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- R. D. Blackmore (英) 著
- David Penn (英) 改写

Lorna Doone

洛娜·杜恩



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内容简介

埃克斯莫尔的所有居民都对杜恩家族的人又恨又怕。当杜恩家族的人从杜恩山谷里骑马出来，在当地的农庄打家劫舍时，没人能阻挡他们。他们生性野蛮、体格强健，任何试图反抗他们的人很快便会招致杀身之祸。例如约翰·里德的父亲就是在骑马从集市回家的途中被他们所杀害。在那个没有法制的时代，只有国王的士兵们才能惩戒杜恩家族的人。但国王远在伦敦，而且他自己还有一身麻烦事。

约翰渐渐长大了，他在农庄上辛勤劳作，梦想着能替父报仇。但有一天，他遇见了洛娜·杜恩。她正是他梦寐以求的女孩——温柔、美丽、可爱——约翰情不自禁爱上了她。

可他怎么能娶仇人杜恩家的女孩呢？更何况还有个卡弗·杜恩——杜恩家族中最邪恶、最危险的人物——也在盘算着娶洛娜为妻……

LORNA DOONE

The Doones are hated and feared all over Exmoor. When they ride out from Doone valley to steal and rob from the local farms, no one can stop them. They are wild, strong men, and anyone who tries to fight them will soon be murdered. Like John Ridd's father, shot down while riding home from market. And in these lawless days only the King's soldiers can punish the Doones, but the King is far away in London and has troubles of his own.

As John grows up, he works hard on the farm and dreams of revenge for his father's death. But one day he meets Lorna Doone. She is the girl of his dreams — gentle, beautiful, loving — and John loses his heart to her.

But how can he marry a girl from the hated Doone family? And then there is Carver Doone, the most evil and dangerous of all the Doones, who plans to marry Lorna himself. . .

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A decorative rectangular border with a repeating floral or scrollwork pattern, enclosing the text.

Lorna Doone

1

The end of school days

I am John Ridd, a farmer of the village of Oare in Somerset, and I have a story to tell you. It is about some things that happened to me in my younger days.

On the 29th November 1673, when I was twelve years old, John Fry, a worker from our family's farm, came to collect me from my school at Tiverton. He rode his horse up to the gate, leading my own little horse behind him. He was two weeks early, so I knew something was wrong.

'What are you doing here, John?' I asked him. 'It's not the holidays yet.'

He would not look at me. 'Oh, I know that, young Master Ridd. But your mother has saved the best apples, and cooked some wonderful cakes — all for you.'

'And Father? How is Father?' I said. It was usually Father who came to collect me, and it was strange that John Fry hadn't said anything about him.

'Oh, he's very busy on the farm just now,' he said. But John wasn't his usual self, and I knew this was a lie.

When I had packed my bags and said goodbye to my friends, I got on my horse and we started the journey home.

It was a long journey from Tiverton to Oare, and in places the road was very bad. John Fry would still not tell



1. 校园生活的结束

我叫约翰·里德，是萨默塞特郡奥尔村的一名农夫，我有个故事要讲给你听。那是年轻时发生在我身上的一些事。

1673年11月29日，当时我十二岁，我家农庄上的一名工人约翰·弗赖伊来蒂弗顿我就读的学校接我。他骑马来到校门口，身后牵着我的小马。他比以往提前了两周，所以我意识到肯定出了什么问题。

“你到这儿来干吗，约翰？”我问他，“还没放假呢。”

他不愿与我对视：“哦，这我知道，里德少爷。不过你妈妈给你留了些最好的苹果，还做了很好吃的蛋糕——全都是给你的。”

“那父亲呢？父亲还好吗？”我问。平时一般都是父亲来接我的，但奇怪的是，约翰·弗赖伊对他只字未提。

“哦，他正在农庄上忙着呢，”约翰说。可他跟平时不太一样，我知道他在撒谎。

我收拾好行装，跟朋友们告别后，便骑上马，跟约翰一起踏上了回家的路。

从蒂弗顿到奥尔村路途遥远，有几段路面还很糟糕。约翰·弗赖伊还是不肯告

master *n.* a title prefixed to the name of a boy 小主人；少爷

me why he had come to collect me, or answer my questions about Father. He looked unhappy about something, but I tried to hope for the best, as boys always do.

On the hill at the end of Dulverton town, we saw a big coach with six horses. In the front seat of the coach sat a foreign-looking woman, and next to her was a little dark-haired girl. I could see from the girl's soft skin that she was from a rich family, and I felt too shy to look at her more than once. She didn't look at me at all. Opposite them sat a very beautiful lady, in fashionable clothes, and next to her was a little boy, who was about two or three years old. The woman in the front, I thought, must be the servant of the family. I always remembered the family afterwards, because I had never seen people who were so grand, and so rich.

After Dulverton, the road got worse and worse, and soon we came into a very dangerous part of the country. This was Exmoor, a place of high, wild hills and deep valleys, and on Exmoor lived a family of robbers called the Doones. Everyone was afraid of them. They had robbed and murdered on Exmoor for many years, and had grown very strong. Now it was getting dark, and a fog was coming down. It was just the kind of night when the Doones would be out — and we were coming near to the path that they always used.

诉我为什么来接我的人是他，也不肯回答同父亲有关的问题。他似乎为什么事而闷闷不乐，但我仍尽量往好的方面想，就像小男孩们通常所做的那样。

在达尔弗顿镇尽头的那座山上，我们看见了一辆六匹马拉的车。马车前座上坐着一个外国人模样的女子，她身边是个黑发小姑娘。从小姑娘柔嫩的皮肤能看出她出身富贵家庭，但我却害羞得不敢多看她一眼。而她根本就没有看我。她们对面坐着一位容貌出众、衣着入时的夫人，身边是个约摸两三岁光景的小男孩。我猜想坐在前座的女子一定是这家的仆人。此后我时常想起这一家人，因为我从没见过如此高贵富有的人家。

过了达尔弗顿，路况越发糟糕了，我们很快便来到了乡下最危险的一个地区。这里就是埃克斯莫尔，一个由高耸的荒山和深谷围成的地方。这儿居住着以抢劫为生的杜恩家族，所有人都对他们心怀恐惧。他们多年来一直在埃克斯莫尔劫掠、杀人，逐渐成了气候。天色正慢慢变暗，雾气也弥漫起来。这样的夜晚正是杜恩家族通常出来活动的时间——而我们正在接近他们平时出没的那条路。



fashionable *adj.* characteristic of or influenced by a current popular trend or style 流行的；入时的

I wanted to ride fast, and cross the Doone path as quickly as possible, but John Fry knew better.

‘Go slowly and quietly,’ he said, ‘if you want to see your home again.’

But when we came to the valley where the Doone path was, we heard the sound of horses.

‘Hide!’ said John, and we rode our horses off the path, and hid. But I wanted to look at the Doones, and went up onto a hill above the path. From there I saw a frightening sight.

Below me, moving quietly, were thirty horsemen. They were heavy, strong men, like all the Doones, and they were dressed for battle, carrying guns. Tied to their horses were all the things they had stolen. Some had sheep or other animals. But one man had a child across his horse — a little girl. She had on a very expensive dress, and I thought it was probably for this that the Doones had stolen her. I could not see whether she was alive or dead, but the sight of that child made me sad, and angry.

When we got home to the farm, my father did not come out to meet us, not even when the dogs ran up and made a lot of noise. ‘Perhaps he has visitors,’ I thought, ‘and is too busy to come out.’ But really I knew this was not true. I went away and hid. I didn’t want anyone to tell me anything. I heard my mother and sister crying when they came out to find me, but I could not look at them.

我想骑快些，好尽快穿过杜恩路，但约翰·弗赖伊比我更有经验。

“慢慢走，别出声，”他说，“要是你还想见到自己家的话。”

但当我们来到杜恩路所在的山谷时，却听见了马蹄声。

“快躲起来！”约翰说道，我们骑马走下小路躲藏起来。但我想看看杜恩家族的人，于是便爬上了能俯视小路的一座小山。在那里，我看见了可怕的一幕。

我身下的小路上，三十名骑马的人正静悄悄地前行。跟所有杜恩家族的人一样，他们身材魁梧强壮；他们身披战衣，携带着枪支。马上捆着他们打劫的所有战利品，有的人还牵着绵羊和其他一些家畜。但其中一人的马背上却横放着一个小孩——一个小姑娘。她衣着华贵，我想这很可能就是杜恩家族的人将她抢来的原因。我看不清她是否还活着，但眼前这情形让我既难过又愤怒。

当我们回到农庄的家中时，父亲没出来迎接我们，就连那几条狗跑上前来汪汪乱叫时也不见他的踪影。“也许他有客人，”我想，“忙得没工夫出来了。”但其实我明白事实并非如此。我离开众人躲了起来，不希望任何人告诉我任何事。当母亲和姐姐出来找我时，我听见了她们的哭泣声，但却无法抬眼看她们。

Later they told me everything: my father had been killed. He had been murdered by the Doones.

It happened on his way back from the market at Porlock, on a Saturday evening. He was riding with six other farmers, and the Doones stopped them and asked them for their money. The other farmers passed their money over at once, but my father was brave. He rode at them, waving his long stick above his head. He managed to hit quite a few heads, but one Doone was waiting at the side of the road with a gun, and shot him.

* * *

Although we knew it was the Doones who had killed my father, it was useless even to ask the local judges or law officers to do anything about it. They were afraid of the robbers, too — or were even helping them. The Doones did almost anything they wanted on Exmoor.

They were not local people. They came from the north of England, where their leader, Sir Ensor Doone, had been a rich man, with a lot of land. But he argued with his cousin, the Earl of Lorne, who had even more land, and because of the trouble he caused, the King took away nearly everything that Sir Ensor owned. A proud, angry man, Sir Ensor refused to make peace with his cousin, and without his land and farms he became very poor. Then he found that people who had once been happy to know him now turned away from him.

后来，她们把一切都告诉了我：父亲被杀害了。他被杜恩家族的人给杀了。

那是一个星期六的晚上，父亲在从帕洛克的集市回来的路上遭遇了不测。他当时和另外六名农夫骑马同行，被杜恩家族的人拦路抢劫。其他农夫立刻将自己的钱交了出去，但我父亲很勇敢。他在头顶上空挥舞着自己的长棍子，骑着马朝对方冲了过去。他击中了好几个人的头，但杜恩家族有一个人端着枪守候在路边，开枪将他射死了。

* * *

虽然我们知道杀害父亲的是杜恩家族的人，但即使请求本地法官或检察长采取行动也毫无用处。他们也害怕那些强盗——有时甚至会成为强盗的帮凶。杜恩家族的人在埃克斯莫尔几乎为所欲为。

他们不是本地人。他们来自英格兰北部，其首领恩索尔·杜恩爵士曾是那里的富翁，拥有良田千顷。但恩索尔爵士跟拥有更多田产的堂兄洛恩伯爵发生了争执，而正因为他引起了纷争和事端，国王下令剥夺他的财产，使他变得几乎一无所有。高傲而愤怒的恩索尔爵士拒绝同堂兄和解，而失去了田产和农庄后，他变得一贫如洗。接着，他发现曾与他交好的人们如今对他唯恐避之不及。

shoot *v.* kill or wound (a person or animal) with a bullet or arrow 射死; 射伤
argue *v.* exchange diverging or opposite views heatedly 争吵; 争执
earl *n.* a man with a high social rank 伯爵

After this, Sir Ensor lived his life outside the law. With his wife and family and a few servants, he looked all over the country for a place to live, where no one would know him, and he could start again. He chose Exmoor, where few people live, and found the perfect place to build a new home.

This was the place we now call Doone valley. It is a green valley far from any town, surrounded by steep, rocky mountains. At first Sir Ensor lived peacefully, and the local people were friendly, even bringing him presents of food. But as his sons grew older, they did not want to work as farmers, and they began to take whatever they needed from the local farms and villages. They carried off farmers' daughters to be their wives and give them sons, and so over the years the Doone family became bigger and bigger.

They began as robbers, but robbery had quickly led to violence and murder. The people of Exmoor were too afraid to fight back because the Doones were big, strong men and excellent fighters, and now only soldiers could hope to break into their valley and defeat them.

So there was no punishment for my father's murderer. We buried him quietly, and my mother was left without a husband, to manage our farm and take care of her three children. We were too young to be of much help to her yet. I was the oldest, then there was Annie, two years younger than me, then little Lizzie.