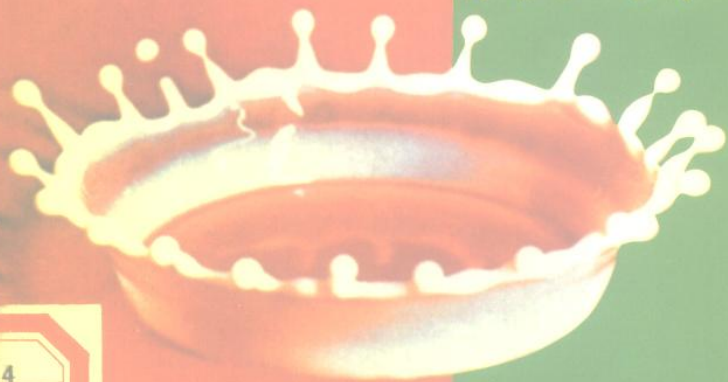


书虫·牛津英汉对照读物

Mary Queen of Scots

苏格兰玛丽女王



Tim Vicary

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著 Tim Vicary

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简介

1561年，苏格兰还是个未开化的国家。当年轻的苏格兰女王从法国回到苏格兰时，起初，她的人民非常高兴见到她。她的丈夫——法国国王死了，现在，她需要一个新的丈夫。可是玛丽，这位苏格兰女王是个天主教徒，而当时大多数的苏格兰人都是新教徒。当时的英格兰女王——伊丽莎白一世也是位新教徒。在那个年代，人们都乐于为他们自己的教会而战，并不惜献出生命。

年轻的玛丽女王该嫁给谁呢？谁是她的朋友，谁是她的敌人？玛丽既美丽又聪明，她热爱生活，喜欢冒险，也热爱人民。或许，她爱的人太多了。人们说她“又狂又坏，认识她是危险的”。但那是真的吗？

1587年，玛丽坐在英格兰的福瑟临黑城堡里，疲惫又忧伤。现在她是伊丽莎白女王的囚徒，不久将被送上断头台。她拿起笔开始给她的儿子詹姆斯——现在的苏格兰国王写信。这就是她一生的故事……

提姆·维克瑞是位经验丰富的教师、作家。他在英格兰北部的约克镇上居住、工作。

1

Fotheringhay

My name is Bess Curle, but this is not my story. It is the story of my lady Mary, Queen of Scots. She wrote the story, and then she gave it to me. I am going to give it to her son.

She began the story a week ago. It was January 1587, and we sat here in our cold room in Fotheringhay Castle, in the north of England. We couldn't see much from the window. One or two houses, a river, some trees, some horses, and a road. That's all.

The road goes to London, the home of Queen Elizabeth of England. Mary sat with her little dog in her hands and watched it, all day long.

No one came along the road. Nothing happened. I watched Mary, unhappily.

'Please, Your Majesty, come away from that window,' I said. 'It doesn't help. No one is going to come. Queen Elizabeth can't do it—Queens don't kill Queens.'

'Don't they, Bess?' Mary said. 'Then why are we here, in this prison? Why am I not free?'

'Why, Your Majesty? Because Queen Elizabeth is afraid of you.'

'That's right,' Mary said. 'She's afraid of me, and she hates me too. She hates me because I am beautiful, and she is not; because I had three husbands, and she never married.'

1 福瑟临黑



我的名字叫贝斯·柯尔，但这不是我的故事。它是有关我的夫人玛丽苏格兰女王的故事。她写下了这个故事，便交给我。我将把它转交给她的儿子。

她开始写这个故事是在一个星期以前。那是在 1587 年的 1 月，我们坐在英格兰北部福瑟临黑城堡中的一间寒冷的屋子里。透过窗户，我们看不到多少东西，一两幢房屋，一条河流，一些树木，几匹马和一条路，仅此而已。

这条路通往伦敦——英格兰伊丽莎白女王的住宅。一整天玛丽都坐着，手里抱着她的小狗，两眼望着这条路。

没有人从这条路上走来，什么也没有发生。我望着玛丽，心里很悲哀。

“陛下，请您离开那扇窗户吧，”我说道。“那没有用。不会有人来的。伊丽莎白女王不能那样做——女王不杀女王的。”

“难道他们不会吗，贝斯？”玛丽说。“那我们为什么会在这里，坐在这个监狱里？为什么我不能自由？”

“您问为什么吗，陛下？那是因为伊丽莎白女王害怕您。”

“对极了，”玛丽说。“她怕我，并且还恨我。她恨我是因为我漂亮，而她不漂亮；是因为我有三个丈夫，而她从没有结婚。还因为

lady *n.* a woman. 夫人。
queen *n.* woman who rules a country. 女王。
come along *v.* appear; arrive. 出现；到达。
hate *v.* feel sorry about something. 不喜欢。

And because many people—good Catholic people in England, France, Scotland, Spain—say that *I*, Mary, am the true Queen of England, not Elizabeth. And Elizabeth has no children, so, when she is dead, my son James. . . .’

She came away from the window and stood in front of me. ‘James,’ she said quietly, ‘my son. Does he think about me sometimes? He was only ten months old when I last saw him. It is nearly twenty years. . . .’

‘Of course he thinks about you, Your Majesty,’ I said. ‘You write to him often. How can he forget his mother?’

‘Then why doesn’t he write to me?’ Mary asked. ‘Does he want me to say here in an English prison?’

‘No, of course not, Your Majesty. But—he has a lot of work, Your Majesty. He is the King of Scotland, and. . . .’

‘He is *not* the King of Scotland, Bess,’ she said. ‘Not before I am dead. Remember that.’

‘No, Your Majesty, of course not. But perhaps people tell him things that are untrue. You know what people say. Perhaps—perhaps he thinks you killed his father.’

Mary’s face went white. She was very angry, and for a minute I was afraid. She said: ‘You know that’s a lie, Bess. It *is* a lie! I did not kill James’s father—I knew nothing about it!’

‘*I* know that, Your Majesty. But perhaps James doesn’t know it. He hears so many lies, all the time. He needs to know the true story. Why don’t you write, and tell him?’

许多人——好心的英格兰、法国、苏格兰、西班牙的天主教教徒们说我玛丽才是英格兰真正的女王，而非伊丽莎白。伊丽莎白没有小孩，因此，她死后，我的儿子詹姆斯……。”

她离开窗口走过来坐在我的面前。“詹姆斯，”她平静地说，“我的儿子。有时他会想起我吗？我最后一次见到他时他才10个月。都快20年了……”

“他当然会想您的，陛下，”我说。“你经常给他写信，他怎么可能忘记自己的母亲呢？”

“那为什么他不给我写信呢？”玛丽问道。“他想让我呆在英格兰监狱里吗？”

“不，当然不，陛下。可是——他有许多事要做，陛下。他是苏格兰的国王，而且……”

“他不是苏格兰国王，贝斯，”她说。“我没死，他就不是。记住这点。”

“是的，陛下，他当然不是。可是也许人们会告诉他一些不真实的情况。您知道人们会说什么。也许——也许他认为您杀死了他的父亲。”

玛丽的脸一下子变白了。她很愤怒，那会儿我真觉得害怕。她说：“你知道那是个谎言，贝斯。那是个谎言！我没有杀死詹姆斯的父亲——我对那一无所知！”

“我知道，陛下。可是也许詹姆斯不知道。他总是听到那么多谎言，他需要知道真实的情况。您为什么不写信告诉他呢？”

dead *adj.* not living. 死的。
quietly *adv.* 平静地。
king *n.* the most important man in a country. 国王。
remember *v.* keep something in your mind. 记住。
lie *n.* untrue words. 谎言。

Mary sat down slowly. She looked old and tired. 'All right, Bess,' she said. 'Give me a pen, please. I'm going to write to James, and tell him the true story. You can give it to him when I'm dead.'

'*Dead*, Your Majesty? Don't say that. You aren't going to die.'

Her old, tired eyes looked at me. 'Yes I am, Bess. You know what is going to happen. One day soon, a man is going to bring a letter from Queen Elizabeth. And then her men are going to kill me. But before I die, I would like to write to my son James. I want to tell him the story of my life. So give me a pen, please.'

I gave her a pen. This is what she wrote:

玛丽慢慢地坐了下来。她看起来又苍老又疲惫。“好吧，贝斯，”她说。“请给我一枝笔，我这就给詹姆斯写信，告诉他真实的故事。我死后，你可以把信交给他。”

“死？陛下，不要那样说。您不会死。”

她看着我眼神苍老而疲惫说道，“不，我会死的，贝斯。你知道将会发生什么。不久的一天，一个人带来伊丽莎白女王的一封信。随后，她的人便杀了我。但在我死之前，我要给我的儿子詹姆斯写信。我要告诉他我一生的故事。来，给我一枝笔吧。”

我拿给她一枝笔。这就是她所写的：

all right OK. 好的。 **look at** *watch someone or something*. 观看。 **kill** *v. make a living person die*. 杀死。 **wrote** *v. past tense of 'write'*. “写”的过去式。

2

France

Dear James. Very soon I am going to die, and meet my God. Before I die, I want to write the true story of my life for you. Everything that I write here is true—I cannot lie to you, or to God. Please believe that, James. It's important to me.

My father died when I was one week old, so I was the Queen of Scots when I was a baby. At first I lived with my mother in Scotland, and then, when I was five, I went to France. My mother was French, but she stayed in Scotland, and died there.

I went to France to marry the King of France's son. His name was Francis, and he was one year younger than me. In 1559, his father died, so Francis was King. Then I was Queen of France, and Queen of Scotland too.

I was very happy in France. Francis, my husband, was like a little brother to me. I think he loved me, but he was very young, and he was often ill. And then, in 1560, he died. He was sixteen years old.

When he died I was very unhappy, and my life was very different. There was a new King and Queen, and I wasn't important in France, any more. But I was still Queen of Scots, so I came back to Scotland. When I arrived in Scotland, I was a young girl of eighteen. My mother was dead, and there was no one there to meet me. I walked off the

2 法国

亲爱的詹姆斯，很快我就要死去，去见我的上帝了。在我死之前，我要给你写下我一生的真实的故事。在这里我写的一切都是真实的——我不能对你说谎，也不能对上帝说谎。请相信这一切，詹姆斯，这对我很重要。

在我出生只有一个星期的时候我的父亲便去世了。因此在我还是个婴儿的时候我就成了苏格兰的女王。起初我和母亲一起住在苏格兰，后来在我五岁的时候我去了法国。我母亲是法国人，可是她却呆在苏格兰直到去世。

我去法国并嫁给了法国王子。他叫弗朗西斯，比我小一岁。1559年，他的父亲去世了，因此弗朗西斯成了国王。于是，我既是法国王后，又是苏格兰女王。

在法国我很幸福。我的丈夫弗朗西斯就像是我的一个小弟弟。我想他是爱我的，但是他太年轻了，还经常生病。之后，1560年，他死了，年仅16岁。

他死后我非常伤心，而且我的生活也发生了很大的变化。法国有了新的国王和王后，我在法国已显得不再重要。但是我仍然是苏格兰的女王，因此，我回到了苏格兰。我回到苏格兰的那会儿，我是个才18岁的小姑娘。我的母亲已经去世了，因此没有人来接我。我下了船，就在海边的一间小屋里过夜。



believe *v.* to think something is true. 相信。 **baby** *n.* a very young child. 婴儿。 **happy** *adj.* glad. 高兴。 **meet** *v.* 迎接。

ship, and I slept in a little house near the sea.

Next day, the Scots lords came from Edinburgh. They were pleased to see me, and for a week everyone was happy. People smiled at me and sang in the streets. I think everyone liked me. Then, that Sunday, I went to church.

James, my son, you are a Protestant and I am a Catholic. You are a good man, and you love God, but your church and my church are enemies. I was born a Catholic, and I am going to die a Catholic. I love God, too—I hope you understand that. I'm not going to change now.

That Sunday, people shouted angrily in the streets. 'Your Majesty,' said the Scots lords. 'Scotland is a Protestant country. You can't go to a Catholic church here. The Scottish people don't like Catholics.'

'I'm sorry, my lords,' I said. 'But I am your Queen—no one tells me what to do. I don't hate Protestants, and I'm not going to kill them. The people can go to their Protestant churches, and pray to God there. But I'm going to pray with Catholics, in my church.'

People were angry because of that. A man called John Knox came to see me. He was a famous Protestant churchman, but I didn't like him. He was a big, angry man with black clothes. He hated the Catholic church, and wanted all Catholics to leave Scotland. To him, the Protestant church was the only true church of God. He said: 'Your Majesty, you're a young woman, like my daughter. Women can't understand difficult

第二天,苏格兰的贵族们从爱丁堡来了。他们见到我很高兴。有一个星期大家都很开心。人们朝我微笑,在大街上唱歌。我以为每个人都很喜欢我。然后,在那个星期天,我去了教堂。

詹姆斯,我的儿子,你是个新教徒而我只是个天主教徒。你是好人,且热爱上帝,可是你的教会和我的教会是仇敌。我生为天主教徒,死也是天主教徒。我也爱上帝,——我希望你能理解这些。即使现在我也不打算改变。

那个星期天,人们在大街上愤怒地叫喊。“陛下,”那些苏格兰贵族们说道。“苏格兰是个信奉新教的国家。你不能上这里的天主教教堂。苏格兰人民不喜欢天主教徒。”

“很抱歉,我的勋爵们,”我说。“可我是你们的女王——没有人能告诉我该怎样做。我不憎恨新教徒,也不会杀害他们。人们可以去他们的新教教堂,并在那里祈祷上帝。而我也将和天主教教徒们一起在我的教堂里向上帝祈祷。”

人们听到这些发怒了。一个名叫约翰·诺克斯的人来见我。他是个有名的新教教士,可我不喜欢他。他个头很大,怒气冲冲,穿着一身黑衣服。他憎恨天主教会,且想让所有的天主教教徒都离开苏格兰。对他来说,新教教会才是唯一真正属于上帝的教会。他说道:“陛下,你是位年轻女子,就像我的女儿。女人是不会懂得诸如上帝、教会这

be pleased to 很高兴做某事。**Catholic** *n.* 天主教教徒。**church** *n.* *God's house.* 教堂。**Protestant** *adj.* 新教教徒(的)。

things like God or the church. Find a good Protestant husband, girl. Let him rule this country for you.'

I was very angry with this man Knox. I was a Queen, but I was only eighteen. He didn't talk quietly—he shouted at me. I cried because of his angry words. I could not understand him—he talked so much, and he knew so many books. But I did not go to his church.

He was right about one thing. Perhaps I could rule Scotland without a man, but I could not have a child without one. And every Queen needs a son or daughter to come after her. So I began to look for a husband.

类困难的事情的。找一个新教徒的好丈夫吧,女孩,让他来为你统治这个国家。”

我对这个名叫诺克斯的男人很生气。我是女王,可我只 18 岁。他没有平静地和我说话——他对我大声叫嚷。由于他措词严厉,我哭了。我不能接受他——虽然他说了那么多,并读过那么多书,但我不会去他的教堂。

可有一点他是对的。没有男人,或许我可以统治苏格兰,但没有男人,我就不会有小孩。每个女王都需要有个儿子或女儿来继承王位。因此我开始物色一个丈夫。

husband *n.* man to whom a woman is married. 丈夫。
rule *v.* 统治 **shout** *v.* cry words out loudly and strongly. 呼喊;喊叫。
look for *to try to find.* 寻找。

3

Darnley and Riccio

At first I wanted to marry the son of the King of Spain, Don Carlos. But he was a Catholic, of course, and my Scots lords did not like that. It was difficult for me, James. I wanted to please myself. I wanted to please my friends and family in France and to please my people, too. And then there was the Queen of England.

At first I wanted very much to be friends with Elizabeth. We wrote many letters, and talked about a meeting—a meeting between two sister Queens. Elizabeth wrote to me at this time.

Our two countries need to be friends. You need a husband, I need a friend. Why not marry my friend Robert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester? He is a tall, strong man. I think he could be a good husband for you.

I was very angry about this letter. There were a lot of stories about Elizabeth and Robert Dudley. They were good friends—he often danced and sang and talked with her. Sometimes, people said, he stayed in her room all night. Dudley had a wife, but one day she died very suddenly. It was an accident—she fell down the stairs, they say. But then, perhaps she was unhappy, because of her husband and Elizabeth.

‘And she writes to me about a man like this!’ I thought. ‘She wants him to marry me, because he is her friend—her lover, perhaps! She wants her lover to be King of Scotland!’