



王迈迈英语系列丛书

# Wmm

王迈迈英语 ◆ 畅销十五年 ◆ 风靡几代人

生词量 **1600** 词

## 经典名著英汉对照

# Wuthering Heights

# 呼啸山庄

原著 Emily Brontë 改写/翻译 高莉莉 主编 刘文俊



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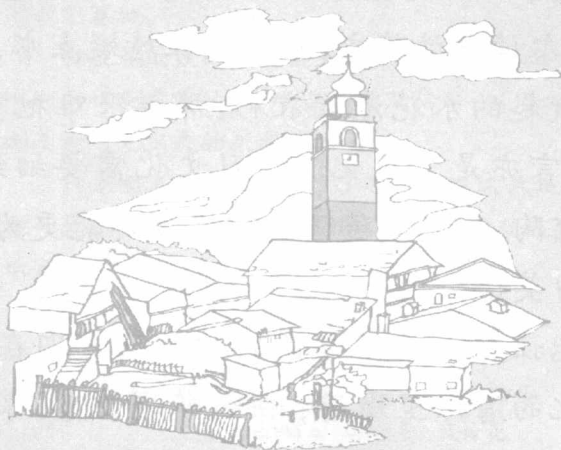
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责任校对:许丽群

### 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

呼啸山庄/王迈迈编. —延吉:延边人民出版社,2008.2  
(经典名著英汉对照)  
ISBN 978-7-5449-0196-3

I. 呼… II. 王… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读物 ②长篇  
小说-英国-近代 IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2008)第 022465 号

## 呼啸山庄

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出版:延边人民出版社

(吉林省延吉市友谊路 363 号, <http://www.ybcbs.com>)

印刷:枝江市新华印刷公司印刷

发行:延边人民出版社

开本:880×1230 毫米 1/32 印张 84 字数 1280 千字

标准书号:ISBN 978-7-5449-0196-3

版次:2008 年 2 月第 1 版

2008 年 2 月第 1 次印刷

印数:10000 册

定价:12.80 元

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如发现印装质量问题,影响阅读,请与印刷厂联系调换。

# Preface

# 前言

“读万卷书，行万里路”，“读书破万卷，下笔如有神”，这都是在强调览群书的重要性。汉语是这样，英语更是如此。初学英语的人要获得英语语感实为不易，但却十分重要。语感从何而来？可以从大量阅读英文材料的学习过程中来。阅读英语文学名著则是一条极好的途径。学生像一块干涸的海绵，被浸泡在语言和文化的海洋中时，他们能全方位地迅速吸收大量养分。但是，如果偶尔读一读英文，却只能像蜻蜓点水，或者像游走河边被溅起的水花浇湿衣衫，那样很难把英语学好。同时，学语言亦是学文化。学习文化需要细细摄取，需要长时间熏陶，而阅读英语文学名著却能更为有效地帮助学生学习英语文化。

为了能让广大学习英语的学生朋友们在英语语言知识与文化的海洋里遨游，快速获得语感，掌握英语精髓，了解英语国家的社会历史文化背景，我们组织改编

## 王迈迈英语 ◆ 畅销十五年 ◆ 风靡几代人

了适合于初、中级英语学习者阅读的部分英语文学名著。所编译的作品都是英语国家家喻户晓的名家杰作。它们是：《格列夫游记》、《哈克贝里·费恩历险记》、《鲁滨逊漂流记》、《汤姆·索亚历险记》、《雾都孤儿》、《呼啸山庄》、《傲慢与偏见》、《蝴蝶梦》、《嘉莉妹妹》、《简·爱》、《双城记》和《苔丝》。

阅读这些作品，你能了解到英国作家狄更斯笔下的奥立弗的悲惨童年；能读到格列夫游历小人国、大人国的故事；读到19世纪发生在呼啸山庄和画眉山庄的爱恨情仇的故事；了解到本内特的几个成年待嫁女儿是如何从傲慢与偏见的迷失中走出来的；能读到十九世纪三、四十年代在美国密西西比河中下游地区马克·吐温笔下以汤姆·索亚和哈克贝里·费恩为首的一群孩子天真浪漫的历险故事……

在编译过程中，考虑到作品对初、中级英语学习者的可读性问题，编译者在保留其文化精髓的同时，对原著的难句进行了删改，对涉及到文化现象的语言和难词作了适当注释。并提供了阅读对照译文。

欢迎读者朋友对该系列丛书提出宝贵意见。

编者



# 内容简介

《呼啸山庄》的作者是英国十九世纪著名诗人和小说家艾米莉·勃朗特(Emily Brontë, 1818 - 1848)。这位女作家在世界上仅仅度过了三十年便默默地离开了人间。应该说,她首先是个诗人,她的诗有的已被选入英国十九世纪及二十世纪中二十二位一流诗人的诗选内。《呼啸山庄》是她唯一的一部小说,奠定了她在英国文学史以及世界文学史上的地位。

《呼啸山庄》讲述的是一个 19 世纪发生在呼啸山庄和画眉山庄的爱恨情仇的故事。弃儿希思克里夫被恩肖先生带到呼啸山庄,遭到恩肖的儿子亨得利的仇视和欺凌,但他女儿凯瑟琳和希思克里夫成为最好的朋友,并产生了朦胧的爱情。凯瑟琳在画眉山庄碰到埃德加·林顿少爷,并最终接受了他的求婚。希思克里夫愤而出走。三年后凯瑟琳嫁给了林顿,希思克里夫也发财回来,同时实施报复。先是诱骗了亨得利占有呼啸山庄,

后娶林顿的妹妹伊莎贝拉,并无情地折磨她。凯瑟琳在病痛中产下小凯瑟琳后去世。伊莎贝拉出走后死去,希思克里夫夺回儿子小林顿,并强迫小凯瑟琳与儿子结婚,吞并了画眉山庄。最终,希思克里夫在凯瑟琳的召唤下和在复仇后的顿悟中死去。

## 人物表:( Characters)

恩肖先生(Mr Earnshaw)——呼啸山庄的主人

亨得利·恩肖(Hindley·Earnshaw)——老恩肖之子

凯瑟琳·恩肖(Catherine·Earnshaw)——老恩肖之女

希思克里夫(Heathcliff)——老恩肖养子

弗朗西斯(Frances)——亨得利之妻

哈里顿·恩肖(Hareton·Earnshaw)——亨得利之子

林顿先生(Mr Linton)——画眉山庄主人

埃德加·林顿(Edgar·Linton)——老林顿之子

伊莎贝拉·林顿(Isabella·Linton)——老林顿之女

凯瑟琳·林顿(Catherine·Linton)——老林顿孙女,凯瑟琳和林顿之女

林顿·希思克里夫(Linton·Heathcliff)——希思克里夫和伊莎贝拉之子

丁恩太太(Mr Dean, Ellen)——女管家

约瑟夫(Joseph)——呼啸山庄的老仆人

齐拉(Zillah)——呼啸山庄女仆

洛克伍德先生(Mr Lockwood)——画眉山庄房客



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# Chapter I

## Mr. Lockwood Visited Wuthering Heights

1801.

—I have just returned from a visit to my landlord—Mr Heathcliff to my house. He is the only neighbor whom I shall be troubled with. This is certainly a beautiful country! In all England, I do not believe that I could have such a situation far away from the noise of society. A perfect heaven! Mr Heathcliff and I can share such isolation. But when I rode up to him, he looked at me doubtfully and coldly. He couldn't have thought how warm-hearted I was towards him as I announced my name.

“Mr Heathcliff!” I said.

A nod was the answer.

“Mr Lockwood, I am your new tenant<sup>①</sup>, sir. I am eager to pay a visit to you as soon as I arrive here. I just want to express the hope that I persist in renting Thrushcross Grange. I heard yesterday you had had some thoughts—”

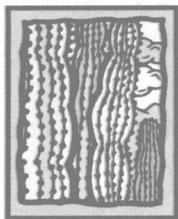
“Thrushcross Grange is my own, sir,” he interrupted, “I should not allow anyone to bring inconvenience<sup>②</sup> to me, if I could manage it—walk in!”

He said it with closed teeth, and I think that circumstance made me accept the invitation. I felt interested in a man who looked more much reserved<sup>③</sup> than myself.

As we entered the yard, he yelled, “Joseph, take Mr Lockwood's horse, and bring up some wine.”

Joseph was an old man, though still strong. “The Lord helps us!” He showed unhappiness, looking at me sourly, while taking my horse away.





## 第一章

### 洛克伍德先生拜访呼啸山庄

一八零一年。

我刚去拜访了我的房东希思克里夫先生回到自己的住处。这位就是后来让我伤透脑筋的唯一一位邻居。这儿真是个美丽的山乡。在整个英格兰，我相信也找不着这样一个远离尘嚣的地方。真是一个天堂！希思克里夫先生和我来分享这份荒凉了。但在我骑马走到他跟前时，他猜忌地冷冷地打量着我。待我通报自己姓名时，他不知道我心里对他有多大的热情。

“是希思克里夫先生吧！”我问道。

他点了点头，算做是回答。

“我是洛克伍德，你的新房客，先生。一到这儿我就迫切地想要拜访您。我是想表明我的心意，我还想要租下画眉山庄。昨天我听说你打算……”

“画眉山庄是我的产业，先生。”他打断了我的话，“只要我能办得到，我是不会容许别人带给我不便的，进来吧。”

他咬牙切齿地说。我想正是这种情况促使我接受了邀请。对这样一个人物，我感到很有趣，他比我还要矜持得多哩。

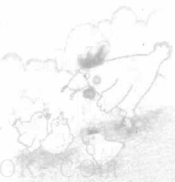
我们一进院子，他就叫喊到：“约瑟夫，把洛克伍德先生的马牵走，再拿些酒来。”

约瑟夫是个老人家，但身子骨倒还结实。“老天爷，帮帮我们吧！”他怒声怒气地朝我狠狠地瞅了一眼，把我的马牵走了。

①tenant n. 房客，承租人

②inconvenience n. 麻烦，不方便之处

③reserved adj. 矜持的，拘谨的





Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr Heathcliff's house. "Wuthering" has a specific meaning in this local area to be used to describe the stormy weather that the country villa has experienced.

Before passing the gateway, I stopped to enjoy the carving over the front. Above the door; I found the date "1500", and the name "Hareton Earnshaw". I would have made a few comments, and asked a short history of the place from the owner; but he just seemed to be impatient, so I didn't want to annoy him before entering the villa.

When I step into the sitting room, I just saw the furniture and setting were just like any local northern farmhouse in Yorkshire<sup>①</sup> area. But Mr Heathcliff didn't look like a farmer. He behaved just like a gentleman. He had a tall and handsome figure. But he was always in blue mood.

I took a seat at the end of the fireplace. My landlord sat down opposite me. Then the dog left her puppies, and was sneaking to the back of my legs with her lip curling up, and her white teeth watering. When I tried to stroke her, she gave me a long snarl.

"You'd better let the dog alone," shouted Mr Heathcliff, "She's not used to be spoiled—not kept for a pet." Then he shouted again, "Joseph!"

Joseph answered in the cellar, but didn't appear. So his master went down to him, leaving me and those dogs. I made faces to the dog. But this action annoyed the mother dog. She burst into anger and jumped onto my knee. I pushed her off immediately. But at the same time six other dogs jumped out from their hidden place to attack my heel and coat. I tried to drive them away with the poker. While I called for help, Heathcliff and Joseph climbed out as slowly as usual. They looked as if nothing had happened in the sitting room.

Luckily, a strong woman rushed out from the kitchen, waving a frying pan as a weapon. She drove away the dogs. The storm calmed down. Mr Heathcliff entered and asked what the matter was. I was still shaking after such bad treatment.

"What the devil, indeed!" I muttered. The herd of wild pigs could not be worse than those animals of yours, sir. You might as well leave a stranger with a brood of tigers!"

"They won't trouble with persons who touch nothing," he remarked, putting the bottle before me. The dogs do right to be alert. Take a glass of wine?"





呼啸山庄是希思克里夫先生的住宅名称。“呼啸”一词在当地有特殊的含义,人们用它来描述在狂风暴雨天气里,这座山庄所经受的风呼雨啸。

进入大门之前,我停下来欣赏大门外的雕刻。在大门的顶上,我发现了“一五零零”的日期和“哈里顿·恩肖”的名字。我本来想谈点看法,问问主人这座山庄的历史,但他看起来很不耐烦,所以我不准备在进屋之前把他惹恼了。

一跨进这家人的客厅,我就发现家具和陈设与约克郡地区的农舍差不多。但是希思克里夫先生看起来不象是个农民,他言谈举止一副绅士派头。高高的漂亮的身材,但脸看起来总是颇为阴郁。

我在壁炉旁的一把椅子上坐下。我的房东就坐在我对面。母狗离开了她的狗崽,偷偷地溜到我的小腿后面,撅起嘴唇,白白的牙齿上挂着涎水。

“你最好别去理那狗,”希思克里夫叫道,“她不习惯受人溺爱,我们不拿她当宠物。”接着他又高声叫道:“约瑟夫!”

约瑟夫在地下室应道,但不见人影。于是主人就亲自下去找他,留下我和那些狗。我朝母狗做了鬼脸,但这一举动惹恼了狗妈妈,她勃然大怒,纵身跳上我的膝盖。我立刻把她推下去。就在这时其余的六只狗从藏身处蹿出来,扑向我的脚跟和衣边。我尽可能地用拨火棍把它们赶走。在我大声求助时,希思克里夫和约瑟夫依旧不慌不忙地爬楼梯上来。他们看起来就像是客厅里什么事都没发生。

幸亏,一个健壮的女人从厨房冲出来,挥舞着一个煎锅作武器,把狗赶走了。风暴平息了。希思克里夫先生也进来了,询问怎么了。经过这般非礼的招待,我还在瑟瑟发抖。

“真是见了鬼了!”我嘟哝着说,“一群野猪也比不上你们家的那些畜生,先生。你倒不如把一个生人留给一群老虎!”

“他们不会惹事的,如果人不去招惹他们。”他边说,边把酒瓶放在我面前。“狗是要保持警觉,喝一杯吧?”

①Yorkshire *n.* a historical region and former county of northern England. It was an important area during Roman times and later became part of the kingdom of Northumbria 约克郡(英格兰北部一历史地区及古代的郡,是罗马统治时期的重要区域,后来成为诺森布里亚王国的一部分)





"No, thank you."

"You are not bitten, are you?"

"If I had been, I would have punished them more seriously."

"Come, come," he said, Mr Lockwood. Here, take a little wine. Guests seldom came in this house. So I and my dogs, hardly know how to receive them. To your health, sir!

I bowed and returned the pledge, beginning to think that it would be foolish to sit angrily for the rudeness of a pack of dogs. Besides, I felt the fellow just wanted to get more fun from me. He probably realized that it was not good to offend a good tenant. His voice seemed friendly. He talked about a very interesting topic: advantage and disadvantage of the place I lived in. I found him intelligent and planned to visit him on the next day.

Yesterday afternoon it's cold and foggy. I had planned to spend the half of day around the fire. But after the lunch, I went to upstairs when I saw servant girl on her knees sweeping, thus making the room full of dust. This drove me back immediately. I took my hat, and, after a four - miles walk, arrived at Heathcliff's garden gate.

At that time it began to snow. The air made me shiver through my body. Being unable to move away the chain, I jumped over. When I knocked at the door, nobody answered me.

The snow began to fall thickly when a young man without outside coat, and carrying a pitchfork<sup>①</sup>, appeared in the yard behind. He waved me to follow him. After walking through a washing - house, and a yard, we arrived in the huge, warm and cheerful apartment, where I was formerly received.

A large fire threw warm light over the room. The table had set an evening meal; I was pleased to notice a lady sitting at the table. She looked at me, leaning back in her chair and sitting motionless. She never opened her mouth. I stared—she stared also.

"Sit down," said the young man. He'll be in soon. "I obeyed."

"You should not have come out," she said, standing and reaching two of cans from the chimney - piece. The light made me see clearly her face and figure. She was slender and very young. I had seldom seen such a beautiful little face like hers. Her hair was golden, hanging loose on her delicate neck; and eyes were so attractive that you can resist.





“不，谢谢。”

“没给咬着，是吧？”

“要是我被它们咬了，我会让它们尝到更多苦头！”

“好啦，好啦！”他说，“洛克伍德先生，来，喝点酒吧，我家很少来客人。所以我和我的狗都不太懂怎样招待客人，祝您健康，先生！”

我鞠了个躬，举杯回敬了一句。想到为了一群狗的无礼而坐生闷气，太傻了。另外，我也意识到这家伙只是想拿我开心，他也许已察觉到冒犯一个好房客也没好处，于是语气变的友好多了。他又提起一个让我感兴趣的话题：有关我住处的优点和缺点。我发现他是很有见识的，于是决定明天再来拜访他。

昨天下午天气阴冷多雾，我本来打算在炉火旁度过大半天。但午餐后，我上楼去却看到女仆正跪在地上扫地，弄得满屋子的灰尘。于是我立刻回了头，我戴上帽子，走了四英里路，到了希思克里夫的花园门口。

就在那时开始下雪，冷空气冻得我四肢发抖，但是无法打开花园的链，我跳了进去。我敲了半天的门，没人理我。

雪越下越大，这时一个没穿外套的小伙子，扛着把干草叉，出现在后院里。他挥手要我跟着他。穿过洗衣房，院场，我们来到了那个先前接待过我的宽大、暖和、敞亮的大屋子。

炉火烧得很旺，使整个房间温暖而明亮。桌子上已摆好了晚餐，我很高兴见到一位女士坐到桌旁。她看着我，往后朝椅背上一靠，然后就静静地坐在那里。她一声不吭，我盯着她，她也注视着我。

“请坐！”年轻人说，“他很快就来！”

“其实你今天不该出来。”她边说，边站起身来，伸手到壁炉上拿两个罐子。光线使我看清楚她的面貌和身材。她很苗条，也很年轻。我很少能见到这么俊美的小脸。她的头发是金黄色的，披散在她细嫩的脖子上。眼睛很迷人，让人无法抗拒。

①pitchfork n. 干草叉





But in her eyes there were scorn and a kind of desperation<sup>①</sup>, which looked quite unnatural. The cans were almost out of her reach. So I wanted to help her. But she turned around as if anyone attempted to assist her in counting her gold.

"I don't want your help," she snapped; "I can get them for myself."

"I beg your pardon!" I hastened to reply.

"Were you asked to tea?" she asked.

"I shall be glad to have a cup," I answered.

"Were you asked?" she repeated.

"No," I said, half smiling. "You are the proper person to ask me."

She flung the tea back, spoon and all, and sat back into her chair and her red under lip pushed out, like a child's ready to cry.

Meanwhile, the young man had put on a shabby coat, looking down on me from the corner of his eyes. I began to doubt whether he was a servant or not; his dress and speech were both rude, unlike Mr and Mrs Heathcliff. He had thick brown curls and full beard on his cheeks just like a wild animal. His hands were like those of a common laborer. Still his conduct didn't show he was a servant. I had no proof to decide his position in the family. Five minutes later, Heathcliff came and relieved me from my uncomfortable state.

"You see, sir, I come, according to promise!" I exclaimed, "and I fear I shall ask for shelter for half an hour in your house."

"Half an hour?" he said, shaking the white flakes from his clothes, "I wonder you should not select the thick of a snowstorm to walk about. Do you know that you run a risk of being lost in the marshes<sup>②</sup>? People familiar with these moors often miss their road on such evenings; and I can tell you there is no chance of a change at present."

"Perhaps I can get a guide among your servants, and he might stay at the Grange till morning—could you spare me one?"

"No, I could not."

"Oh, indeed! Well, then, I must depend on myself."

"Are you going to make tea?" asked the young man in shabby coat staring at from me to the young lady.

"Is he to have any?" she asked.







但在那双眼睛里，有轻蔑和几分绝望，看上去显得特别不自然。她几乎够不到罐子，我想动手帮她。但她突然转过身来，就像有人要想帮她清点金子一样。

“我不需要您的帮忙，”她厉声道，“我自己够得着。”

“对不起！”我慌忙回答道。

“是请你来喝茶的吗？”她问道。

“很高兴能喝上一杯茶。”我答。

“是有人请你来的吗？”她接着问。

“不，”我答道，脸上带着笑，“你就是请我的人呀。”

她一下子把茶叶倒回去了，扔下匙子，又坐回到座位上去了。红嘴唇撮起来，像个小孩子要哭了似的。

就在这时，小伙子穿上了一件破破烂烂的外衣，用眼角的余光瞅着我。我开始怀疑他是不是一个仆人：他的穿着和言谈都很粗鲁，不像希思克里夫先生和太太。他有着浓重的棕色卷发，脸颊满是胡须，就像一头野兽。他的手就像普通劳动者的一样。然而他的举止又表现出他不是一个仆人。我无法确定他在这家的身份地位。五分钟后，希思克里夫回来，让我从这种不舒服的状态中解脱出来。

“你看，先生，我来了，我说话算数的。”我说，“我怕要在你们这儿暂避半个小时了。”

“半个小时？”他说，把衣服上的雪花抖掉。“我想你不应该这样的大雪天出来闲逛。你不知道这样会有陷入沼泽的危险吗？熟悉这些荒原的人都会在这样的夜晚迷路，我可以告诉你，一时半会天是不会转好的。”

“也许我可以在你们的仆人中间找一位向导。他可以今晚住在画眉山庄，明早回来。你能抽出一个吗？”

“不，不行。”

“哦，那好吧，那我只好靠我自己了！”

“你是不是该沏茶了？”那个穿破衣服的小伙子盯着我，一会儿又盯着那年轻太太。

“他要喝茶吗？”她问希思克里夫。

① desperation *n.* 拼命，(不顾一切的)冒险；绝望

② marsh *n.* 湿地，沼泽，沼泽地