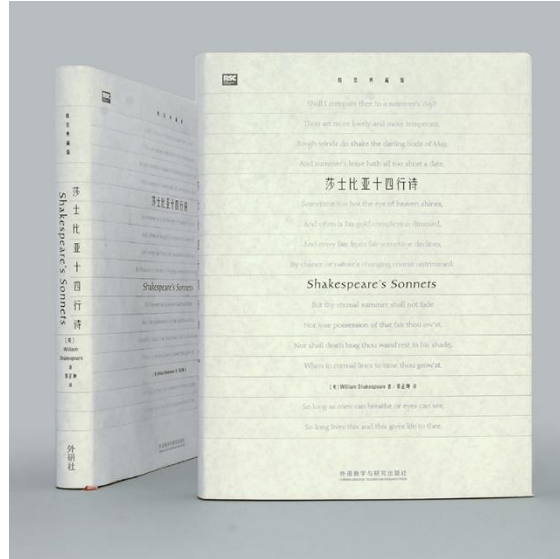


第五届莎士比亚声音秀朗读文本



《莎士比亚十四行诗（精装典藏版）》辜正坤 译

1. 莎士比亚十四行诗第 18 首（Sonnet 18）

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

或许我可用夏日把你来比方，
但你比夏日更可爱也更温良。
夏风狂作常摧落五月的娇蕊，
夏季的期限也未免还不太长。
有时天眼如炬人间酷热难当，
但转瞬金面如晦，云遮雾障。
每一种美都终究会凋残零落，
难免见弃于机缘与天道无常。
但你永恒的夏季却不会终止，
你优美的形象也永不会消亡，
死神难夸口说你身陷其罗网，
只因你借我诗行可长寿无疆。

只要人眼能看，人口能呼吸，
我诗必长存，使你万世留芳。

2. 莎士比亚十四行诗第 116 首 (Sonnet 116)

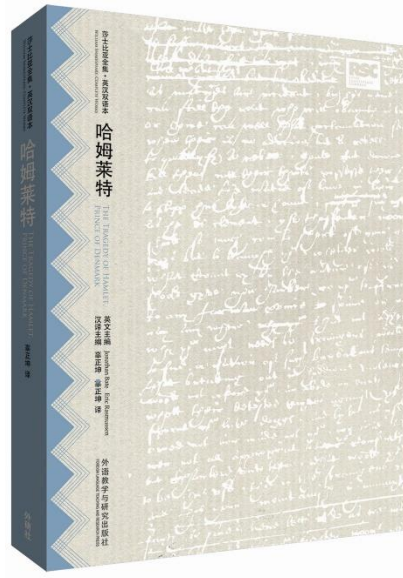
Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no, it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken,
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come:

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

啊，我绝不让两颗真心被障碍
难成百年之好。爱不算是真爱，
若发现情况有改，便立刻转向，
若发现对方变心自己立刻收场。
啊不，爱是灯塔永远为人导航，
虽直面暴风雨却绝不动摇晃荡。
爱是星斗，指引着漂流的迷舟，
其方位纬度可测，其价值难求。
尽管红颜皓齿逃不过无常镰刀，
爱却绝不是受时光愚弄的小丑。
韶光流转多变，爱却长生不改，
雄立万世千秋直到末日的尽头。

假如有人能证明我这话说得过火，
就算我从未写诗，世人从未爱过。



《哈姆莱特》覃正坤译

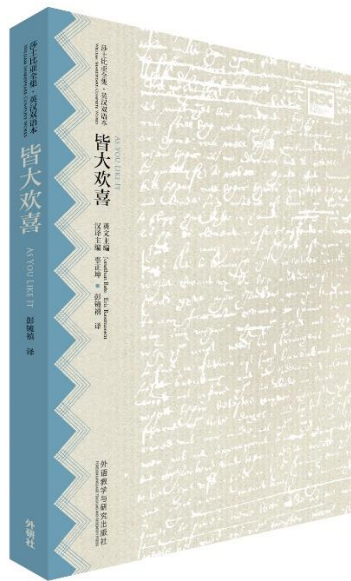
***Hamlet* Act 3 / Scene 1**

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep —
No more — and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep:
To sleep, perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life,
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action. Soft you now,
The fair Ophelia.— Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

死，还是生？这才是问题根本：
莫道是苦海无涯，但操戈奋进，
终赢得一片清平；或默对逆运，
忍受它箭石交攻，敢问，
两番选择，何为上乘？
死灭，睡也，倘借得长眠
可治心伤，愈千万肉身苦痛痕，
则岂非美境，人所追寻？死，睡也，
睡中或有梦魇生，唉，症结在此；
倘能撒手这碌碌凡尘，长入死梦，
又谁知梦境何形？念及此忧，
不由人踌躇难定：这满腹疑情

竟使人苟延年命，忍对苦难平生。
假如借短刀一柄，即可解脱身心，
谁甘愿受人世的鞭挞与讥评，
强权者的威压，傲慢者的骄横，
失恋的痛楚，法律的耽延，
官吏的暴虐，甚或默受小人
对贤德者肆意拳脚加身？
谁又愿肩负这如许重担，
流汗、呻吟，疲于奔命，
倘非对死后的处境心存疑云，
惧那未经发现的国土从古至今
无孤旅归来，意志的迷惘
使我辈宁愿忍受现世的忧闷，
而不敢飞身投向未知的苦境？
前瞻后顾使我们全成懦夫，
于是，本色天然的决断决行，
罩上了一层思想的惨淡余阴，
只可惜诸多待举的宏图大业，
竟因此如逝水忽然转向而行，
失掉行动的名分。啊，肃静，
美丽的奥菲利娅！——女神啊，
请记住在你祈祷之际，
别忘了代我忏悔罪行。



《皆大欢喜》彭镜禧译

***As You Like It* Act 2 / Scene 7**

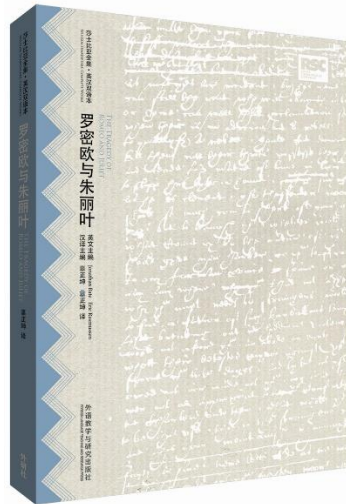
All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,

In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances.
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloan,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

全世界是个舞台，
男男女女不过戏子而已；
他们上场上场各有其时。
每个人一生扮演许多角色，
他的戏共有七幕。首先是婴儿，
在奶妈的怀里又哭又吐。
然后是哀鸣的学童，拎着书包，
脸蛋明亮如清晨，像蜗牛爬行一般
不情不愿地上学。之后是情人，
如火炉般叹着气，以哀伤的曲调
颂赞他情人的眉毛。之后是军人，
满嘴外国学来的脏话，豹子般的胡髭，
十分爱惜荣誉，动不动就吵架，
甚至到炮口里追求
那泡沫般的名气。然后是法官，
圆滚滚的肚子塞满肥嫩的阉鸡，
目光严肃，胡须修剪整齐，
一出口就是格言和老生常谈。

这是他的角色。第六幕转成
穿拖鞋、干巴巴的老头儿，
鼻上架着眼镜，腰间挂着钱袋；
年轻时的长裤，留到如今，套上萎缩的
小腿，宽大得不像样；雄浑的嗓门
回到了孩童时的尖细声音，
像风笛，像吹哨。最后的一幕，
要终结这多彩多姿的一生传奇，
乃是第二度婴儿期，失去记忆，
没牙齿，没眼睛，没味觉，啥都没了。





《罗密欧与朱丽叶》辜正坤译

***Romeo and Juliet* Act 2 / Scene 1**

JULIET Ay me!

ROMEO She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name,
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy,
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name.
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other word would smell as sweet,
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROMEO I take thee at thy word:

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized,
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

朱丽叶 唉！

罗密欧 她说话了。

啊！说下去，光明仙子！
今夜，您这般辉煌
如同长翅的天使，
凌空闪耀在我头上，
夜幕顿敛，下界万民惊畏的目光
注视瞻仰着您驾驭着白云悠悠
在浩荡空冥的胸怀缓缓徜徉。

朱丽叶 啊，罗密欧，罗密欧！为何是这名称？

快否认你的父姓，抛弃你的本名；
你纵然不肯，但只消发誓做我的爱人，
我便从此改变这凯普莱特之姓。

罗密欧 我是和她搭话，还是继续聆听？

朱丽叶 只有你的姓氏才是我的仇敌；

你即使不姓蒙太古，不也是你自身？
不姓蒙太古又有何患？它不是手脚，
不是手臂不是脸，不是身上任何部分。

啊！我求你换一个别的名称！

名称算什么？我们称玫瑰作玫瑰，

即使换了名，不也有同样的香味？

罗密欧若换了名，他那珍贵的完美

不也会安然无恙，毫无损毁？

罗密欧，抛弃你的姓名吧，

那种东西不属于你的根本，

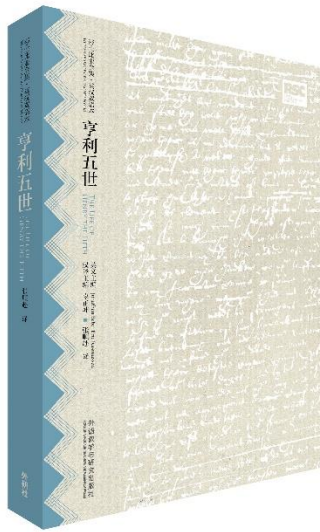
你没这空名你获得我身心。

罗密欧 那我就听你的话得你的身心；

叫我一声爱，我便重新受洗命名；

从今以后，我就不再叫罗密欧。





《亨利五世》张顺赴译

The Life of Henry the Fifth Act 3 / Scene 1

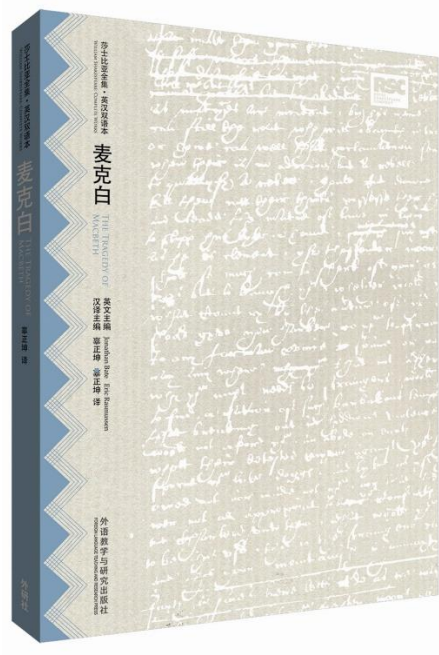
Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility,
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, conjure up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage,
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect:
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon, let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit

To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest
That those whom you called fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeoman,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'

再次向突破口冲锋，亲爱的朋友们，
向突破口冲啊，否则英人之尸，
将把这城墙封堵围困。
和平时斯文谦卑，一旦战鼓响，
我们要学虎豹的行径，
鼓足勇气，热血沸腾，
收起善性，露出狰狞，
同仇敌忾，怒目圆睁，
眼如铜炮张口盯前方，
眉如危崖高悬势险峻，
下临大海惊涛击岸滨。
露出利齿，张大鼻孔，
憋一口大气绷紧神经。

冲啊冲啊，向前猛冲，
至高至贵的英格兰人，
传承善战父辈的热血，
父辈个个如亚历山大，
曾在此鏖战把敌杀尽。
不要玷污你们的母亲，
要证明你们呼为父者，
确确实实生养了你们。
为出身低微者立范吧，
教他们如何统兵打仗。
你们，好样的自由民，
在英格兰土地上成长，
显示出你们的出身吧。
我发誓你们当之无愧，
我毫不怀疑，只因为，
你们之中无平庸之辈，
你们的目光闪烁高贵。
猛如猎犬，待命冲阵。
狩猎开始，以此精神，
高呼奋进：“天佑哈利，
天佑英格兰和圣乔治！”





《麦克白》享正坤译

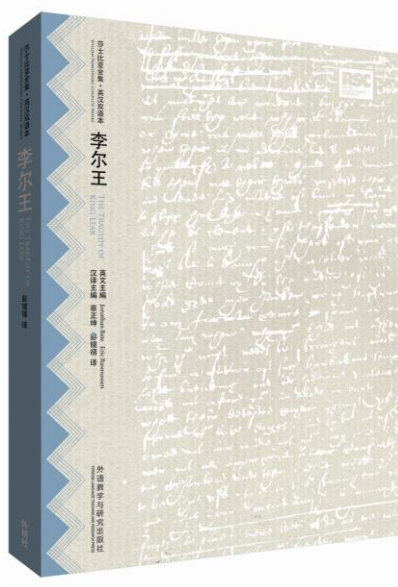
Macbeth Act 5 / Scene 5

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time:
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle.
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

明朝，明朝，又一个明朝，
一天天，碎步前进，迢迢，
直奔向人世末路、最后呼召。
“昨日”无穷，尽为愚人长举照，

照见黄泉路，尘沙渺渺。
灭吧，灭吧，这短暂烛火飘摇！
生命不过是能动的影子，
是可怜的演员，在舞台上蹦跳，
转瞬便迹敛声销；是白痴的故事，
意味寥寥，只充满愤怒与喧嚣。





《李尔王》彭镜禧译

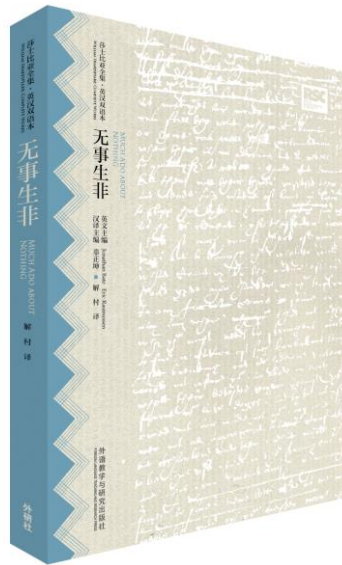
King Lear Act 3/ Scene2

LEAR Blow winds and crack your cheeks! Rage, blow,
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drown the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'th'world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That makes ingrateful man!

李尔 吹呀，狂风，吹破你的脸颊！拼命吹吧，
倾盆大雨、泛滥洪水啊，你尽管喷吐，
直到淹没尖塔，淹死塔顶的风信鸡！
迅雷不及掩耳的恶毒闪电，
劈裂橡树的雷霆的先行使者，
烧焦我的白头吧！惊天动地的雷霆，

砸扁这个圆滚滚的世界，
打裂造化的模子，使种子顷刻间全都散落，
不得生出忘恩负义的人类！





《无事生非》 解 村译

Much Ado About Nothing Act 1 / Scene 1

- BEATRICE** I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.
- BENEDICK** What, my dear Lady Disdain! Are you yet living?
- BEATRICE** Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.
- BENEDICK** Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.
- BEATRICE** A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that. I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.
- BENEDICK** God keep your ladyship still in that mind, so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratched face.
- BEATRICE** Scratching could not make it worse an 'twere such a face as yours were.

BENEDICK Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

BEATRICE A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

BENEDICK I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, a God's name, I have done.

BEATRICE You always end with a jade's trick. I know you of old.

贝特丽丝 真让我惊讶，您竟然还要这么锲而不舍地说下去，培尼狄克先生，根本就没人搭理您。

培尼狄克 哎哟，我亲爱的“傲慢小姐”，您竟然还活着？

贝特丽丝 有培尼狄克先生这样的小菜供她下酒，“傲慢小姐”怎么会活得不好？只要遇上您，世上最有礼貌的人也会变得傲慢起来。

培尼狄克 这么说“礼貌”是棵墙头草喽。不过实情却是，除了您，世上任何一个小姐都爱我。我倒希望自己不是这样一副铁石心肠——因为，老实说，对她们我一个也不爱。

贝特丽丝 这真是女人们的福音，不然她们都得被一个不堪的追求者纠缠不休了。感谢上帝和我冷酷的心，在这一点上我倒是和您所见略同：我宁愿听我的狗冲着乌鸦乱叫，也不愿听一个男人发誓说爱我。

培尼狄克 愿上帝保佑小姐您永葆这份好心肠，这样某位先生就可以逃脱被抓破脸皮的厄运了。

贝特丽丝 如果是您这样一副尊容，就是被抓破了脸皮，也不见得比原来更难看。

培尼狄克 唉，以您罕见的饶舌本领，真该去教鹦鹉学说话。

贝特丽丝 我这样会说话的鸟儿，比起您这样不通人事的牲口来，还是强得多吧。

培尼狄克 真希望我的马能像您的舌头一样，叨叨起来马不停蹄，不知疲倦。您只管接着说您的吧，天哪，恕不奉陪了。

贝特丽丝 您每到说不过了，就夹着马尾巴突然溜之大吉，您这老一套我早就见识过了。



《仲夏夜之梦》 邵雪萍译

A Midsummer Night's Dream Act 1 / Scene 1

LYSANDER How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

HERMIA Belike for want of rain, which I could well

Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

LYSANDER Ay me, for aught that I could ever read,

Could ever hear by tale or history,

The course of true love never did run smooth.

But either it was different in blood—

HERMIA O cross! Too high to be enthralled to low.

LYSANDER Or else misgraffèd in respect of years—

HERMIA O spite! Too old to be engaged to young.

LYSANDER Or else it stood upon the choice of merit—

HERMIA O hell! To choose love by another's eyes.

LYSANDER Or if there were a sympathy in choice,

War, death or sickness did lay siege to it,

Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream:
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

HERMIA If then true lovers have been ever crossed,
It stands as an edict in destiny.
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

拉山德 亲爱的，怎么啦？脸色这么苍白？
你颊上的玫瑰怎么谢得这么快？

赫米娅 怕是缺少雨露滋养，我有的是滂沱泪雨
来把它们浇灌。

拉山德 我曾涉猎的群书，
听过的故事和史实，
都说真爱路上无坦途，
要么是贵贱有别——

赫米娅 哦，倒霉！门第太高无法为爱臣服。

拉山德 或是生不逢时，年齿悬殊——

赫米娅 哦，头疼！老少参差难成佳偶。

拉山德 再不，就是得听任亲朋拿主张——

赫米娅 嗨，见鬼！得按旁人的眼光挑爱人。

拉山德 即便挑对了人，
战争、死亡、疾病也可能将爱重重围困；
令它像声音一样转瞬即逝，
又飘忽如影，短促如梦；
疾如暗夜闪电，

刹那间照亮天地，
不等人说“看哪！”
就被黑夜的巨口吞噬，
光明就此迅速地殒于黑暗。

赫米娅 如果真心相爱之人总要遭受阻挠，
如果这就是命运的裁断，
是屡见不鲜的磨难。
像思念、梦想和叹息，
像憧憬和眼泪，时时与爱为伴。
那我们两个可怜的追梦人，就耐心忍受考验吧。

