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The Hunchback of Notre Dame

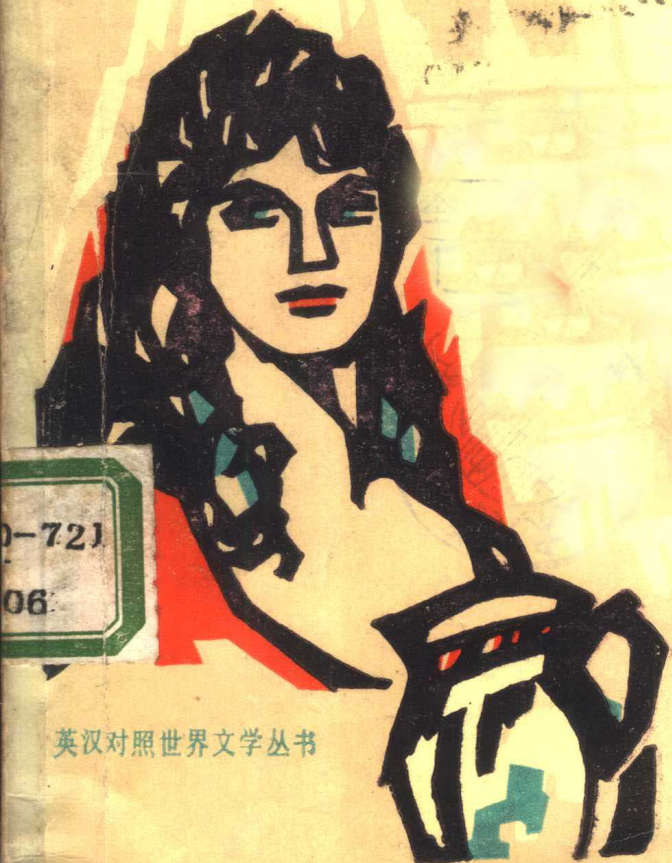
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简写本

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英汉对照世界文学丛书

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第一辑

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OF
NOTRE DAME

巴 黎 圣 母 院

(简 写 本)

[法] 维克多·雨果 原著

[英] 迈克尔·戴维斯 改写
~~迈克尔~~ 韦斯特

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译者的话

本书是《巴黎圣母院》的简写本。原著共十一卷，计四十余万字，是法国作家雨果的浪漫主义杰作。小说以十五世纪路易十一时代的巴黎为背景，通过女主人公吉卜赛女郎爱斯梅哈尔达的悲惨遭遇，愤怒地谴责了神父、法官的伪善和凶残，揭露了封建教会、专制王权愚弄人民、迫害人民的罪行，赞扬了下层平民团结友爱，正直善良的优秀品质，形象而深刻地反映了法国的社会生活和时代风貌。

善良美丽的吉卜赛女郎爱斯梅哈尔达依靠街头杂耍和跳舞为生。她的美貌引起了道貌岸然的伪君子——巴黎圣母院神父克罗德难以遏制的欲念。克罗德为了占有她，使尽了一切阴谋。他指使加西莫多抢她。正巧路过的皇宫卫队长法比带领卫队救出了爱斯梅哈尔达。天真纯洁的爱斯梅哈尔达因此爱上了徒有其表的花花公子法比。

加西莫多因为抢爱斯梅哈尔达而被处笞刑。受刑中加西莫多口渴如焚，爱斯梅哈尔达不念前愆，送水给他喝，这使这个外形十分丑陋、但内心非常善良的人，对她永远铭记不忘。

爱斯梅哈尔达对法比的爱，使克罗德妒火中烧。他潜至爱斯梅哈尔达和法比幽会的地方，刺伤了法比，并以此诬陷爱斯梅哈尔达，唆使政府逮捕

了她。在狱中，他千方百计逼迫爱斯梅哈尔达就范，都没有成功，绝望中他不惜把爱斯梅哈尔达送上了断头台。

在爱斯梅哈尔达将受绞刑时，加西莫多冒着生命危险，把爱斯梅哈尔达从绞刑架下抢救出来。事实教育了加西莫多，他终于明白了克罗德是谋害爱斯梅哈尔达的祸首，断然与克罗德决裂。

乞丐们为了营救爱斯梅哈尔达，攻进了巴黎圣母院。混乱中神父克罗德从圣母院塔楼上掉下去摔死，爱斯梅哈尔达终于跑出圣母院，走向自由的天地。

《巴黎圣母院》人物形象鲜明突出，社会背景广阔，描写富于诗情画意，具有浓厚的浪漫色彩，是十八到十九世纪欧洲浪漫主义文学的重要作品。

1981年10月

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THE
HUNCHBACK
OF
NOTRE DAME

巴 黎 圣 母 院

(简 写 本)

One

THE DANCER

"I'm cold and I'm hungry," said *Pierre Gringoire*¹, "and I haven't any money to buy my supper. No one wants the poems and the plays that I've written, and no one wants me."

Paris, twelve days after *Christmas*² in the year 1482, was a cold city; and many people who lived there were as cold, poor and thin as the poet Pierre Gringoire.

"I must give up being a writer," he said, "I shall die of hunger if I do not." He pushed his hands into his empty pockets and walked towards the square called the *Place de Grève*³. "Look at that crowd! They seem to be warm enough; I'll join them round their fire."

Many men and women were standing in the middle of the square. They looked black against the red light of a big fire of wood burning on the stones. Gringoire hurried across. There seemed to be a large open space between the people and the fire.

"I'm freezing!" said Gringoire, pushing into the crowd. "Why don't we all move nearer to the fire?"

"Because we must leave room for⁴ *Esmeralda*⁵, of course!" replied a fat fellow beside him.

跳 舞 者

“我冷我饿，”比埃尔·甘果瓦说道，“我身无分文，连晚饭钱都没有。没有人看中我写的诗和剧本，谁也不要我干什么。”

一四八二年圣诞节后十二天，巴黎是个寒冷的城市，那里有许多居民都象诗人比埃尔·甘果瓦一样饥寒交迫，骨瘦如柴。

“我得放弃做作家了，”他嘀咕着，“如果再不放弃，我要饿死了。”他双手插入空空如也的口袋，朝着名叫格雷夫的广场走去。“瞧那一堆人！他们似乎非常暖和，我去和他们一起围着火堆。”

广场中间站着许多男女。木头在石子上烧成一堆熊熊大火，在通红的火光映照下，他们看上去是黑压压的一片。甘果瓦匆匆地走过去，在人群和篝火中间似乎有一块很大的空地。

“我要冻僵了！”甘果瓦边说边挤进人群。“我们大家为什么不朝火堆靠拢些？”

“因为我们当然要给爱斯梅哈尔达留出空地的罗！”他身旁一个胖子答道。

1. Pierre Gringoire 比埃尔·甘果瓦(人名). 2. Christmas ['krɪsməs] 圣诞节(每年的十二月二十五日). 3. Place de Grève 格雷夫广场(地名). 4. leave room for ... 为……留出地方. 5. Esmeralda 爱斯梅哈尔达(人名).

"Who? I've never heard ..."

"Well, use your eyes. Look at her; isn't she lovely?"

Gringoire made himself tall enough to see over the hat of the woman *in front of*¹ him, and then he understood. There was Esmeralda! She was dancing between the watching crowd and the bright fire.

Gringoire, the poet, was not sure at first whether the graceful dancer was a girl or a fairy! She was small, with a dark skin and black hair. Her eyes were black too, and they shone as she danced. Her little feet moved on a rich Persian cloth which she had thrown over the stones of the square. Her dress was of many colours, bright with gold. Her legs and her shoulders were beautiful. In her right hand she carried a little drum with bells on it, and she hit it as she danced round and round.

"No," Gringoire said aloud, "she's not a fairy; I've seen *gipsies* with hair and eyes like those — but not as beautiful!"

"Of course she's a gipsy," said the fat fellow. "She's one of those wandering people who live in tents and move about from place to place, and she knows all the gipsies' tricks. ... See there!"

Esmeralda picked up two swords from the ground, and made them stand on their points on her head. Then she danced round one

“谁？我从来没听说过……”

“咳，睁开眼睛瞧瞧吧，瞧瞧她，难道她不可爱吗？”

甘果瓦踮起脚，从他前面那妇女戴着的帽子上望去，这时他才恍然大悟。是爱斯梅哈尔达呵！她正在明亮的篝火与观看的人群之间跳舞。

起先，诗人甘果瓦难以断定这个婀娜多姿的跳舞者究竟是个妙龄女郎还是仙女！她身材纤小，棕色的皮肤，黑色的头发。她的眼睛也是黑的，随着她翩翩起舞，闪烁着光亮。她小小的双足，舞动在她自己铺在广场石子地上的一块华丽的波斯地毯上。她的衣服五颜六色，金光灿烂。她的两腿和她的双肩十分美丽。她右手拿着一只带铃的小鼓，边敲边舞，不停地旋转着。

“不，”甘果瓦大声喊道，“她不是仙女，我见过许多吉卜赛人，眼睛和头发长得和她一模一样——但都没有这么美！”

“她当然是个吉卜赛人，”胖子说。“她是那些以篷为家，四处漂泊的流浪者之一，她还擅长吉卜赛人所有的戏法……瞧她！”

爱斯梅哈尔达从地上捡起两把剑，把剑头放在额头上竖起来。然后，她跳着舞朝一边旋转，而剑

way, while the swords went the other way. The red light from the fire added magic to her trick, and the crowd watched and wondered in silence.

"I could write a poem about this," thought Gringoire. He looked across the fire, at the corner of the square where the terrible gibbet stood. Many men and women had hung by the neck from that wooden arm. Gringoire felt suddenly afraid. "But why am I afraid?" he wondered; "I haven't broken the law."

Then he looked at the other corner of the square, at the little building called the *Rat-Hole*¹. *Sister Gudule*² lived in the Rat-Hole, in one room with iron bars across its only window. She could never come out: the Rat-Hole had no door. Everyone knew that she hated gipsies. She could not have seen Esmeralda, or she would have shouted curses, as she always did when gipsies came into the Place de Grève.

Esmeralda danced faster and faster, and the eyes of one face in the crowd around Gringoire were fixed on her with a strange look. The face was calm and still; but the eyes burned. The man was not more than thirty-five years old, but there were only a few hairs left on his head, and they were grey. Gringoire could see only his head: the man's clothes were hidden by the crowd.

The girl, breathless, stopped dancing, and the crowd shouted for more.

却向另一边转。通红的火光更为她的戏法增添了玄妙的色彩，人们屏息静气，惊异万分地观看着。

“我得为这写首诗，”甘果瓦思忖着。他的视线越过篝火，停留在广场那个竖立一座可怕的绞刑架的角落上。曾经有过多少男女被套上脖子吊死在那个木头吊臂上。甘果瓦突然感到恐惧。“可是，我为什么害怕？”他感到惊异，“我又不曾犯法。”

他随即朝广场另一个角落眺望，望着一座名叫鼠洞的小楼。修女居第尔就住在鼠洞楼的一个房间，里面只有一扇窗子，窗上还装了铁栅栏。她永远不能外出：鼠洞楼根本就没有门。人人都知道她憎恶吉卜赛人。她未曾看到爱斯梅哈尔达，否则的话，她会象看到吉卜赛人进入广场时那样照例地破口大骂。

爱斯梅哈尔达越舞越快，在甘果瓦旁边的人群中有一张脸，那两只眼睛用一种异样的神色死死地盯住她。这脸阴沉沉，毫无表情；两眼却在燃烧。他不满三十五岁，但头发已经稀疏而且灰白了。甘果瓦只能看清他的头，他的衣服被人群遮住了。

姑娘气喘喘地跳完舞，但人们高喊再来一个。

1. Rat-Hole ['ræt'həʊl] 老鼠洞(小楼名)。

2. Sister Gudule 居第尔(修女名)。

"*Djali!*" cried Esmeralda.

Gringoire then saw a little white goat come up to her. Its feet were golden, and it wore a silver chain round its neck. Gringoire had not noticed the goat before, because it had been lying down to watch Esmeralda dance.

"Djali," she said, "now *it's your turn*." She sat down and held out her drum to the goat.

"Djali," she asked, "what day of the month is it?"

The goat lifted its foot and, to the *delight of* the people, hit the drum six times.

"Well done, Djali!" shouted the children in the front of the crowd.

"What a wonderful beast!" cried the fat fellow.

"Djali," said the gipsy, moving the drum round a little, "which hour of the day is it?"

Djali lifted a gold foot and hit the drum seven times. At that moment the clock in the tower beside the square struck seven.

"It is all done by black magic," said an evil voice in the crowd. It was the voice of the man whose eyes were always on the gipsy girl. She turned round quickly, but the crowd shouted and the shouts hid the man's words.

"Djali," said the girl to please the crowd, "how do priests speak to people in church?"

The goat sat down and began to make a silly noise, waving its front feet in the air in a funny way. The people laughed and shouted

“得加里!”爱斯梅哈尔达喊着。

这时甘果瓦才看到一只白色小山羊跑到她身边，这只羊的脚是金色的，脖子上戴着一串银项链。甘果瓦刚才没注意到这羊，因为它一直趴在地上望着爱斯梅哈尔达跳舞。

“得加里，”她说，“现在该你来了。”她坐下去，把鼓伸到山羊面前。

“得加里，”她问道，“今天是本月几日?”

使人们高兴的是，山羊抬起一只脚，对着鼓踢了六下。

“妙极了，得加里!”人群前面的小孩们欢叫着。

“多么奇妙的牲畜!”胖子嚷了起来。

“得加里，”吉卜赛姑娘说着，稍稍转动一下鼓，“现在几点钟了?”

得加里抬起一只金色的蹄子，朝鼓踢了七下。正当这时，广场旁边塔楼上的钟也正好敲七下。

“这完全是妖术在作怪，”人群中一个阴险的声音说道。这就是那个总是目不转睛地望着吉卜赛姑娘的人的声音。她很快地转过身来，但人们在高声呼喊，呼喊声淹没了那人的声音。

“得加里，”为取悦观众，姑娘又说道，“牧师在教堂里是怎样对人们说话的?”

山羊坐下来，开始发出傻里傻气的声音，两只前脚在空中滑稽可笑地舞动着。人们更加放声大笑

1. Djali 得加里(山羊名). 2. it's your turn. 轮到你了.

3. to the delight of 使……高兴.

as loud as they could.

"It is wrong ! It is bad !" cried the voice of the man with only a few grey hairs.

The gipsy turned round again.

"Oh !" she said, "it's that ugly man !" and she *put out her tongue at* him. But there was fear in her eyes as she turned from him and went round among the crowd to collect money on her drum.

The people were generous, and when she came to Gringoire her drum was covered with big and little coins of gold and silver. Without thinking, Gringoire put his hand in his pocket. Of course he found that it was empty. "*The Devil* !" said Gringoire, feeling hot and foolish while the pretty girl stood in front of him with her drum. She watched him with her beautiful eyes, while he felt more and more silly. *If he had been rich, he would have given all his wealth to her !*³

A voice saved him, the voice of a woman from the far corner of the square.

"Go away ! Bad girl ! Gipsy !" cried the voice of the holy woman from the Rat-Hole.

This voice, which frightened Esmeralda, pleased the children and made them laugh.

"It's Sister Gudule !" they shouted. "Hasn't she had her supper ? She must be hungry ! We'll find her some food !" And they ran away.