

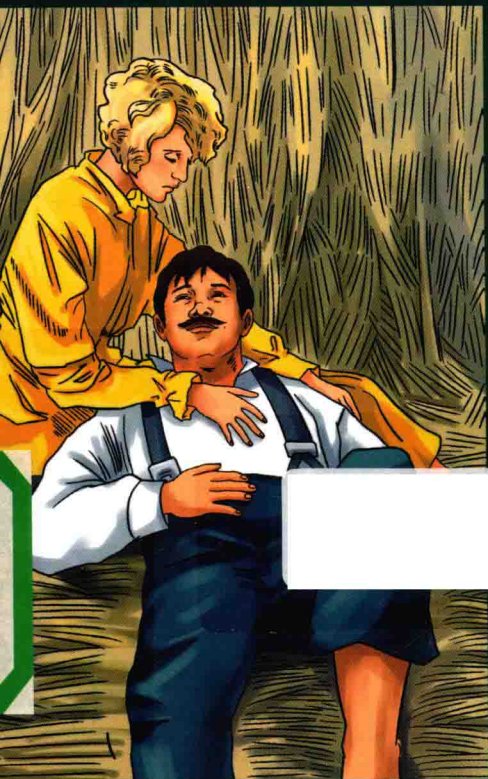


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- D. H. Lawrence (英) 著
- Jennifer Bassett (英) 改写
- Bob Harvey (英) 插图

Love among the Haystacks

草垛之恋



外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS



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- 周 晶 译

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1

Two brothers

The two large fields lay on a hillside that looked south. Most of the hay was already cut, and in the bright sunlight the fields were now golden green.

Across the hill, half-way up, was a high hedge, and they were building the haystack just above this hedge. It was a tall haystack, a great untidy thing standing high above the hedge, but the hay itself was light and silvery in colour, and looked as soft as a cloud. Not far away was another, finished haystack.

The empty wagon was going downhill, and in the far corner of the bottom field, where the hay was still uncut, the full wagon was just beginning its slow journey up the hill to the haystack. The hay-makers worked on, cutting the tall hay, while the wagon climbed the hill.

The two brothers on top of the haystack were having a moment's rest, waiting for the full wagon to arrive. They stood up to their knees in the soft hay, while above them the golden sun burned down, and all around them was the hot sweet smell of the silvery hay. The only two things in the world were hay and sun.

Maurice, the younger brother, was a good-looking young man of twenty-one. He was strong, full of life, with

1

两兄弟

朝南的山坡上有两大片草场。大多数干草已经收割了，现在的草场在明亮的阳光下呈现一片金绿色。

半山坡上，有一道高高的树篱，人们正在这道树篱外面堆干草垛。草垛很高，乱糟糟的一大堆，高出树篱好大一截。不过干草本身很轻，泛着银色，看起来像云一样柔软。不远处是一个已经堆好的草垛。

空马车正在下山，在下面那片草场最远处的角落，还有尚未收割的干草。满载的马车就从那里出发，慢吞吞地朝着山坡上的草垛行进。马车上山的时候，收干草的工人继续干活儿，割着高高的干草。

草垛上的两兄弟这会儿得了空当儿，等着满载干草的马车上来。他们站在没膝的柔软干草里，头顶上金色的太阳炙烤着大地，周围热烘烘地弥漫着银色干草的芬芳。天地间只剩干草和阳光。

弟弟莫里斯21岁，是个英俊的小伙子。他很强壮，充满活力，眼睛明亮有神，脸上常

hay *n.* grass which is cut and dried, and used as food for animals 干草

hedge *n.* a line of small trees that makes a kind of wall round a field
树篱

a quick bright eye and a ready smile.

‘You thought,’ he said to his brother, ‘you were very clever last night, didn’t you?’ He pushed his fork into the hay, and stared at his brother, with a smile on his face.

‘No. No, I didn’t,’ replied Geoffrey. He turned away, frowning. He was a tall, heavy young man, a year older than Maurice. He was full of strong feelings, but they burned silently inside him. He could never find words to say; he could never look anybody in the eye. He always thought the world was looking at him, and laughing.

‘Oh, you did, I know you did.’ Maurice laughed. ‘It was your turn to sleep in the hayfield last night, but you went and hid yourself, so I had to go in your place.’

‘I didn’t hide myself,’ said Geoffrey angrily. ‘Father sent me to get some wood—’

‘Oh yes, oh yes,’ laughed Maurice. ‘But you don’t know, do you? You don’t know what happened last night, up here in the hayfield.’

He laughed again, and threw himself down on his back in the hay. He put his arms across his face and lay there, smiling and remembering the night before.

Geoffrey leant on his fork and stared out over the fields. Far away was the city of Nottingham, and between, the country lay under the burning sun, with here and there the smoke from a factory going up into the sky. Geoffrey looked down again into the hayfield, at the wagon slowly climbing the hill to the haystack. ‘Hurry up,’ he thought. ‘Hurry up.’

常挂着微笑。

“你觉得，”他对哥哥说，“自己昨晚做得很精明，是不是？”他把草杈插到干草里，笑吟吟地看着他哥哥。

“不。不，我没有。”杰弗里回答。他皱着眉转过了头。他是个又高又壮的年轻人，比莫里斯大一岁。他有着热烈的情感，但都藏在心里，无声地沸腾。他总是不知该如何用语言表达；也不敢与人对视。他老觉得所有人都在看着他，笑话他。

“哦，你有，我知道你有。”莫里斯笑道，“昨天轮到你在干草场过夜，但是你却跑掉藏了起来，我只好替你值夜。”

“我没藏起来。”杰弗里生气地说，“爸爸叫我去弄些木头……”

“哦，好吧，好吧。”莫里斯笑了起来，“但你不知道，是不是？你不知道昨天晚上草场这儿发生了什么。”

他又笑了起来，仰面倒倒在干草上。他躺在那儿，用手臂挡住脸，笑吟吟地回忆起前一天晚上发生的事。

杰弗里倚在草杈上，望向田野。远处是诺丁汉城，中间则是太阳炙烤下的乡村，从工厂升起来的烟飘散在天空中。杰弗里又望向下方的草场，看着马车慢悠悠地爬坡，朝着草垛而来。“快点儿。”他想，“快点儿。”



Geoffrey leant on his fork and stared out over the fields.

stare v. to look at someone or something for a long time 注视

frown v. to move your eyebrows together to make lines on your forehead (you frown when you are worried or angry) 皱眉

‘You didn’t think, did you?’ said Maurice. ‘You didn’t think that *she* would be here with me, did you?’

Geoffrey stared at him, full of hate. Suddenly, he wanted to put his foot down hard on that smiling, good-looking face below him.

‘Can you sing in German?’ asked Maurice. ‘Do you know how to kiss a German girl? Do you know how soft her neck is?’ He laughed excitedly, remembering every moment of the night before.

Geoffrey burned with hate. He wanted to walk away, but he couldn’t. The haystack, high above the field, was a prison holding him and his brother together.

Both brothers were shy of women. Neither of them had a girlfriend; neither of them knew what to say to a woman, or how to win her love. And now Maurice was first in the game, and the older brother did not like it.

The German girl was the governess from the house beside the top field. Geoffrey was working one day in the field when a baby pushed through a hole in the hedge from the garden of the house. Seconds later the German girl came through the hedge too, looking for the baby. Geoffrey helped her to catch the little boy, and then they stood talking for a while. Geoffrey liked her bright eyes, and her funny, quick way of talking.

‘But now it’s Maurice she likes best, not me,’ he thought. ‘She sits with him in the hayfield by moonlight, and he kisses her.’

“你没想到吧，是不是？”莫里斯说，
“你没想到她会来这儿陪我，是不是？”

杰弗里恨恨地瞪着他。突然，他想把那张微笑的俊脸用力踩在脚下。

“你会用德语唱歌吗？”莫里斯问，“你知道怎么跟德国姑娘接吻吗？你知道她的脖子有多柔软吗？”他回味着头天夜里的每一刻，兴高采烈地笑了起来。

杰弗里心中燃烧着恨意。他想走开，但却不能。矗立在田野上的草垛，像牢房一样把他和弟弟关在一起。

两兄弟在女人面前都很害羞。他们俩都没有女朋友，也都不知道怎样跟女人说话和赢得她们的芳心。可现在莫里斯抢了先，做哥哥的可不高兴。

那个德国姑娘是山上草场旁那户人家的家庭教师。杰弗里有天在地里干活儿的时候，一个小孩儿从那户人家花园树篱上的一个洞口钻了出来。没过几秒，那个德国姑娘也从树篱那儿钻过来找孩子。杰弗里帮她抓住了那个小男孩儿，然后他们站着说了会儿话。杰弗里喜欢她明亮的眼睛，还有她那轻快有趣的说法方式。

“可现在她最喜欢的是莫里斯，而不是我。”他想，“她跟他一起坐在月光下的干草场上，他还吻了她。”

shy *adj.* not able to talk easily to people that you do not know 害羞的
governess *n.* a woman employed to teach the children of a rich family in their home 女家庭教师

Unhappily, he looked up the hill to the house beside the top field. From the top of the haystack he could see right into the garden, and there, suddenly, he saw the girl, in a yellow dress. He held up his arm and waved to her. She waved back, lazily. Geoffrey could see that she was not interested in him, and was waiting for Maurice.

Then Maurice stood up, and saw the girl himself. He laughed, and waved both arms at her.

‘What’s going on?’ called a voice from below.

The full wagon was now standing at the foot of the haystack. Maurice’s face turned deep red.

‘Nothing!’ he called.

There was the sound of laughing below, and soon a big, red-faced man climbed to the top of the hay in the wagon. He turned, stared up the hillside, and saw the yellow dress in the garden.

‘Oh, it’s a girl, is it?’ he laughed. He was the father of Geoffrey and Maurice. ‘Yes, I *thought* it was a girl.’

They began working again, throwing the hay from the wagon up to the top of the haystack. There the brothers had to place the hay carefully, building a stack with four strong walls which would not fall over. It was hard work. The father threw up great forkfuls of hay, Geoffrey then passed them along to Maurice, who built up the haystack’s walls.

But Geoffrey was full of angry feelings. Usually he threw the hay into the places where Maurice wanted it. Now, he threw it into the middle of the stack, and Maurice had

他郁闷地朝山坡高处那片草场旁的那户人家望去。站在草垛上，他能一直望到花园里，突然就看到了那个姑娘，她穿着一条黄裙子。他举起胳膊，朝她挥了挥。她也慵懒地向他招了招手。杰弗里看得出她对他并不感兴趣，而是在等莫里斯。

这时莫里斯站起来，也看见了那姑娘。他大笑起来，朝她挥舞双臂。

“怎么回事儿？”一个声音从下方传来。

满载干草的马车这会儿到了草垛跟前。莫里斯的脸一下子涨得通红。

“没什么！”他大声说。

下面传来笑声，很快一个魁梧的红脸汉子爬到了一车干草的顶上。他扭头朝山坡上张望，看到了花园里穿黄裙子的身影。

“哦，是因为姑娘，是吧？”他笑道。他是杰弗里和莫里斯的父亲。“没错，我就知道是因为姑娘。”

他们又开始干起活儿来，把马车上的干草抛到草垛上。两兄弟就在草垛顶上把这些干草小心地码放好，让草垛四壁牢固不倒。这活儿很辛苦。父亲大权大权地把干草扔上来，然后杰弗里把它们传给莫里斯，再由莫里斯堆放到草垛的四周。

但是杰弗里正一肚子火。平时他会把干草扔到莫里斯希望的地方，现在却都扔到了草垛中央。这下莫里斯还得把草拢到边上，费

wave v. to move your hand from side to side, to say hello or goodbye 挥手

to work twice as hard, carrying it out to the walls. Once, a great forkful of hay from Geoffrey hit Maurice on the back.

‘Be careful!’ called Maurice angrily. ‘And why are you throwing it in the middle, you stupid man?’

‘I’ll throw it where I like,’ answered Geoffrey.

They worked on, both brothers angry now. They got hotter and tireder, and still the hay came up from the wagon below.

‘There, that’s the end,’ the father called at last from the wagon. Geoffrey threw the last forkful into the middle of the stack, then stood still, watching Maurice.

‘This side wall isn’t very strong,’ came the father’s voice from below. ‘You must build it up more.’

‘No, it’s fine,’ called Maurice crossly.

Geoffrey moved across to the side wall, and pushed his fork down into the hay. He pushed harder, and the top of the haystack began to move just a little.

‘What are you doing, you fool?’ cried Maurice.

‘Don’t you call me a fool,’ said Geoffrey, and he pushed again on his fork. Maurice jumped across to him, and pulled him away from the wall. It was not easy to stand in the soft bed of hay, and Geoffrey fell over.

Maurice called down to his father below. ‘This wall is fine. It’s not going to fall down.’

‘All right,’ came the father’s voice. ‘We’ll be off now to bring the next wagon up here.’

了双倍的力气。有一次，杰弗里扔过来的一大杈干草干脆砸到了莫里斯的背上。

“小心点儿！”莫里斯生气地喊着，“干吗把草扔到中间，你这笨蛋？”

“我想扔到哪儿就扔到哪儿。”杰弗里回答。

他们继续干活儿，现在两兄弟都憋了一肚子火。他们越来越热，越来越累，可干草还是不停地从下面抛上来。

“好啦，完事儿了。”马车上的父亲终于喊道。杰弗里把最后一杈干草扔到草垛中间，然后静静地站在那儿看着莫里斯。

“草垛这一面不是很牢靠。”下面传来父亲的声音，“你得把这边加固一下。”

“没事儿，不用。”莫里斯气恼地叫道。

杰弗里走到那边，把草杈插了进去。他又用力向下插了插，草垛顶部轻微地动了动。

“你在干吗，你这白痴？”莫里斯大叫。

“别叫我白痴。”杰弗里说完，又压了压草杈。莫里斯扑过去，把他从草垛边缘拽开。柔软的干草上不易站稳，杰弗里摔倒了。

莫里斯朝下面的父亲喊道：“这边没问题，不会倒的。”

“好吧。”父亲的声音传来，“我们这就再去拉一车草上来。”



Maurice pulled Geoffrey away from the wall.

twice *adv.* two times 两次; 两倍
crossly *adv.* angrily 生气地

Geoffrey got to his feet. 'Don't call me a fool again, do you hear?' he said heavily.

'Not until next time,' said his brother.

Maurice went on working, moving round the stack and building up the walls. Geoffrey stood still, hand on his fork, looking out over the fields. He did not move even when Maurice needed to get past him.

'Move, will you?' said Maurice.

There was no reply. Maurice put out his arm and tried to push his brother out of his way.

'Who are you pushing?' said Geoffrey angrily.

'You,' replied Maurice, and at once the two brothers began to fight. Each pushed against the other as hard as he could, but Geoffrey was the heavier of the two men, and slowly he began to win.

Maurice had to move back, but his feet caught in the hay, and he fell over the side of the stack, all the way down to the ground.

杰弗里爬了起来。“别再叫我白痴，听见了吗？”他粗声粗气地说。

“下次之前不会了。”他弟弟说道。

莫里斯继续干活儿，沿着草垛四周堆放干草。杰弗里手扶草杈静静地站着，望向远处的原野。莫里斯要从他身边过去的时候，他也一动不动。

“让开点儿，行吗？”莫里斯说。

杰弗里没有回答。莫里斯伸手想把哥哥推到一边。

“你推谁呢？”杰弗里生气地说。

“你。”莫里斯话音刚落，两兄弟就扭打了起来。两人都使出全力推搡对方，不过杰弗里比较重，慢慢占了上风。

莫里斯不得不后退，可脚下被干草绊住了，一下子从草垛上掉了下来，摔在了地上。