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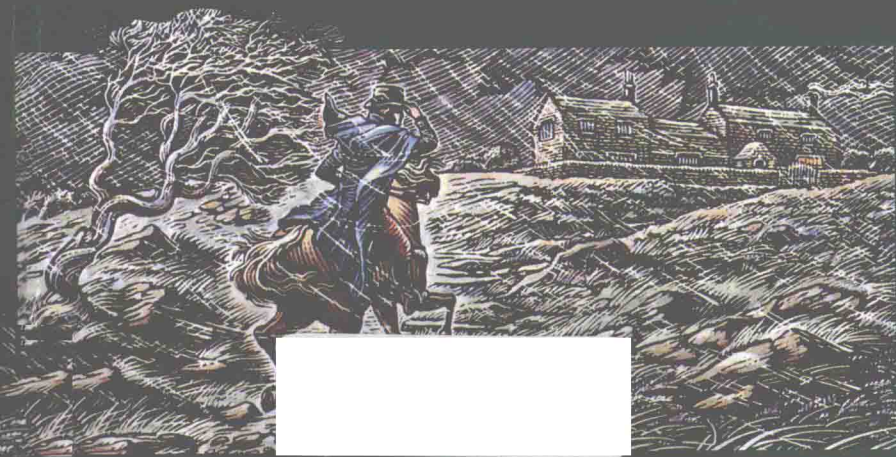
书虫·牛津英汉双语读物

■ Emily Brontë (英) 著

■ Clare West (英) 改写

Wuthering Heights

呼啸山庄



外语教学与研究出版社

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- Emily Brontë (英) 著
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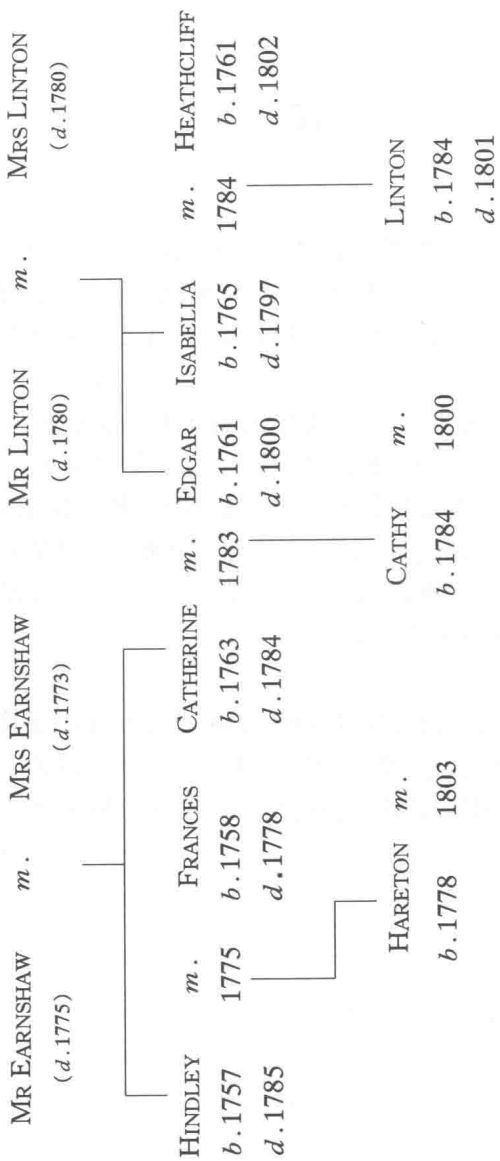
简介

爱情未必总是幸福的历程,相爱的人也未必总是彼此善待。我们都熟知很多恋人因外来压力不能相聚的故事——有时是因为他们的家庭,有时是迫于他们所处社会的世俗习惯。

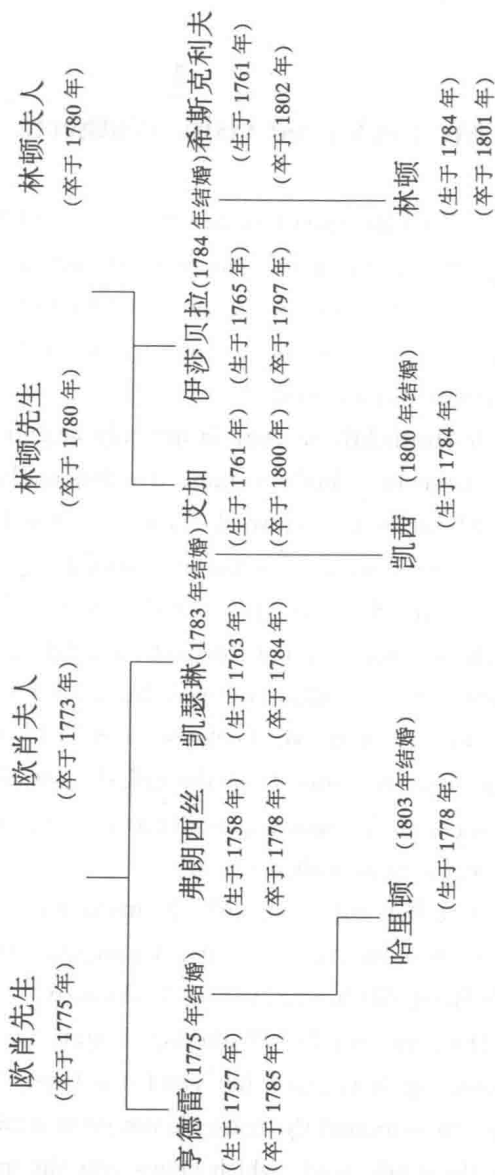
在《呼啸山庄》中,使恋人隔开的主要原因来自他们自身。这个故事中的人物,像现实世界的人们一样,有弱点——正是这些弱点导致了他们的不幸。他们高傲、自私;他们经常陷于感情纠葛之中,又不能决定自己的命运。爱情经常由于这些原因而失败,但现实生活中很少有像这个故事中所描述的这样动人心魄。

艾米莉·勃朗特(1818—1848)出生和生活于英格兰北部的约克郡,也是《呼啸山庄》这个故事发生的地方。她与她的姐姐夏洛蒂和妹妹安妮都属当时英格兰最伟大的小说家之列。

家 谱



家 谱



1

Mr Lockwood visits Wuthering Heights

L 801 I have just returned from a visit to my landlord, Mr Heathcliff. I am delighted with the house I am renting from him. Thrushcross Grange is miles away from any town or village. That suits me perfectly. And the scenery here in Yorkshire is so beautiful!

Mr Heathcliff, in fact, is my only neighbour, and I think his character is similar to mine. He does not like people either.

‘My name is Lockwood,’ I said, when I met him at the gate to his house. ‘I’m renting Thrushcross Grange from you. I just wanted to come and introduce myself.’

He said nothing, but frowned, and did not encourage me to enter. After a while, however, he decided to invite me in.

‘Joseph, take Mr Lockwood’s horse!’ he called. ‘And bring up some wine from the cellar!’ Joseph was a very old servant, with a sour expression on his face. He looked crossly up at me as he took my horse.

‘God help us! A visitor!’ he muttered to himself. Perhaps there were no other servants, I thought. And it seemed that Mr Heathcliff hardly ever received guests.

His house is called Wuthering Heights. The name means ‘a windswept house on a hill’, and it is a very good description. The trees around the house do not grow straight, but are bent by the north wind, which blows over the moors every day of

1 洛克伍德先生造访 呼啸山庄

1801年

我刚刚拜访我的房东希斯克利夫先生回来。我喜欢从他那儿租来的那座房子。画眉山庄无论离哪个村镇都有数英里之遥，正合我的心意。约克郡这儿的风景太美了！

希斯克利夫先生实际上是我唯一的邻居，我觉得他的性情与我相仿。他也不喜欢人群。

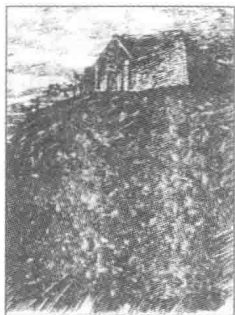
在通向他房子的院门前我见到了他。“我姓洛克伍德，”我说道，“我租用着您的画眉山庄。我是来同您打个招呼的。”

他没说话，却皱了一下眉头，不太愿意让我进去。但待了一会儿又决定请我进屋。

“约瑟夫，牵走洛克伍德先生的马！”他喊道，“到地窖里拿些酒上来！”约瑟夫是个很老的仆人，脸上表情乖戾。牵马时气鼓鼓地看了我一眼。

“上帝保佑！来了客人！”他自言自语地嘟囔着。我想可能再没有别的仆人了。看来希斯克利夫先生几乎从不接待客人。

他的房子叫呼啸山庄。意思是“狂风肆虐的山丘上的房子”，名字起得恰如其分。房子周围的树不是直着长，而是被常年累月里从荒原过来的北风吹弯了。



landlord *n.* man who has a house and lets people live there, for money. 男房东。
scenery *n.* a view or views of natural features, especially in open country. 风景。
cellar *n.* room in the ground under a house. 地窖。
description *n.* saying what something or someone is like. 描绘。
moor *n.* open, rough land on hills. 荒野。

the year. Fortunately, the house is strongly built, and is not damaged even by the worst winter storms. The name 'Earnshaw' is cut into a stone over the front door.

Mr Heathcliff and I entered the huge main room. It could have been any Yorkshire farmhouse kitchen, except that there was no sign of cooking, and no farmer sitting at the table. Mr Heathcliff certainly does not look like a farmer. His hair and skin are dark, like a gipsy's, but he has the manners of a gentleman. He could perhaps take more care with his appearance, but he is handsome. I think he is proud, and also unhappy.

We sat down by the fire, in silence.

'Joseph!' shouted Mr Heathcliff. No answer came from the cellar, so he dived down there, leaving me alone with several rather fierce-looking dogs. Suddenly one of them jumped angrily up at me, and in a moment all the others were attacking me. From every shadowy corner in the great room appeared a growling animal, ready to kill me, it seemed.

'Help! Mr Heathcliff! Help!' I shouted, trying to keep the dogs back. My landlord and his servant were in no hurry to help, and could not have climbed the cellar steps more slowly, but luckily a woman, who I supposed was the housekeeper, rushed into the room to calm the dogs.

'What the devil is the matter?' Mr Heathcliff asked me rudely, when he finally entered the room.

'Your dogs, sir!' I replied. 'You shouldn't leave a stranger

好在房子造得结实,即使是冬天最烈的风暴也毁不了。房子正门的一块石头上刻着“欧肖”这个名字。

希斯克利夫先生和我进到极大的正房。它很像是约克郡一个普通农家的厨房,只是没有做饭的迹象,桌旁也没坐着农夫。希斯克利夫先生看上去显然不像个农夫,他的头发和皮肤是深色的,像吉卜赛人,但有绅士的派头。他还能对自己的外表再多上点小心,但已经算得上英俊了。我觉得他很高傲,而且郁郁寡欢。

我们在火旁坐下,都没说话。

“约瑟夫!”希斯克利夫先生高声喊道。地窖里没有回答,于是他钻了下去,只剩下我单独和几条恶狗在一起。突然其中一条气势汹汹地跳起来扑向我,随即其他的几条也都攻向我。这大屋子的每个阴暗角落都蹿出一条嗥叫的恶兽,一副要杀了我的架势。

“救命呀!希斯克利夫先生!救命!”我一边竭力不让狗近身,一边高声喊道。我的房东和他的仆人根本不急于来解救我,不慌不忙地从地窖的楼梯往上爬。但幸运的是有个女人,我猜她是这儿的女管家,冲进屋里把狗制服了。

“搞什么鬼?”希斯克利夫先生无礼地问我道,这时他终于进了屋。

“是您的狗,先生!”我回答。“您不应该

gipsy *n.* someone with dark hair and eyes who lives in a caravan and never stays long in one place. 吉普赛人。**shadowy** *adj.* not clear. 幽暗的。

with them. They're dangerous.'

'Come, come, Mr Lockwood. Have some wine. We don't often have strangers here, and I'm afraid neither I nor my dogs are used to receiving them.'

I could not feel offended after this, and accepted the wine. We sat drinking and talking together for a while. I suggested visiting him tomorrow. He did not seem eager to see me again, but I shall go anyway. I am interested in him, even if he isn't interested in me.

* * *

Two days later Yesterday afternoon was misty and bitterly cold, but I walked the four miles to Wuthering Heights and arrived just as it was beginning to snow. I banged on the front door for ten minutes, getting colder and colder. Finally Joseph's head appeared at a window of one of the farm buildings.

'What do you want?' he growled.

'Could you let me in?' I asked desperately.

He shook his head. 'There's only Mrs Heathcliff indoors, and she won't open the door to you.'

Just then a young man appeared and called me to follow him. We went through the back door and into the big room where I had been before. I was delighted to see a warm fire and a table full of food. And this time there was a woman sitting by the fire. She must be Mrs Heathcliff, I thought. I had not imagined my landlord was married. She looked at me

把一个生人撤下,和它们在一起。它们很危险。”

“好了,好了,洛克伍德先生,喝点酒。我们这儿不常来生人,恐怕我和我这些狗都不知道怎么接待客人。”

这么一来我倒没了被冒犯的感觉,接过了酒。我们坐在一起边喝边聊了一会儿。我提议明天再来拜访他。他对再见我似乎并没有热情,但无论如何我也得去。我对他很有兴趣,虽然他对我没有。

两天后

昨天下午有雾,天气阴冷,但我走了四英里去呼啸山庄,刚到就开始下雪了。我在前门使劲儿敲了10分钟,觉得越来越冷。最后约瑟夫终于从一间农舍的窗子里探出头来。

“你想干什么?”他吼道。

“你能让我进去吗?”我绝望地问。

他摇了摇头。“只有希斯克利夫夫人在家,她不会给你开门的。”

就在这时出现了一个年轻人,叫我跟他走。我们从后门进了我曾去过的那间大屋。看到暖暖的一炉火和一张摆满饭菜的桌子,我精神一振。这次有一个女人坐在火旁。我猜她一定就是希斯克利夫夫人了。我没料到我的房东已有家室。她冷冰冰地看着我,一声没吭。

even if although. 即使。
misty adj. with sort of thin cloud near the ground. 有雾的。bitterly adv. very coldly. 严寒的。

coldly without saying anything.

‘Terrible weather!’ I remarked. There was silence.

‘What a beautiful animal!’ I tried again, pointing to one of the dogs that had attacked me. She still said nothing, but got up to make the tea. She was only about seventeen, with the most beautiful little face I had ever seen. Her golden wavy hair fell around her shoulders.

‘Have you been invited to tea?’ she asked me crossly.

‘No, but you are the proper person to invite me,’ I smiled.

For some reason this really annoyed her. She stopped making the tea, and threw herself angrily back in her chair. Meanwhile the young man was staring aggressively at me. He looked like a farm worker, but seemed to be part of the family. I did not feel at all comfortable. At last Heathcliff came in.

‘Here I am, sir, as I promised!’ I said cheerfully.

‘You shouldn’t have come,’ he answered, shaking the snow off his clothes. ‘You’ll never find your way back in the dark.’

‘Perhaps you could lend me a servant to guide me back to the Grange?’ I asked.

‘No, I couldn’t. There aren’t any servants here except Joseph and the housekeeper. Get the tea ready, will you?’ he added fiercely to the young woman. I was shocked by his unpleasantness.

We sat down to eat. I tried to make conversation with the

“这坏天气!”我说。还是沉默。

“真是条好狗!”我指着攻击过我的一条狗,又试探了一次。她还是没说话,却起身沏茶。她只有17岁上下,一张脸蛋儿是我所见过的最美的。她波浪般的金发披在肩上。

“有人请你来喝茶吗?”她别扭地问了我一句。

“不,但您可以请我,”我微笑着说。

这话不知为何让她真的有些不悦。茶也不沏了,怒气十足地一屁股坐回她的椅子。同时,那个年轻人也挑衅似地盯着我。他看起来像个农场做工的,但又似乎是这个家庭的成员。我觉得很不自在。最后希斯克克利夫终于进来了。

“我来了,先生,我说过我要来的!”我高高高兴兴地说。

“你不该来,”他回答,一边抖落衣服上的雪,“天黑了你别想找到回去的路。”

“也许您能派个仆人领我回画眉山庄?”我问道。

“不,我做不到。这儿除了约瑟夫和女管家就没有仆人了。把茶沏好,行吗?”他蛮横地对那个年轻女人加了一句。他的不悦让我大吃一惊。

wavy *adj.* bent. 卷曲的。
annoy *v.* make someone rather angry. 使生气。
aggressive *adj.* always ready to quarrel or attack. 爱挑衅的。
 aggressively *adv.*

three silent people round the table.

‘How happy you must be, Mr Heathcliff,’ I began, ‘in this quiet place, with your wife and—’

‘My wife! My wife’s ghost, you mean?’

I suddenly realized I had made a serious mistake. So his wife was dead! Of course he was too old to be married to that young girl. She must be married to the young man next to me, who was drinking his tea out of a bowl and eating his bread with unwashed hands. Perhaps the poor girl had found no one better to marry in this uninhabited area. I turned politely to the young man.

‘Ah, so you are this lady’s husband!’ This was worse than before. His face went red, and he seemed only just able to stop himself hitting me. He muttered something I could not hear.

‘Wrong again, Mr Lockwood,’ said Mr Heathcliff. ‘No, her husband, my son, is dead. This,’ he added, looking scornfully at the young man, ‘is certainly not my son.’

‘My name is Hareton Earnshaw,’ growled the young man.

We finished our meal in silence, and when I looked out of the window, all I could see was darkness and snow.

‘I don’t think I can get home without a guide,’ I said politely. No one answered me. I turned to the woman.

‘Mrs Heathcliff,’ I begged, ‘What can I do? Please help me!’

‘Take the road you came on,’ she replied without interest, opening a book. ‘That’s the best advice I can give.’

我们坐下开始进餐。我试着同桌边这三个默不作声的人搭话。

“您该有多幸福啊，希斯克利夫先生，”我说道，“在这个宁静的地方，与您的夫人和……”

“我的夫人！你指的是我夫人的灵魂吗？”

突然间我意识到我犯了个严重的错误。原来他的夫人已经死了！他这个年龄当然不会娶那么年轻的姑娘。她嫁的一定是我旁边的这个年轻人，他正从碗里喝茶，用来吃面包的手也没有洗。也许这可怜的姑娘在这人烟稀少的地方也找不到更好的人可嫁了。我恭敬地转向那年轻人。

“啊，原来您是这位夫人的丈夫！”这一下比刚才更糟。他的脸红了，似乎差点儿就忍不住要揍我。他嘟囔了些什么，但我没听清。

“又错了，洛克伍德先生，”希斯克利夫先生说，“不，她的丈夫，我儿子，已经死了。这位，”他边讥讽地看着那年轻人，边补充道，“当然不是我的儿子。”

“我叫哈里敦·欧肖，”年轻人吼道。

我们在沉默中吃完了饭，这时我往窗外望去，能看到的只是一片黑暗和雪花。

“我想，没有向导我回不了家的，”我礼貌地说。没人理睬我的话。我转向那女人。

“希斯克利夫夫人，”我恳求道，“我能怎么办？请帮帮我！”

conversation *n.* informal talk in which people exchange news, thoughts, etc. 交谈。**mutter** *v.* say words in a low voice. 咕哝。**scornful** *adj.* with no respect. 轻蔑的。

‘Mr Heathcliff, I’ll have to stay here for the night!’ I told him.

‘I hope that will teach you not to walk over the moors in bad weather,’ he answered. ‘I don’t keep guest bedrooms. You can share a bed with Hareton or Joseph.’

I was so angry with them all that I could not stay there a moment longer, and rushed out into the darkness. I saw Joseph by the back door, caught hold of the lamp he was carrying, and ran with it to the gate. But the dogs chased after me and attacked me, and I was soon knocked to the ground. Heathcliff and Hareton stood at the door, laughing, as I shouted at the dogs and tried to get up. In the end I was again rescued by the housekeeper, Zillah, who ordered away the dogs and helped me to my feet.

I was so bruised and exhausted that I did not feel strong enough to walk home, and although I did not want to, I had to spend the night at Wuthering Heights. Nobody wished me goodnight, as Zillah took me upstairs to find a bed for me.