



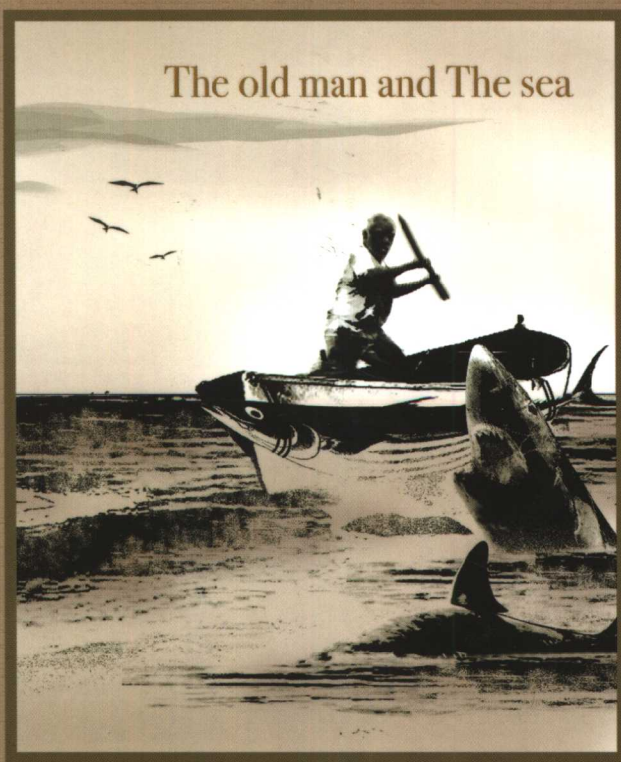
名著名篇双语对照丛书

美国经典文学名著

老人与海

中英对照

海明威 著 朱莉萍 编译



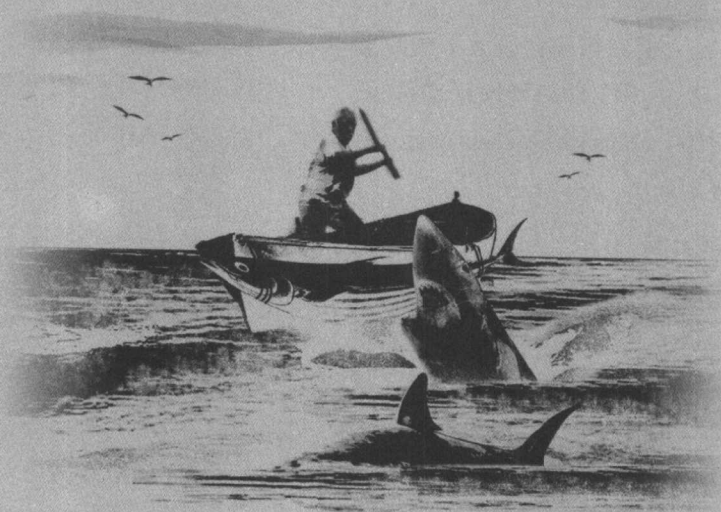
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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

老人与海/(美)海明威著;朱丽萍译. —北京:中国书籍出版社, 2005.1

(名著名篇双语对照丛书)

ISBN 7-5068-1183-9

I. 老... II. ①海... ②朱... III. 英语—对照读物,
小说—英、汉 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2004)第114092号

责任编辑/周芷旭

责任印制/刘颖丽 武雅彬

封面设计/智道设计工作室/黄俊杰

出版发行/中国书籍出版社

地 址:北京市丰台区太平桥西里38号(邮编:100073)

电 话:(010)63455164(总编室) (010)63454858(发行部)

电子信箱:chinabp@vip.sina.com

经 销/全国新华书店

印 刷/北京高岭印刷有限公司

开 本/787毫米×1092毫米 1/16

印 张/10 印张

开 本/150千字

版 次/2005年1月第1版 2005年1月第1次印刷

印 数/0001-5000册

定 价/16.00元

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He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been with him. But after forty days without a fish, the boy's parents had told him that the old man was now definitely and finally *salao*, which is the worst form of unlucky, and the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first week.

It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat.



他是一位老人，独自划着小船在墨西哥湾流中打鱼为生，八十四天过去了，还是没有逮到过一条鱼。头四十天里，有个小男孩跟随着他工作，而四十天之后，这男孩的父母便告诉孩子说，这老人如今的的确确“倒了血霉”，也就是说倒霉到了极点。孩子只好听从父母的嘱咐，到另一条船上去捕鱼，那艘船不出一星期就捕到三条好鱼。

男孩每天看着老人划着空船回来，心里总是感到非常难过，所以总是在老人回来时，下岸去帮忙拿成卷的钓线、鱼钩和鱼叉，还有那卷在桅杆上的船帆。船帆用面粉袋打着补丁，卷起的时候，就好像一面象征永远失败的旗帜。

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

“Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff was hauled up. “I could go with you again. We’ve made some money.”

The old man had taught the boy to fish and the boy loved him.

“No,” the old man said. “You’re with a lucky boat. Stay with them.”

“But remember how you went eighty-seven days without fish and then



老人瘦弱而憔悴，颈后有深深的皱纹，脸颊上则有灰棕色肿起的斑块，那是热带海洋上反射出来的阳光所晒出来的良性皮肤瘤。斑块从他脸的两侧蔓延下去，他的双手则因为拉扯沉重的鱼绳而留下了深深的疤痕。这些经年累月造成的疤痕，就像没有半条鱼的沙漠里被风沙一再侵蚀的地层一样苍老。

这个老人是那么苍老，除了那双眼睛，如同海水一般湛蓝，并且充满了愉悦与不屈服的神气。

“圣地亚哥，”当他们把小船系好，走上岸时那男孩对老人说，“我又可以和你一起出海了，我们家赚了一些钱。”

老人曾经教过小男孩如何捕鱼，因此，男孩很敬爱这位老人。

“不，”老人说，“你现在跟上的是一条幸运的船，要好好跟着他们。”

“但是，你该记得有一次你连续八十七天都没抓到鱼，而接下来的三个星

we caught big ones every day for three weeks.”

“I remember,” the old man said. “I know you did not leave me because you doubted.”

“It was papa made me leave. I am a boy and I must obey him.”

“I know,” the old man said. “It is quite normal.”

“He hasn’t much faith.”

“No,” the old man said. “But we have. Haven’t we?”

“Yes,” the boy said. “Can I offer you a beer on the Terrace and then we’ll take the stuff home.”

“Why not?” the old man said. “between fisherman.”

They sat on the Terrace and many of the fishermen made fun of the old man and he was not angry. Others, of the older fishermen, looked at him and



期，天天捉到大鱼。”

“我记得，”老人说，“我知道你并不是因为对我没信心而离开我的。”

“是爸爸要我离开你的。我是个孩子，我必须要听他的话。”

“我能够理解，”老人说，“这很正常。”

“他没多少信心。”

“是没有，”老人说，“可是我们有呀！不是吗？”

“是啊！”男孩说，“让我请你到露天酒吧喝杯啤酒吧！然后我们再把这些东西拿回去。”

“那好啊！”老人说：“反正我们都是打鱼人嘛。”

当他们在露天酒吧坐下来，许多渔夫都取笑老人，而他并不生气；其他一些上了年纪的渔夫只是看着他并觉得很难过。但是，他们并没有表露出来，只

were sad. But they did not show it and they spoke politely about the current and the depths they had drifted their lines at and the steady good weather and of what they had seen.

The successful fishermen of that day were already in and had butchered their marlin out and carried them laid full length across two planks, with two men staggering at the end of each plank, to the fish house where they waited for the ice truck to carry them to the market in Havana. Those who had caught sharks had taken them to the shark factory on the other side of the cove where they were hoisted on a block and tackle, their livers removed, their fins cut off and their hides skinned out and their flesh cut into strips for salting.

When the wind was in the east a smell came across the harbour from the shark factory; but today there was only the faint edge of the odour because the wind had backed into the north and then dropped off and it was pleasant and sunny on the Terrace.

是很客气地谈论着潮流与垂钓的深度，还有稳定的好天气，以及海上的见闻。

当天收获好的渔夫都已回来了，并将他们捕捉到的马林鱼宰杀干净，摊开在两块厚木板上。每块木板的一端都各有两个人抬着，蹒跚地送进鱼场里，在那里等着冷藏卡车把鱼载往哈瓦那的市场去。而那些捉到鲨鱼的渔夫，也把鲨鱼送到这小海湾另一边的鲨鱼加工厂，用滑轮把鲨鱼吊起来，取出肝脏、割去鱼鳍、剥下鱼皮，把鱼肉切割成条状用以腌制。

每当吹起东风，鲨鱼加工厂的鱼腥味便从港湾飘过来。但是，今天只有微微的一点味道，这是因为转成了北风，而且风逐渐变小了，露天酒吧上阳光明亮而舒适。

“Santiago,” the boy said.

“Yes,” the old man said. He was holding his glass and thinking of many years ago.

“can I go out to get sardines for you for tomorrow?”

“No. Go and play baseball. I can still row and Rogelio will throw the net.”

“I would like to go. If I cannot fish with you, I would like to serve in some way.”

“You bought me a beer,” the old man said. “You are already a man.”

“How old was I when you first took me in a boat?”

“Five and you nearly were killed when I brought the fish in too green and he nearly tore the boat to pieces. Can you remember?”

“I can remember the tail slapping and banging and the thwart breaking and the noise of the clubbing. I can remember you throwing me into the bow



“圣地亚哥”男孩说。

“嗯！”老人响应着。他拿着酒杯，正陶醉在往日的回忆之中。

“我去帮你准备明天要用的沙丁鱼，好吗？”

“不用了，你去打棒球吧！我还能划船，而且罗赫略会帮我撒网的。”

“我想去。既然我不能跟你一起打鱼，我想至少可以帮你一点忙。”

“你已经请我喝啤酒了呀。”老人说，“你已经长大成人了。”

“你第一次带我到船上去的时候，我几岁？”

“五岁，那一次你差点送掉小命。当时，我钓上了一条大鱼，但是，过早把它拉上来，害得整条船差点被它撞碎了，你还记得吗？”

“我记得那鱼尾猛劲儿拍打着，座板被打折了，还有你用木棒敲打鱼的声音”

where the wet coiled lines were and feeling the whole boat shiver and the noise of you clubbing him like chopping a tree down and the sweet blood smell all over me.”

“Can you really remember that or did I just tell it to you?”

“I remember everything from when we first went together.”

The old man looked at him with his sun-burned, confident loving eyes.

“If you were my boy I’d take you out and gamble,” he said. “But you are your father’s and your mother’s and you are in a lucky boat.”

“May I get the sardines? I know where I can get four baits too.”

“I have mine left from today. I put them in salt in the box.”

“Let me get four fresh ones.”



音。我还记得，你把我推到了船头，那里有一卷卷湿淋淋的钓线，我可以感觉到整条船不停地摇摆，你用木棒敲打它的声音，简直就像砍树一样，而我浑身都是那甜甜的血腥味。”

“你真的还记得这些吗？还是我以前跟你说过？”

“从我们第一次一块儿出海开始，每一件事我都记得很清楚。”

老人用他那被太阳炙伤却充满自信与怜爱的眼神望着他。

“如果你是我的孩子，我就一定带你出去赌一赌运气，”他说，“但是，你是你爸爸妈妈的孩子，你现在搭的这条船又那么走运。”

“我去弄点沙丁鱼，好吗？我还知道有一个地方可以弄到四个鱼饵。”

“我今天的还剩下一些。我已经把它们腌在盒子里了。”

“还是让我去给你弄四个新鲜的吧。”

“One,” the old man said. His hope and his confidence had never gone. But now they were freshening as when the breeze rises.

“Two,” the boy said.

“Two,” the old man agreed. “You didn’t steal them?”

“I would,” the boy said. “But I bought these.”

“Thank you,” the old man said. He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no loss of true pride.

“Tomorrow is going to be a good day with this current,” he said.

“Where are you going?” the boy asked.

“Far out to come in when the wind shifts. I want to be out before it is light.”

“I’ll try to get him to work far out,” the boy said. “Then if you hook



“一个就足够了,”老人说。他从来没有失去希望和信心,而现在,一股重新点燃的希望和自信又如一阵微风悄悄升起了。

“两个,”男孩说。

“那就两个。”老人同意了。“你该不是偷来的吧?”

“我不是不愿意去偷!”男孩说,“但这几个是我买的。”

“谢谢你,”老人说,想不起他几时变得如此谦虚——他实在太朴实了。但他知道他已经如此,而且也知道这并不丢脸,更无损于他真正的自尊心。

“照这样的海流看来。明天会是好天气。”他说。

“你要到哪里去?”男孩问道。

“划到远处,转了风向就往回走。我想在天亮前就出发。”

“我会尽量让我的船主也开远一点去捕鱼,”男孩说,“这样如果你钓到一

something truly big we can come to your aid.”

“He does not like to work too far out.”

“No,” the boy said. “But I will see something that he cannot see such as a bird working and get him to come out after dolphin.”

“Are his eyes that bad?”

“He is almost blind.”

“It is strange,” the old man said. “He never went turtle-ing. That is what kills the eyes.”

“But you went turtle-ing for years off the Mosquito Coast and your eyes are good.”

“I am a strange old man.”

“But are you strong enough now for a truly big fish?”



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条真正的大鱼什么的，我们便可以过来帮你的忙。”

“他不喜欢到太远的地方去捕鱼。”

“是不喜欢，”男孩说，“但是我看得见一些他看不见的东西，比方说，我看见海鸟在捕鱼时，那我就可以叫他去追捕海豚。”

“他的眼睛真有这么差吗？”

“他几乎快瞎了。”

“真是奇怪！”老人说，“还好他从没去捕过海龟，那才是最伤眼睛的呢！”

“可你在莫斯基托海岸外捕捉海龟那么多年，你的眼力还是那么好啊。”

“我是个奇怪的老头。”

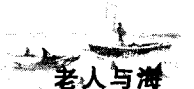
“那你现在如果要对付一条大鱼，体力还够吗？”

“I think so. And there are many tricks.”

“Let us take the stuff home,” the boy said. “So I can get the cast net and go after the sardines.”

They picked up the gear from the boat. The old man carried the mast on his shoulder and the boy carried the wooden box with the coiled, hard-braided brown lines, the gaff and the harpoon with its shaft. The box with the baits was under the stern of the skiff along with the club that was used to subdue the big fish when they were brought alongside. No one would steal from the old man but it was better to take the sail and the heavy lines home as the dew was bad for them and, though he was quite sure no local people would steal from him, the old man thought that a gaff and a harpoon were needless temptations to leave in a boat.

They walked up the road together to the old man's shack and went in through its open door. The old man leaned the mast with its wrapped sail against the wall and the boy put the box and the other gear beside it. The



009

“我想没有问题，而且我还有很多窍门儿。”

“我们先把这些东西拿回家吧，”男孩说，“然后我才好拿鱼网去捕一些沙丁鱼。”

他们把渔具从船上拿上来，老人扛起桅杆，小男孩抱着木箱子，木箱里面装满了一卷卷缠得结实的棕色钓线、鱼钩、带杆的鱼叉。装饵的箱子和一根木棒一起都放在船尾。木棒是用来制服拖到船上的大鱼。其实，不会有人偷老人的东西，不过因为露水会浸坏这些东西，所以还是把帆和粗鱼线拿回去妥当些。虽然，老人也相信当地没有人会偷他的东西，但他总觉得把鱼钩和鱼叉丢在船上，是对别人不必要的诱惑。

他们一同沿路走上老人的茅屋，从敞着的门走进屋内。老人将卷着帆的桅杆靠着墙边立着，男孩把箱子和其他渔具搁在一边。桅杆几乎和小屋一样长，

mast was nearly as long as the one room of the shack. The shack was made of the tough budshields of the royal palm which are called guano and in it there was a bed, a table, one chair, and a place on the dirt floor to cook with charcoal.

On the brown walls of the flattened, overlapping leaves of the sturdy fibered guano there was a picture in color of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and another of the Virgin of Cobre. These were relics of his wife. Once there had been a tinted photograph of his wife on the wall but he had taken it down because it made him too lonely to see it and it was on the shelf in the corner under his clean shirt.

“What do you have to eat?” the boy asked.

“A pot of yellow rice with fish. Do you want some?”

“No. I will eat at home. Do you want me to make the fire?”

“No. I will make it later on. Or I may eat the rice cold.”

“May I take the cast net?”



老人与海

010

这小屋是用大椰子树上被称做“海鸟粪”的坚硬的苞壳做成的，小屋里有一张床、一张桌子和一把椅子，泥地上还有一块可以用煤炭煮饭的地方。

小屋褐色的墙是用纤维结实的“海鸟粪”展平后相叠而成的，墙上挂着一张基督圣心像和一张科布莱圣母图，这些都是他死去的妻子留下的东西。以前墙上也挂着他妻子的彩色照片，但是他把它拿下来了，因为看着它更感到有着无限孤寂，现在它被摆放在墙角的架子上，盖在一件干净的衬衫底下。

“你有什么可以吃的东西？”男孩问。

“一锅黄米饭和鱼。你想吃一点吗？”

“不，我回家去吃。你要我帮你升火吗？”

“不，我等一会再升火。要不我就吃冷饭就好。”

“我把鱼网带回去，好吗？”

“Of course.”

There was no cast net and the boy remembered when they had sold it. But they went through this fiction every day. There was no pot of yellow rice and fish and the boy knew this too.

“Eighty-five is a lucky number,” the old man said. “How would you like to see me bring one in that dressed out over a thousand pounds?”

“I’ll get the cast net and go for sardines. Will you sit in the sun in the doorway?”

“Yes. I have yesterday’s paper and I will read the baseball.”

The boy did not know whether yesterday’s paper was a fiction too. But the old man brought it out from under the bed.

“Perico gave it to me at the bodega,” he explained.



“当然可以的。”

其实并没有什么鱼网，男孩还记得他们是什么时候把网子卖掉的。可是，他们每天总要假装地来这么一套对话。男孩也清楚，根本就没有一锅黄米饭和鱼。

“八十五是个幸运的数字。”老人说：“我要是拖回一条一千多磅重的鱼，你高兴吗？”

“当然。我去拿网逮沙丁鱼，你坐在门口晒晒太阳，好吗？”

“好的，我有一张昨天的报纸，我来看看有什么棒球赛的消息。”

男孩不知道是否连“昨天的报纸”也是虚构的，但老人果然从床底拿出一张报纸。

“佩里科在酒窖里拿给我的。”他解释道。

“I'll be back when I have the sardines. I'll keep yours and mine together on ice and we can share them in the morning. When I come back you can tell me about the baseball.”

“The Yankees cannot lose.”

“But I fear the Indians of Cleveland.”

“Have faith in the Yankees my son. Think of the great DiMaggio.”

“I fear both the Tigers of Detroit and the Indians of Cleveland.”

“Be careful or you will fear even the Reds of Cincinnati and the White Sox of Chicago.”

“You study it and tell me when I come back.”

“Do you think we should buy a terminal of the lottery with an eighty-five? Tomorrow is the eighty-fifth day.”

“We can do that,” the boy said. “But what about the eighty-seven of your great record?”



“我弄到了沙丁鱼就回来。我会把你的和我的放在一起冰起来，明天早上可以一人一半。等我回来，你再告诉我棒球赛的消息。”

“扬基队不会输的。”

“但是，我怕克利夫兰的印第安队会赢。”

“我的孩子，要对扬基队有信心，想想那伟大的迪马吉奥。”

“底特律的老虎队和克利夫兰的印第安队都令我担心。”

“你再这样没信心，恐怕连辛辛那提的红队和芝加哥的白袜队，你都会害怕起来了。”

“你再好好研究吧！等我回来的时候再告诉我。”

“你想我们要不要买一张尾数是八十五的彩券，明天就是第八十五天了。”

“可以啊。”男孩说，“但是你那八十七天的伟大记录你忘了吗？”

“It could not happen twice. Do you think you can find an eighty-five?”

“I can order one.”

“One sheet. That’s two dollars and a half. Who can we borrow that from?”

“That’s easy. I can always borrow two dollars and a half.”

“I think perhaps I can too. But I try not to borrow. First you borrow. Then you beg.”

“Keep warm old man,” the boy said. “Remember we are in September.”

“The month when the great fish come,” the old man said. “Anyone can be a fisherman in May.”

“I go now for the sardines,” the boy said.

When the boy came back the old man was asleep in the chair and the sun was down. The boy took the old army blanket off the bed and spread it



“一样的事不可能再发生了。你能买到八十五号的彩券吗?”

“我可以订到一张。”

“一张要两块半，我们可以跟谁借呢?”

“那倒不难，我可以借到两块半的。”

“我想我也许也借得到，但我尽量避免借钱，一开始你借钱，再来就要乞讨了。”

“老人家，穿暖和点，”男孩说，“现在已经是九月份了。”

“正是逮大鱼的月份，”老人说，“在五月里谁都能轻松做个好渔夫。”

“我去弄沙丁鱼。”男孩说。

男孩回来的时候，老人坐在椅子上睡着了，太阳也已经下山了。男孩把床

over the back of the chair and over the old man's shoulders. They were strange shoulders, still powerful although very old, and the neck was still strong too and the creases did not show so much when the old man was asleep and his head fallen forward. His shirt had been patched so many times that it was like the sail and the patches were faded to many different shades by the sun. The old man's head was very old though and with his eyes closed there was no life in his face. The newspaper lay across his knees and the weight of his arm held it there in the evening breeze. He was barefooted.

The boy left him there and when he came back the old man was still asleep.

"Wake up old man," the boy said and put his hand on one of the old man's knees.

The old man opened his eyes and for a moment he was coming back from a long way away. Then he smiled.

上的旧军毯拿来铺在椅背上，盖着老人的肩膀。老人的肩膀很奇怪，人虽然衰老了，肩膀却依然结实，他的脖子也还是那么坚挺，熟睡的时候，头向前倾，脖子上的皱纹也没有那么明显了。他的衬衫已经补过许多次，就像他的帆一样，而补丁被太阳晒得褪成各种深浅不同的颜色。不过，老人的脸色确实非常苍老了，眼睛一闭上，带走了脸上所有的生气。报纸摊在他的膝盖上，一双手臂它压在那里，才没有被黄昏的微风吹走。老人双脚赤裸着。

男孩把他一个人留在那里，他再回来的时候，老人还在睡着。

"醒醒吧，老人家！" 男孩把手放在老人的膝盖上。

老人睁开眼睛，好一会儿才清醒，好像灵魂从很远的地方刚刚回来，他微笑起来。