not

Four or five women once that tended me?

Prospero. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*. But how is it

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else

meddle: mix.

inform thee farther: tell you more. **Lend thy hand:** give me your hand. **pluck:** take off. **garment:** robe, article of clothing.

Wipe: clean.

direful: terrible. **wrack:** shipwreck, nautical disaster.

very virtue: essence.

I have... orderet that: I have planned everything so well that...

perdition: loss.

Betid: happened. **vessel:** ship.

bootless: fruitless, useless. **inquisition:** questioning.

bids: tells. **ope:** open.

unto: to.

Out: fully, completely.

remembrance: memory.

rather... than: more... than.

an assurance That my remembrance warrants: something of which my memory is certain. **tended:** looked after.

In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou rememb'rst aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st thou mayst.

Miranda. But that I do not.

Prospero. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

Miranda. Sir, are not you my father?

Prospero. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
And princess, no worse issued.

Miranda. O the heavens!
What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or blessèd was't we did?

Prospero. Both, both, my girl!
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly help hither.

Miranda. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teen that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, father.

Prospero. My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio—
I pray thee mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel. Those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Miranda. Sir, most heedfully.

Prospero. Being once perfected how to grant suits,