



诺贝尔文学奖获奖作家作品精选

中英对照

圣女贞德

Saint Joan

萧伯纳◎著

向洪全◎译

读
大师作品
品一流英文

中国书籍出版社



诺贝尔文学奖获奖作家作品精选

中英对照

圣女贞德

Saint Joan

萧伯纳◎著

向洪全◎译

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

圣女贞德 / (英) 萧伯纳 (Shaw, B. G.) 著; 向洪全译. —北京: 中国书籍出版社, 2008. 6

(诺贝尔文学奖获奖作家作品精选)

ISBN 978 - 7 - 5068 - 1721 - 9

I. 圣… II. ①萧…②向… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物
②历史题材剧 (话剧) —剧本—英国—现代 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2008) 第 091150 号

责任编辑 / 庞 元

责任印制 / 熊 力 武雅彬

封面设计 / 北京华子图文设计公司

出版发行 / 中国书籍出版社

地 址: 北京市丰台区三路居路 97 号 (邮编: 100073)

电 话: (010)51259192(总编室) (010)51259186(发行部)

电子邮箱: chinabp@vip.sina.com

经 销 / 全国新华书店

印 刷 / 北京京海印刷厂

开 本 / 880 毫米 × 1230 毫米 1/24

印 张 / 15.25

字 数 / 228 千字

版 次 / 2008 年 6 月第 1 版 2008 年 6 月第 1 次印刷

定 价 / 28.00 元

版权所有 翻印必究



Saint Joan
圣女贞德

A Chronicle Play In Six Scenes And An Epilogue (1924)
六场历史剧,附尾声

SCENE I

A fine spring morning on the river Meuse, between Lorraine and Champagne, in the year 1429 A.D., in the castle of Vaucouleurs.

Captain Robert de Baudricourt, a military squire, handsome and physically energetic, but with no will of his own, is disguising that defect in his usual fashion by storming terribly at his steward, a trodden worm, scanty of flesh, scanty of hair, who might be any age from 18 to 55, being the sort of man whom age cannot wither because he has never bloomed.

The two are in a sunny stone chamber on the first floor of the castle. At a plain strong oak table, seated in chair to match, the captain presents his left profile. The steward stands facing him at the other side of the table, in so deprecatory a stance as his can be called standing. The mullioned thirteenth-century window is open behind him. Near it in the corner is a turret with a narrow arched doorway leading to a winding stair which descends to the courtyard. There is a stout fourlegged stool under the table, and a wooden chest under the window.

ROBERT—No eggs! No eggs!! Thousand thunders, man, what do you mean by no eggs?

第一场

公元1429年的春天，一个晴朗的早晨，沃库尔勒城堡位于洛林省与香槟省之间的默兹河岸。

罗伯特·德·鲍里科上尉，一位仪表堂堂的、精力充沛的，但缺乏个人主见的法官军人，一如往常，正向管家大发雷霆，以掩饰自己的懦弱。这管家如同一只被踩扁的小爬虫，瘦骨嶙峋，头发稀疏，年龄约在十八到五十五之间——惟妙惟肖——因为他这种人未曾开花，因此岁月也无从使之凋萎。

两人在城堡二楼阳光和煦的石砌小室里。屋里有一张结实的素色橡木桌子。上尉坐在桌边一把配套的椅子上，露出左侧面。管家站立在桌子另一边，面朝着上尉——如果他这种哀怜的模样也算是站立的话。他身后是敞开的13世纪直棂窗。近窗一角有一角塔，从角塔狭窄的拱门，经过一条蜿蜒的台阶，可通向下面的庭院。桌子下面有一只结实的四脚矮凳，窗下有一个木箱。

罗伯特——没鸡蛋！没鸡蛋！！一千个雷劈你，混账东西，你说啥啊，没鸡蛋？

STEWARD—Sir: it is not my fault. It is the act of God.

ROBERT—Blasphemy. You tell me there are no eggs; and you blame your Maker for it.

STEWARD—Sir: what can I do? I cannot lay eggs.

ROBERT—[sarcastic] Ha! You jest about it.

STEWARD—No, sir, God knows. We all have to go without eggs just as you have, sir. The hens will not lay.

ROBERT—Indeed! [Rising] Now listen to me, you.

STEWARD—[humbly] Yes, sir.

ROBERT—What am I?

STEWARD—What are you, sir?

ROBERT—[coming at him] Yes: what am I? Am I Robert, squire of Baudricourt and captain of this castle of Vaucouleurs; or am I a cowboy?

STEWARD—Oh, sir, you know you are a greater man here than the king himself.

ROBERT—Precisely. And now, do you know what you are?

STEWARD—I am nobody, sir, except that I have the honor to be your steward.

ROBERT—[driving him to the wall, adjective by adjective] You

管家——老爷，这不怪我。是上帝的旨意。

罗伯特——你这是亵渎上帝。你对我说没鸡蛋，又把责任推到上帝身上！

管家——老爷，我有什么法子呀！我又不会下蛋。

罗伯特——[尖刻地] 哈！你倒挺风趣的！

管家——不是，老爷，上帝有眼。我们大家跟老爷您一样，都知道没蛋吃了。母鸡不下蛋啦。

罗伯特——什么！[站起身] 给我听着，你！

管家——[恭敬地] 是，老爷。

罗伯特——我是谁？

管家——您是谁呀，老爷？！

罗伯特——[逼向他] 没错，我是谁！我到底是罗伯特，是鲍里科老爷，沃库尔勒城堡的主人，还是放牛娃？

管家——哦，老爷，您知道的，在这里连国王都不及您啊。

罗伯特——说得一点不错。那么，你知道你是谁吗？

管家——我什么都算不上，老爷，只是托您的福为您管家的。

罗伯特——[一字一顿，将他逼到墙边] 你不只托福是我的管

have not only the honor of being my steward, but the privilege of being the worst, most incompetent, drivelling snivelling jibbering jabbering idiot of a steward in France. [He strides back to the table].

STEWARD—[cowering on the chest] Yes, sir: to a great man like you I must seem like that.

ROBERT—[turning] My fault, I suppose. Eh?

STEWARD—[coming to him deprecatingly] Oh, sir: you always give my most innocent words such a turn!

ROBERT—I will give your neck a turn if you dare tell me when I ask you how many eggs there are that you cannot lay any.

STEWARD—[protesting] Oh sir, oh sir—

ROBERT—No: not oh sir, oh sir, but no sir, no sir. My three Barbary hens and the black are the best layers in Champagne. And you come and tell me that there are no eggs! Who stole them? Tell me that, before I kick you out through the castle gate for a liar and a seller of my goods to thieves. The milk was short yesterday, too: do not forget that.

STEWARD—[desperate] I know, sir. I know only too well. There is no milk: there are no eggs: tomorrow there will be nothing.

ROBERT—Nothing! You will steal the lot: eh?

家，还有幸是最糟糕、最没用、满嘴胡言、哭兮哀呆、畏畏缩缩、哼哼唧唧的整个法国最蠢的白痴管家！[他大步回到桌边。]

管家——[哆嗦地坐在箱子上]是，老爷。在您这样伟大的人物眼里，我肯定是像那样子的。

罗伯特——[转过身]我的错，是吧，嗯？

管家——[向他过来，求饶地]哎呀，老爷，我一句最无心的话，您总要扭曲来听！

罗伯特——我还要扭断你的脖子，要是我问你有多少鸡蛋，你敢再说你不会下蛋！

管家——[辩解]咳，老爷；咳，老爷……

罗伯特——哼，不是“咳，老爷；咳，老爷”，是“没有，老爷；没有，老爷。”我那三只北非巴巴里母鸡和一只黑母鸡，是整个香槟省最好的下蛋鸡。你居然来跟我讲没鸡蛋！谁把蛋给偷啦？说啊，不然我就当你是骗子和家贼，一脚从城堡踢出去！还有，昨天牛奶也没平时多，你也给我记住。

管家——[绝望地]我记住，老爷。我最清楚不过。牛奶没了，鸡蛋没了，到明天什么都没了。

罗伯特——什么都没了！嗯？你要全都偷走不成？

STEWARD—No, sir: nobody will steal anything. But there is a spell on us: we are bewitched.

ROBERT—That story is not good enough for me. Robert de Baudricourt burns witches and hangs thieves. Go. Bring me four dozen eggs and two gallons of milk here in this room before noon, or Heaven have mercy on your bones! I will teach you to make a fool of me. [He resumes his seat with an air of finality]

STEWARD—Sir: I tell you there are no eggs. There will be none—not if you were to kill me for it—as long as The Maid is at the door.

ROBERT—The Maid! What maid? What are you talking about?

STEWARD—The girl from Lorraine, sir. From Domremy.

ROBERT—[rising in fearful wrath] Thirty thousand thunders! Fifty thousand devils! Do you mean to say that that girl, who had the impudence to ask to see me two days ago, and whom I told you to send back to her father with my orders that he was to give her a good hiding, is here still?

STEWARD—I have told her to go, sir. She went.

ROBERT—I did not tell you to tell her to go: I told you to throw her out. You have fifty men-at-arms and a dozen lumps of able-bodied servants to carry out my orders. Are they afraid of her?

管家——不，老爷，谁也不会偷的。而是我们身上有一道魔咒，我们全都给咒住了。

罗伯特——编这种瞎话来糊弄我？罗伯特·德·鲍里科曾烧过巫婆，绞过盗贼。滚蛋吧。中午之前，给我送四打鸡蛋、两加仑牛奶到这房间来，不然让老天可怜你这把贱骨头！我要给你好瞧的，你敢当我是傻瓜。〔他重新坐下，一副决断的神气〕

管家——老爷，跟您说没有鸡蛋。也不会再有的——您就是杀了我也没有——只要少女赖在门外不走。

罗伯特——少女！什么少女？你在说啥？

管家——就是洛林省来的那个姑娘，老爷。栋雷米村来的那个。

罗伯特——〔怒不可遏地站起身〕三万个雷劈你！五万个魔鬼抓你！你是说两天前死皮赖脸要求见我的那个丫头？我不是叫你把她给她父亲送回去，让她父亲好好儿揍一顿吗？她还在这儿？

管家——我跟她说过叫她走，老爷，可她不听。

罗伯特——我不是叫你去叫她走，我是叫你把她赶走！你要执行我命令，有五十个兵丁，十几个身强力壮的仆人。难道他们都怕她不成？

STEWARD—She is so positive, sir.

ROBERT—[seizing him by the scruff of the neck] Positive! Now see here. I am going to throw you downstairs.

STEWARD—No, sir. Please.

ROBERT—Well, stop me by being positive. It's quite easy: any slut of a girl can do it.

STEWARD—[hanging limp in his hands] Sir, sir: you cannot get rid of her by throwing me out. [Robert has to let him drop. He squats on his knees on the floor, contemplating his master resignedly] You see, sir, you are much more positive than I am. But so is she.

ROBERT—I am stronger than you are, you fool.

STEWARD—No, sir: it isn't that: it's your strong character, sir. She is weaker than we are: she is only a slip of a girl; but we cannot make her go.

ROBERT—You parcel of curs: you are afraid of her.

STEWARD—[rising cautiously] No sir: we are afraid of you; but she puts courage into us. She really doesn't seem to be afraid of anything. Perhaps you could frighten her, sir.

ROBERT—[grimly] Perhaps. Where is she now?

STEWARD—Down in the courtyard, sir, talking to the soldiers as

管家——她太倔了，老爷。

罗伯特——[一把抓住他的颈背] 倔！信不信，我要把你扔到楼下去！

管家——别呀，老爷。求您。

罗伯特——来呀，倔给我看看，让我不扔你出去。这么简单嘛，哪个发泼丫头都会使的手段呀。

管家——[身体软塌塌地任他抓住] 老爷，老爷，就把我扔下去，您还是赶不走她呀。[罗伯特只好放开他。他双膝着地，矮着身子，顺从地看着主人] 您瞧，老爷，您的脾气比我可倔得多。而她跟您也一样啊。

罗伯特——是我比你强大，蠢货。

管家——不是，老爷，不是那样的。是您性子比我强。她比我们弱小，她不过是一个黄毛丫头，但我们就赶不走她。

罗伯特——你们这帮蠢猪。你们是怕她。

管家——[小心地站起来] 不，老爷。我们是怕您。倒是她给了我们胆量。她像是真的啥都不怕。也许您能把她吓走，老爷。

罗伯特——[凶狠狠地] 说不定呢，她现在在哪儿？

管家——就在下边院儿里，老爷。跟前两天一样，在和士兵聊

usual. She is always talking to the soldiers except when she is praying.

ROBERT—Praying! Ha! You believe she prays, you idiot. I know the sort of girl that is always talking to soldiers. She shall talk to me a bit. [He goes to the window and shouts fiercely through it] Hallo, you there!

A GIRL'S VOICE [bright, strong, and rough] Is it me, sir?

ROBERT—Yes, you.

THE VOICE. Be you captain?

ROBERT—Yes, damn your impudence, I be captain. Come up here. [To the soldiers in the yard] Shew her the way, you. And shove her along quick. [He leaves the window, and returns to his place at the table, where he sits magisterially]

STEWARD—[whispering] She wants to go and be a soldier herself. She wants you to give her soldier's clothes. Armor, sir! And a sword! Actually! [He steals behind Robert]

JOAN—appears in the turret doorway. She is an able-bodied country girl of 17 or 18, respectably dressed in red, with an uncommon face; eyes very wide apart and bulging as they often do in very imaginative people, a long well-shaped nose with wide nostrils, a short upper lip, resolute but full-lipped mouth, and handsome fighting chin. She comes eagerly to the

天。只要不祷告，她总是跟士兵聊天。

罗伯特——祷告！哈！你相信她会祷告，白痴。我非常了解那种老跟士兵聊天的女子。让她跟我聊聊。〔他走到窗前，向窗外厉声叫道〕喂，是你！

一个女孩的声音——〔响亮而坚定、果敢〕叫我吗，老爷？

罗伯特——没错，就是你。

女孩声——您是上尉吗？

罗伯特——不错，死皮赖脸的东西，我就是上尉。上这儿来。〔对院子里的士兵叫道〕告诉她怎么走，你们。押她上来，快点。〔他离开窗前，回到桌边，威严地坐下来〕

管家——〔低声道〕她想要参军打仗。她要您给她军装。盔甲，老爷！还有长剑！真是的！〔他躲到罗伯特身后〕

贞德出现在角塔门口。她体格健壮，是个十七八岁的乡下姑娘；身着红色衣裙，气派端庄；眉宇宽广，相貌非凡；一如酷爱幻想的人，双目圆睁；鼻子修长，轮廓分明，鼻孔张大；上唇略短，嘴唇显得果敢而丰满；下巴俊美而有一股不服输的倔劲儿。她急切地走

table, delighted at having penetrated to Baudricourt's presence at last, and full of hope as to the results. His scowl does not check or frighten her in the least. Her voice is normally a hearty coaxing voice, very confident, very appealing, very hard to resist.

JOAN—[bobbing a curtsey] Good morning, captain squire. Captain: you are to give me a horse and armor and some soldiers, and send me to the Dauphin. Those are your orders from my Lord.

ROBERT—[outraged] Orders from your lord! And who the devil may your lord be? Go back to him, and tell him that I am neither duke nor peer at his orders: I am squire of Baudricourt; and I take no orders except from the king.

JOAN—[reassuringly] Yes, squire: that is all right. My Lord is the King of Heaven.

ROBERT—Why, the girl's mad. [To the steward] Why didn't you tell me so, you blockhead?

STEWARD—Sir: do not anger her: give her what she wants.

JOAN—[impatient, but friendly] They all say I am mad until I talk to them, squire. But you see that it is the will of God that you are to do what He has put into my mind.

ROBERT—It is the will of God that I shall send you back to your