



# 丽 姬 姬

爱德加·爱伦·坡 著

丛书主编：李华田

熊荣斌 彭贵菊 编译



她身材高挑，略显纤弱，去世前竟至形销骨立了。要描绘她的高贵，她的安详，她那不可思议的轻盈飘逸，我怎么努力都难以做到。她来去就像一个影子，每每总是她把纤纤玉手摁在我肩上，说出音乐般低柔甜润的话语，我才知道她到了我紧闭的书房。

武汉测绘科技大学出版社

英汉对照·文学大师作品精选/主编 李华田

# 丽姬娅

---

爱德加·爱伦·坡著

熊荣斌 彭贵菊 译

武汉测绘科技大学出版社

## (鄂)新登字 14 号

### 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

丽姬娅/英汉对照(美)爱德加·爱伦·坡著;熊荣斌等编  
译. —武汉:武汉测绘科技大学出版社,2000.1

(文学大师作品精选/李华田主编)

ISBN 7-81030-743-6

I. 丽… II. ①爱…②熊… III. 英语-语言读物,文学  
IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(1999)第 72453 号

---

出版发行:武汉测绘科技大学出版社

(武汉市珞喻路 129 号,邮编 430079)

印刷:武汉工业大学出版社印刷厂

丛书策划:张立福 责任编辑:谢群英

封面设计:曾兵 技术编辑:李宁

版式设计:冯娟 督印:刘永利

2000 年 1 月第 1 版第 1 次印刷

850mm × 1168mm 1/32 印张:8 字数:180 千字

印数:0001 ~ 5000 册

定价:8.80 元

## 前 言

为了满足广大青少年朋友对英美语言文学知识的渴望,让广大青少年朋友能够更好地学习英语,了解英美文学,认识英美文化,于轻松的阅读中拾取知识的珍宝,在休闲的学习中攀登科学的高峰,我们特意组织一批从事英美文学教学和研究的外语老师编写了这套丛书,名曰《英汉对照·文学大师作品精选》。

在本丛书的编撰过程中,我们主要就如下几个方面做了努力:

1. 知识性 本丛书所选作品中既有诗歌、散文,也有游记、小说,还有书信、日记等,可谓内容丰富,题材广泛。通过阅读,读者可以在学习英语语言时熟悉英美文学,可以从一个侧面理解英国人为什么是英国人、美国人为什么是美国人,认识英美民族及其社会文化,了解其历

史背景、社会习俗、人文心理和价值观念,从而既学习语言文学,又了解社会文化,达到一箭双雕的目的。

2. 趣味性 本丛书所选作品,形式多样,风格各异。有的严肃庄重,有的诙谐幽默;有的饱含哲理,有的情感丰富;有的尖锐深刻,有的滑稽风趣。读起来,或妙趣横生,或发人深思,或催人泪下,或令人捧腹,广大读者定能从中获得无穷乐趣。

3. 丰富性和代表性 本丛书中几位作家生活时代不尽相同,作品风格也迥然各异。所选作品在体裁、主题、表现手法等方面也不一样。所以说,内容丰富、形式多样是本丛书的又一大特色。当然,面对那么多的英美文学巨匠,每位大师又有那么多的优秀作品,我们不得不忍痛割爱,只选录了中国人比较熟悉的七位大师作为代表,每位大师的作品也各只选收了十余篇(段)。而且我们在选收作品时,既要考虑本丛书的经典地位,又要防止与市场上同类书籍内容重复,所以本书并不能全面反映各作家的创作风貌,而只能选收一些有代表性的作品。

4. 优美性和可读性 本丛书所选作品主题突出,结构严谨。这些作品大多经过千锤百炼、世代传诵,不少现代作品也是脍炙人口,让人爱不释手。他们语言生动、文字优美,不愧为英美文学的典范。因而,本丛书完全适合我国广大的大中专学生和中等水平的英语爱好者。

5. 注释和翻译 本丛书采用英汉对照的形式把七位文学大师的作品原汁原味地展现在读者面前,并且通过注释,辨义析疑。这样,英语专业出身的读者可以只看原文,品尝纯正的英语风味;非英语专业出身的读者通过借助注释和译文也同样可以含英咀华,升堂入室,陶醉于几位文学巨匠所创造的真、善、美的境界里。当然,文学翻译并不是一件容易的事,要求同时把握好信、达、雅三字标准,使译文表述既忠实原文,又通顺流畅。而信、达、雅本身又是相互矛盾的,如何处理好三者之间的相互关系,始终是我们翻译过程中的一大难题。为了信,我们尽量忠实原作的内容,保持原作的风格;为了达,我们力求充分表达原作的本意,不任意增删或篡改;为了雅,我们努力寻找最恰当的词语,让

译文也同原文一样优美动人。当信、达、雅出现矛盾时,我们则采用转译、增词、省略、注解、重复等方法,尽力满足读者对译文的欣赏要求。

本丛书先出版七本,分别为《王子与贫儿》(马克·吐温著)、《太阳照样升起》(海明威著)、《丽姬娅》(爱伦·坡著)、《嘉莉妹妹》(德莱塞著)、《温莎的风流娘儿们》(莎士比亚著)、《一个富有想像力的女人》(哈代著)和《内帕斯的女郎》(司各特著)。

本分册为《丽姬娅》,收录了爱德加·爱伦·坡的诗歌、小说、书信和评论等十余篇(段)。

爱伦·坡(Allan Poe, 1809—1849)是一位具有国际影响的伟大的美国文学家,取得了骄人美世的业绩。

爱伦·坡于1809年1月出生于美国马萨诸塞州波士顿城。周岁那年,父亲离家出走,一去不复返。一年后,母亲积劳成疾,撒手人寰。爱伦·坡被里士满城富商约翰·爱伦收养,爱伦·坡的名字由此得来。爱伦·坡曾跟随养父去英国,在伦敦附近的斯托克·纽汶顿寄宿学校上小学,接受了正统的基础教

育。6年之后，又回到美国，先后在约瑟夫·克拉克学校和威廉·博克学院上学。爱伦·坡生性聪颖，成绩优秀，但性情却很乖戾，与养父关系不断恶化。在弗吉尼亚大学学习期间，爱伦·坡又学会了赌博，债台高筑，而被养父强行辍学，开始学做生意。爱伦·坡对此十分恼火，不久，与养父彻底决裂，离家去了波士顿。没有了养父的资助，爱伦·坡只好自谋生路，开始了卖文为生的艰难历程。

在波士顿期间，爱伦·坡就自费出版了诗集《帖本身》。1827年，爱伦·坡化名参军；1829年，在朋友的资助下，爱伦·坡出版诗集《阿尔·阿拉夫》；1830年在养父的帮助下进了西点军校，但一年后因严重违反校规而被开除；1831年，在纽约出版《爱伦·坡诗集》，其中收入了不少爱伦·坡的名诗佳作。从此，爱伦·坡进一步受到文学评论家们的关注。

爱伦·坡一生生命短暂，但创作颇丰，体裁也相当广泛，除诗歌和短篇小说之外，还有中篇小说、评论、演讲词和大量书信。

爱伦·坡是一位深受人赞扬又

遭人非议的人物。他一生虽生活坎坷，历经磨难，多次病倒，却一直保持着旺盛的创造力，著作等身。另一方面，他性格怪僻、嗜酒好赌，甚至还吸食鸦片。虽然在人品方面存在某些缺陷，爱伦·坡在文学上的成就却倍受推崇。他的两个短篇小说《瓶中手稿》和《金甲虫》先后获全国大奖，《乌鸦》更是引起全国轰动。他首创了古典侦探小说和现代科幻小说，将哥特小说的创作技法推进到了极高的艺术境界。在爱伦·坡的恐怖小说中，没有使用任何煽情技巧或模糊表达，却能让读者感到一种强烈的恐怖。爱伦·坡还独创了侦探小说这种文学形式，其作品几乎不掺杂什么情感，却饱含了严密的逻辑思辨。

在诗歌方面，爱伦·坡创作了一批举世推崇的佳篇。这些诗作之所以经久不衰，世代传诵，是因为他们具有纯粹的文字音乐美。正是这种美感，穿越时空，不断唤起广大读者的联想。爱伦·坡创作了英语诗歌中最优秀的抒情诗和写景诗，常能寓情托志，缠绵悱恻，哀情希冀，动人心魄，并对20世纪初的象征主义运动影响至深。

为了让广大的中国读者更好地认识爱伦·坡和他笔下的那个世界，了解美国文学，学习英语语言，熟悉美国文化，我们选录了部分爱伦·坡的作品辑成此书，奉献给大家。在爱伦·坡的世界里，你可以尽情领略他的美——潇洒玲珑的美、高贵典雅的美、馥郁芬飞的美、恣意哀怨的美、颓败腐朽的美、绝望死亡的美——正是对这种美的追求，使爱伦·坡成为为艺术而艺术的第一人。

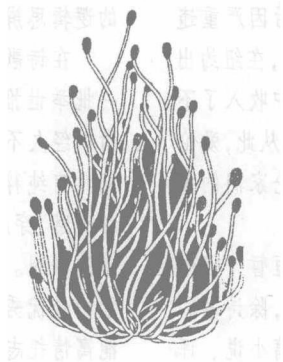
在本书的编译过程中，我们有幸借鉴了诸多文学大家的研究成果，在此，特向蔡玉辉、曹明伦、陈良

廷、徐汝春、刘筱华、方杰、盛宁等表示最诚挚的谢意。没有他们披荆斩棘的先期探索，就没有我们这本菲薄之作的问世。

本书由华中师范大学李华田老师组稿，由广东工业大学熊荣斌老师和彭贵菊老师合作编译完成。本书倾注了我们火一样的热情和殷切的希望。但由于我们才疏学浅，选材和编译方面若有不足之处，还望广大专家学者和读者朋友批评指正。

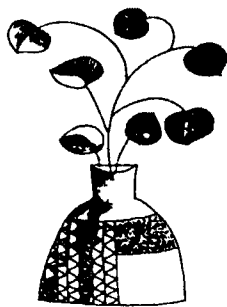
李华田

1999年12月于武汉



# 目 录

1	<i>Ligeia</i>
29	丽姬娅
43	<i>Annabel Lee</i>
46	安娜贝尔·李
48	<i>The Raven</i>
56	乌鸦
62	<i>To Helen</i>
63	致海伦
64	<i>The City in the Sea</i>
67	海中之城
70	<i>The Bells</i>
76	钟
81	<i>The Black Cat</i>
100	黑猫
111	<i>The Murders in the Rue Morgue</i>
153	莫格街血案
175	<i>The Fall of the House of Usher</i>
212	厄舍府崩塌记
231	<i>The Tell - Tale Heart</i>
241	泄密的心





## Ligeia

*And the will therein lieth, which dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigour? For God is but a great will pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will.*

—JOSEPH GLANVILL

I cannot, for my soul, remember how, when, or even precisely where I first became acquainted with the lady Ligeia. Long years have since elapsed, and my memory is feeble through much suffering: or, perhaps, I cannot now bring these points to mind, because, in truth, the character of my beloved, her rare learning, her singular yet placid cast of beauty, and the thrilling and enthralling eloquence of her low, musical language, made

约瑟夫·戈兰维尔 (1636—1680), 英国宗教哲学家, 唯神论者, 认为一切都由上帝的行动决定。他还是牛津柏拉图主义者, 毕生试图调和基督教神学与文艺复兴后科学的关系。篇首题语并非戈兰维尔之言, 是爱伦·坡杜撰的, 用以配合本文中心思想。

their way into my heart by paces, so steadily and stealthily progressive, that they have been unnoticed and unknown. Yet I know that I met her most frequently in some large, old, decaying city near the Rhine. Of her family—I have surely heard her speak—that they are of a remotely ancient date cannot be doubted. Ligeia! Buried in studies of a nature, more than all else, adapted to deaden impressions of the outward world, it is by that sweet word alone—by Ligeia, that I bring before mine eyes in fancy the image of her who is no more. And now, while I write, a recollection flashes upon me that I have never known the paternal name of her who was my friend and my betrothed, and who became the partner of my studies, and eventually the wife of my bosom. Was it a playful charge on the part of my Ligeia? or was it a test of my strength of affection that I should institute no inquiries upon this point? or was it rather a caprice of my own—a wildly romantic offering on the shrine of the most passionate devotion? I but indistinctly recall the fact itself—what wonder that I have utterly forgotten the circumstances which originated or attended it? And indeed, if ever that spirit which is entitled Romance—if ever she, the wan, and the misty-winged

虚陶菲。Ashtoreth 的变称，  
腓尼基神话里的生殖女神。

**Ashtophet** of idolatrous Egypt, presided, as they tell, over marriages illomened, then most surely she presided over mine.

There is one dear topic, however, on which my memory faileth me not. It is the person of Ligeia. In stature she was tall, somewhat slender, and in her latter days even emaciated. I would in vain attempt to pourtray the majesty, the quiet ease of her demeanour, or the incomprehensible lightness and elasticity of her footfall. She came and departed like a shadow. I was never made aware of her entrance into my closed study save by the dear music of her low sweet voice, as she placed her delicate hand upon my shoulder. In beauty of face no maiden ever equalled her. It was the radiance of an opium dream—an airy and spirit-lifting vision more wildly divine than the phantasies which hovered about the slumbering souls of the daughters of **Delos**. Yet her features were not of that regular mould which we have been falsely taught to worship in the classical labors of the Heathen. “**There is no exquisite beauty,**” saith Verulam, Lord Bacon, speaking truly of all the forms and genera of beauty, “**without some strangeness in the proportions.**” Yet, al-

德洛斯，爱琴海中岛名。  
传说为阿波罗和狄安娜诞生之地。文中 the daughters of Delos (德洛斯岛的女儿们) 可能指侍奉狄安娜的少女。

试译作“匀称中若无异点，则无绝色可言”。这是坡误引培根 (Francis Bacon) 《论美》(Of Beauty) 一文。原文中的 excellent 被引为 exquisite。

though I saw that the features of Ligeia were not of classic regularity, although I perceived that her loveliness was indeed "exquisite," and felt that there was much of "strangeness" pervading it, yet I have tried in vain to detect the irregularity, and to trace home my own perception of "the strange." I examined the contour of the lofty and pale forehead—it was faultless—how cold indeed that word when applied to a majesty so divine! The skin rivaling the purest ivory, the commanding breadth and repose, the gentle prominence of the regions above the temples, and then the ravenblack, the glossy, the luxuriant and naturally-curling tresses, setting forth the full force of the Homeric epithet, "hyacinthine;" I looked at the delicate outlines of the nose—and nowhere but in the graceful medallions of the Hebrews had I beheld a similar perfection. There was the same luxurious smoothness of surface, the same scarcely perceptible tendency to the aquiline, the same harmoniously curved nostril speaking the free spirit. I regarded the sweet mouth. Here was indeed the triumph of all things heavenly—the magnificent turn of the short upper lip—the soft, voluptuous repose of the under—the dimples which sported, and the colour which spoke—

the teeth glancing back, with a brilliancy almost startling, every ray of the holy light which fell upon them in her serene, and placid, yet most exultingly radiant of all smiles. I scrutinized the formation of the chin—and here, too, I found the gentleness of breadth, the softness and the majesty, the fulness and the spirituality, of the Greek, the contour which the God Apollo revealed but in a dream to **Cleomenes, the son of the Athenian**. And then I peered into the large eyes of Ligeia.

For eyes we have no models in the remotely antique. It might have been, too, that in these eyes of my beloved lay the secret to which Lord Verulam alludes. They were, I must believe, far larger than the ordinary eyes of our race. They were even far fuller than the fullest of the Gazelle eyes of the tribe of the valley of **Nourjahad**. Yet it was only at intervals—in moments of intense excitement—that this peculiarity became more than slightly noticeable in Ligeia. And at such moments was her beauty—in my heated fancy thus it appeared perhaps—the beauty of beings either above or apart from the earth—the beauty of the fabulous **Houri** of the Turk. The colour of the orbs was the most

雅典人的儿子克里奥米尼斯。第三世纪雅典 (Athens) 著名雕刻家。梅迪奇 (Medici) 的维纳斯 (Venus) 像上刻有他的名字。上文的阿波罗 (Apollo) 梦中显圣意为赋予创作灵感, 因为他是艺术家的保护神。

诺耶哈德。英国作家 F·谢立丹 (F. Sheridan) (1724—1766) 写过一部名为《诺耶哈德的历史》(The History of the Nourjahad) 的东方传奇。

火丽, 在天堂里等候虔诚伊斯兰教徒的美少女。

德谟克里特（公元前460？—前362？），古希腊与柏拉图（Plato）齐名的哲学家。因嘲讽时弊和世人的愚蒙而得“嘲笑哲学家”之名，他的名句为“真相在井底”（Truth lies at the bottom of a well）。后世用德谟克里特之井喻指玄妙莫测的事物。

丽达，希腊神话中斯巴达王丁达洛斯之妻，宙斯（Zeus）爱其貌美，化为天鹅诱奸了她，于是她生下两个蛋，其一化出海伦（Helen），另一化出卡斯托和波吕克斯（Pollux），即双子座的双星。

brilliant of black, and far over them hung jetty lashes of great length. The brows, slightly irregular in outline, had the same hue. The “strangeness,” however, which I have found in the eyes of my Ligeia was of a nature distinct from the formation, or the colour, or the brilliancy of the feature, and must, after all, be referred to the expression. Ah, word of no meaning! behind whose vast latitude of mere sound we intrench our ignorance of so much of the spiritual. The expression of the eyes of Ligeia! How, for long hours have I pondered upon it! How have I, through the whole of a mid-summer night, struggled to fathom it! What was it—that something more profound than the well of **Democritus**—which lay far within the pupils of my beloved? What was it? I was possessed with a passion to discover. Those eyes! those large, those shining, those divine orbs! they became to me twin stars of **Leda**, and I to them devoutest of astrologers. Not for a moment was the unfathomable meaning of their glance, by day or by night, absent from my soul.

There is no point, among the many incomprehensible anomalies of the science of mind, more thrillingly exciting than the fact—never, I believe noticed in the schools—that

in our endeavours to recall to memory something long forgotten we often find ourselves upon the very verge of remembrance without being able, in the end, to remember. And thus, how frequently, in my intense scrutiny of Ligeia's eyes, have I felt approaching the full knowledge of the secret of their expression—felt it approaching—yet not quite be mine—and so at length utterly depart. And (strange, oh strangest mystery of all!) I found, in the commonest objects of the universe, a circle of analogies to that expression. I mean to say that, subsequently to the period when Ligeia's beauty passed into my spirit, there dwelling as in a shrine, I derived from many existences in the material world, a sentiment, such as I felt always aroused within me by her large and luminous orbs. Yet not the more could I define that sentiment, or analyze, or even steadily view it. I recognized it, let me repeat, sometimes in the commonest objects of the universe. It has flashed upon me in the survey of a rapidly-growing vine—in the contemplation of a moth, a butterfly, a chrysalis, a stream of running water. I have felt it in the ocean, in the falling of a meteor. I have felt it in the glances of unusually aged people. And there



天琴座，由大小两颗星组成，大的叫维佳 (Vega) 或阿尔发 (Alpha) 星，小的叫  $\epsilon$  星。

are one or two stars in heaven — (one especially, a star of the sixth magnitude, double and changeable, to be found near the large star in **Lyra**) in a telescopic scrutiny of which I have been made aware of the feeling. I have been filled with it by certain sounds from stringed instruments, and not unfrequently by passages from books. Among innumerable other instances, I well remember something in a volume of Joseph Glanvill, which, perhaps merely from its quaintness—who shall say? never failed to inspire me with the sentiment. — “And the will therein lieth, which dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigor? For God is but a great will pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man doth not yield him to the angels, nor unto death utterly, but only through the weakness of his feeble will.”

Length of years, and subsequent reflection, have enabled me to trace, indeed, some remote connexion between this passage in the old English moralist and a portion of the character of Ligeia. An intensity in thought, action, or speech was possibly, in her, a result, or at least an index, of that gigantic volition which, during our long intercourse, failed to give other and more immediate evi-



dence of its existence. Of all women whom I have ever known, she, the outwardly calm, the ever placid Ligeia, was the most violently a prey to the tumultuous vultures of stern passion. And of such passion I could form no estimate, save by the miraculous expansion of those eyes which at once so delighted and appalled me, by the almost magical melody, modulation, distinctness and placidity of her very low voice, and by the fierce energy, (rendered doubly effective by contrast with her manner of utterance) of the words which she uttered.

I have spoken of the learning of Ligeia: it was immense—such as I have never known in woman. In all the classical tongues was she deeply proficient, and as far as my own acquaintance extended in regard to the modern dialects of Europe, I have never known her at fault. Indeed upon any theme of the most admired, because simply the most abstruse, of the boasted erudition of the academy, have I ever found Ligeia at fault? How singularly, how thrillingly, this one point in the nature of my wife has forced itself, at this late period, only, upon my attention! I said her knowledge was such as I had never known in woman. Where breathes