



Tu Inglés

Sesión 38

Transcript

Tu-Ingles.com

Hola y bienvenido a Tu Inglés Sesión 38! This is a program for people who want to learn English.

[MUSIC]

Hello, how are you? My name's Brian, I'm from the United States.

Considérame tu entrenador personal de inglés. En Tu Inglés Sesión 38, vamos a ejercitar tu oído para inglés!

[MUSIC]

Today, in Sesión 38 of Tu Inglés, I am going to read you a story. Voy a contarte un cuento.

It's the story of *Romeo and Juliet*. I am sure you have heard of it. *Romeo and Juliet* is one of the most popular plays by William Shakespeare. Es una de las obras dramáticas más conocidas de Shakespeare.

Maybe you have seen the movie version, with Leonardo DiCaprio and Claire Danes? The movie is a modern adaptation of the original play, la obra dramática, which was written in the late 1500s.

Por supuesto, Shakespeare escribía en inglés ... un inglés poético y hermoso, pero bastante anticuado hoy en día.

Today I am not going to read the original play. I am going to read an adaptation. This adaptation is written in prose – en prosa – by an English author named Edith Nesbit. Edith Nesbit. She published this adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet* in the year 1907. 1907.

It was part of a collection of popular Shakespeare plays she adapted into prose. The collection is entitled, *Beautiful Stories from Shakespeare*.

En su versión de *Romeo y Juliet*, Nesbit usa un inglés un poco anticuado también – en parte porque ella quería preservar el sonido del inglés del periodo renacimiento cuando vivía y escribía Shakespeare. Además, ella usa palabras sencillas, porque ella escribió la colección de cuentos para niños.

Sin embargo, este cuento es muy buen ejercicio para tu oído para inglés. Y para ayudarte con entender el lenguaje, hay una transcripción del cuento disponible, gratis, en nuestro sitio web, tu-ingles.com.

If you enjoy hearing this version of *Romeo and Juliet*, then you will want to know about our newest audio book.

Muy pronto, vamos a publicar en el sitio web un nuevo audio libro, de cinco cuentos de Shakespeare, en versión de Edith Nesbit. Además de *Romeo y Juliet*, hay *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, y *Othello*.

Shakespeare's most famous tragedies.

Estoy en medio de grabar los cuentos, y espero terminarlos dentro de unos días. Within a few days.

I also wanted to let you know that we have just published a new package of transcriptions to all of the Tu Inglés sesiones. Ahora mismo, puedes comprar todas las transcripciones de Tu Inglés hasta ahora, es decir, de las sesiones 1 hasta 37, con Exámenes 1 hasta 3, por solo \$10.00! Aproximadamente 7 Euros. Le llamamos “El Super Paquete.”

Es un descuento grande, y espero que puedas aprovechar esas rebajas para invertir en tu aprendizaje del inglés!

OK!

Let's listen now to *Romeo and Juliet*, the famous tragedy by William Shakespeare, adapted by Edith Nesbit. Escuchamos!

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[music]

ROMEO AND JULIET

Once upon a time there lived in Verona two great families named Montague and Capulet. They were both rich, but in one thing they were extremely silly. There was an old, old quarrel between the two families, and instead of

settling the argument like reasonable folks, they made a sort of pet of their quarrel, and would not let it die out. So that a Montague wouldn't speak to a Capulet if he met one in the street -- nor a Capulet to a Montague. And if they did speak, it was to say rude and unpleasant things, which often ended in a fight. And their relations and servants were just as foolish, so that street fights and duels were always growing out of the Montague-and-Capulet quarrel.

Now Lord Capulet, the head of that family, gave a party -- a grand supper and a dance -- and he was so hospitable that he said anyone might come to it except (of course) the Montagues. But there was a young Montague named Romeo, who very much wanted to be there, because Rosaline, the lady he loved, had been asked. This lady had never been at all kind to him, and he had no reason to love her; but the fact was that he wanted to love somebody, and as he hadn't seen the right lady, he was obliged to love the wrong one. So to the Capulet's grand party he came, with his friends Mercutio and Benvolio.

Old Capulet welcomed Romeo and his two friends very kindly -- and young Romeo moved about among the crowd of courtly folk dressed in their velvets and satins, the men with jeweled sword hilts and collars, and the ladies with brilliant gems on breast and arms, and expensive stones set in their bright girdles. Romeo was in his finest too, and though he wore a black mask over his eyes and nose, everyone could see by his mouth and his hair, and the way he held his head, that he was twelve times more handsome than anyone else in the room.

Presently amid the dancers he saw a lady so beautiful and so lovable that from that moment he never again gave one thought to Rosaline whom he had thought he loved. And he looked at this other fair lady, as she moved in the dance in her white satin and pearls, and the whole world seemed vain and worthless to him compared with her. And he was saying this, or something like it, when Tybalt, Lady Capulet's nephew, hearing his voice, knew him to be Romeo. Tybalt, being very angry, went at once to his uncle, and told him how a Montague had come uninvited to the feast; but old Capulet was too fine a gentleman to be discourteous to any man under his own roof, and he bade Tybalt be quiet. But this young man only waited for a chance to quarrel with Romeo.

In the meantime Romeo made his way to the fair lady, and told her in sweet words that he loved her, and kissed her. Just then her mother sent for her, and then Romeo found out that the lady on whom he had set his heart's hopes was Juliet, the daughter of Lord Capulet, his sworn foe. So he went away, sorrowing indeed, but loving her none the less.

Then Juliet said to her nurse:

"Who is that gentleman that would not dance?"

"His name is Romeo, and a Montague, the only son of your great enemy," answered the nurse.

Then Juliet went to her room, and looked out of her window, over the beautiful green-grey garden, where the moon was shining. And Romeo was hidden in that garden among the trees -- because he could not bear to go right away without trying to see her again. So she -- not knowing him to be there -- spoke her secret thought aloud, and told the quiet garden how she loved Romeo.

And Romeo heard and was glad beyond measure. Hidden below, he looked up and saw her fair face in the moonlight, framed in the blossoming creepers that grew round her window, and as he looked and listened, he felt as though he had been carried away in a dream, and set down by some magician in that beautiful and enchanted garden.

"Ah -- why are you called Romeo?" said Juliet. "Since I love you, what does it matter what you are called?"

"Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized -- henceforth I never will be Romeo," he cried, stepping into the full white moonlight from the shade of the cypresses and oleanders that had hidden him.

She was frightened at first, but when she saw that it was Romeo himself, and no stranger, she too was glad, and, he standing in the garden below and she leaning from the window, they spoke long together, each one trying to find the sweetest words in the world, to make that pleasant talk that lovers use.

And the time passed so quickly, as it does for folk who love each other and are together, that when the time came to part, it seemed as though they had just met -- and indeed they hardly knew how to part.

"I will send to you tomorrow," said Juliet.

And so at last, with lingering and longing, they said good-bye.

Juliet went into her room, and a dark curtain covered her bright window. Romeo went away through the still and dewy garden like a man in a dream.

The next morning, very early, Romeo went to Friar Laurence, a priest, and, telling him the whole story, begged him to marry him to Juliet without delay. And this, after some talk, the priest consented to do.

So when Juliet sent her old nurse to Romeo that day to know what he purposed to do, the old woman took back a message that all was well, and everything was ready for the marriage of Juliet and Romeo on the next morning.

The young lovers were afraid to ask their parents' consent to their marriage, as young people should do, because of this foolish old quarrel between the Capulets and the Montagues.

And Friar Laurence was willing to help the young lovers secretly, because he thought that when they were once married their parents might soon be told, and that the match might put a happy end to the old quarrel.

So the next morning early, Romeo and Juliet were married at Friar Laurence's cell, and parted with tears and kisses. And Romeo promised to come into the garden that evening, and the nurse got ready a rope-ladder to let down from the window, so that Romeo could climb up and talk to his dear wife quietly and alone.

But that very day a dreadful thing happened.

Tybalt, the young man who had been so angry at Romeo's going to the Capulet's feast, met Romeo and his two friends, Mercutio and Benvolio, in the street. Tybalt called Romeo a villain, and asked him to fight. Romeo had no wish to fight with Tybalt, who was Juliet's cousin. But Mercutio drew his sword fought with and Tybalt. During the fight Tybalt killed Mercutio. When Romeo saw that this friend was dead, he forgot everything except anger at the man who had killed him, and Romeo and Tybalt fought till Tybalt fell dead.

So, on the very day of his wedding, Romeo killed his dear Juliet's cousin, and was sentenced to be banished. Poor Juliet and her young husband met that night indeed; he climbed the rope ladder among the flowers, and found her window, but their meeting was a sad one, and they parted with bitter tears and hearts heavy, because they could not know when they should meet again.

Now Juliet's father had no idea that she was married. He wished her to wed a gentleman named Paris, and was so angry when she refused. Juliet hurried away to ask Friar Laurence what she should do. He advised her to pretend to consent, and then he said:

"I will give you a potion that will make you seem to be dead for two days, and then when they take you to church it will be to bury you, and not to marry you. They will put you in the vault thinking you are dead, and before you wake up, Romeo and I will be there to take care of you. Will you do this, or are you afraid?"

"I will do it; do no talk to me of fear!" said Juliet. And she went home and told her father she would marry Paris.

Lord Capulet was very much pleased to get his own way, and set about inviting his friends and getting the wedding feast ready. Everyone stayed up all night, for there was a great deal to do, and very little time to do it in. Lord

Capulet was anxious to get Juliet married because he saw she was very unhappy. Of course she was really worrying about her husband Romeo, but her father thought she was grieving for the death of her cousin Tybalt, and he thought marriage would give her something else to think about.

Early in the morning the nurse came to call Juliet, and to dress her for her wedding; but she would not wake, and at last the nurse cried out suddenly --

"Help! help! My lady's dead!"

Lady Capulet came running in, and then Lord Capulet, and Lord Paris, the bridegroom. There lay Juliet cold and white and lifeless and all their weeping could not wake her. So it was a burying that day instead of a marrying. Meantime Friar Laurence had sent a messenger with a letter to Romeo telling him of all these things; and all would have been well, only the messenger was delayed, and could not go.

But bad news travels fast. Romeo's servant who knew the secret of the marriage, but not of Juliet's pretended death, heard of her funeral, and hurried to Mantua to tell Romeo how his young wife was dead and lying in the grave.

"Is it so?" cried Romeo, heart-broken. "Then I will lie by Juliet's side tonight."

And he bought himself a poison, and went straight back to Verona. He hastened to the tomb where Juliet was lying. It was not a grave, but a vault. He broke open the door, and was just going down the stone steps that led to the vault where all the dead Capulets lay, when he heard a voice behind him calling on him to stop.

It was the Count Paris, who was to have married Juliet that very day.

"How dare you come here and disturb the dead bodies of the Capulets, you vile Montague?" cried Paris.

Poor Romeo, half mad with sorrow, yet tried to answer gently.

"You were told," said Paris, "that if you returned to Verona you must die."

"I must indeed," said Romeo. "I came here for nothing else. Good, gentle youth -- leave me! Oh, go -- before I do you any harm! I love you better than myself -- go -- leave me here -- "

Then Paris said, "I defy you, and I arrest you as a felon," and Romeo, in his anger and despair, drew his sword. They fought, and Paris was killed.

As Romeo's sword pierced him, Paris cried --

"Oh, I am slain! If thou be merciful, open the tomb, and lay me with Juliet!"

And Romeo said, "In faith I will."

And he carried the dead man into the tomb and laid him by the dear Juliet's side. Then he kneeled by Juliet and spoke to her, and held her in his arms, and kissed her cold lips, believing that she was dead, while all the while she was coming nearer and nearer to the time of her awakening. Then he drank the poison, and died beside his sweetheart and wife.

Now came Friar Laurence when it was too late, and saw all that had happened -- and then poor Juliet woke out of her sleep to find her husband and her friend both dead beside her.

The noise of the fight had brought other folks to the place too, and Friar Laurence, hearing them, ran away, and Juliet was left alone. She saw the cup that had held the poison, and knew how all had happened, and since no poison was left for her, she drew her Romeo's dagger and thrust it through her heart -- and so, falling with her head on her Romeo's breast, she died.

And when the old folks knew from Friar Laurence of all that had befallen, they grieved exceedingly, and then, seeing all the mischief their evil quarrel had caused, they repented, and over the bodies of their dead children they clasped hands at last, in friendship and forgiveness.

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Well, that is it for Tu Ingles Sesion 38. Si tienes preguntas o comentarios, dejame un mensaje en nuestro sitio web o en Facebook. Gracias por escucharme, y suerte con tu ingles!