

<<罗密欧与朱丽叶>>

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内容概要

《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。

<<罗密欧与朱丽叶>>

书籍目录

The Prologue ACT Scene Scene Scene Scene Scene ACT Prologue Scene Scene Scene
Scene Scene Scene ACT Scene Scene Scene Scene Scene ACT Scene Scene Scene
Scene Scene ACT Scene Scene Scene

<<罗密欧与朱丽叶>>

章节摘录

SCENNE 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 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. Youlie. 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-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 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, 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,

<<罗密欧与朱丽叶>>

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 drove 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.

<<罗密欧与朱丽叶>>

编辑推荐

William Shakespeare的《罗密欧与朱丽叶（英语原著版）（第3辑）》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>>

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