



读名著 学英语

英汉双语经典阅读

# 战地钟声 (上)

*For Whom the Bell Tolls*



天津科学技术出版社



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# 编译者名单

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## ❀ 简 介 ❀

海明威 (Ernest Hemingway, 1899—1961) 是美国现代著名小说家, 世界公认的20世纪优秀作家之一。《战地钟声》(For Whom the Bell Tolls, 1940) 是以西班牙内战为背景正面描写战争的一部重要长篇小说。主人公罗伯特·乔丹是美国人, 为帮助西班牙共和政府作战, 被派往法西斯分子占领的后方, 在当地游击队的配合下执行炸桥任务, 负伤后牺牲。这部作品反映了作者热爱西班牙人民、反对法西斯的立场。由于在文学创作上所取得的巨大成就以及其作品所产生的世界性影响, 1954年海明威获得诺贝尔文学奖。

《战地钟声》于1943年被改编为同名电影, 并于转年获得了第16届奥斯卡最佳女配角奖和最佳电影、最佳男主角、最佳女主角、最佳男配角、最佳摄影、最佳艺术指导、最佳剪辑以及最佳音乐的八项提名。

## ❀ 小说人物关系谱 ❀

Robert Jordan 罗伯特·乔丹——美国爆破专家

María 玛丽亚——罗伯特·乔丹的爱人

Pablo 巴勃罗——游击队队长

Pilar 比拉尔——巴勃罗的妻子

Anselmo 安塞尔莫——年长的巴勃罗游击队队员

Rafael 拉斐尔——吉普赛人，巴勃罗游击队队员

Agustín 奥古斯——巴勃罗游击队队员

Fernando 费尔南多——巴勃罗游击队队员

Andres 安德烈斯——巴勃罗游击队队员，埃拉迪奥的兄弟

Eladio 埃拉迪奥——巴勃罗游击队队员，安德烈斯的兄弟

Primitivo 普里米蒂夫——巴勃罗游击队队员

El Sordo 艾苏道——另一支游击队队长

Joaquin 华金——艾苏道游击队队员

Golz 戈尔兹将军——共和军总司令

Kashkin 卡希金——俄罗斯爆破手

Captain Mora 莫拉上尉——法西斯政府军队指挥官

Lieutenant Berrendo 贝伦多中尉——法西斯政府军队军官

On April 14th, 1931, Spanish monarchy was overthrown and the Republic was established. In the congressional election on February 16th, 1936, the people front composed of the Communist Party, the Socialist Party, and the Left Wing of the Republican Party, as an overwhelming majority, established the united government.



With the open military support of Germany and Italy, General Franco rebelled on July 18th and Spanish Fascists soon occupied the northwest and the southwest in Spain. The international progressive force positively supported the Spanish Republic under the leadership of the Communist Parties of many countries. The International Brigades consisting of volunteers from many countries was established in France and its members participated in the Spanish Civil War in October.

The story occurred in May, 1937 in the mountain area of Madrid northwest. Fascist rebels occupied the mouth of the mountain, but several guerilla units were still taking activities. It told the story of Robert Jordan, a young American in the International Brigades attached to an antifascist guerilla unit in the mountains during the Spanish Civil War. As an expert in the use of explosives, he was given an assignment to blow up a bridge to accompany a simultaneous attack on the important city of Segovia.

西班牙于1931年4月14日推翻君主制，成立共和国。1936年2月16日的国会选举中，以共产党、社会党、共和党“左派”等为中坚力量的人民阵线，成立联合政府。在德国和意大利的公开武装支持下，弗朗哥将军于7月18日发动叛乱，西班牙法西斯组织很快占领了西班牙西北部及西南部。国际进步力量在各国共产党的领导下积极支援西班牙共和政府，在法国成立由许多国家的志愿者组成的国际纵队，于10月在西班牙参战。

本故事发生在1937年5月，地点是马德里西北部的山区。法西斯叛军占领山口，但在深山中有几个游击小组在开展敌后活动。一个年轻的国际纵队队员，美国人罗伯特·乔丹与西班牙内战期间在山区活动的反法西斯游击队取得了联系，作为爆破专家，他的任务是炸桥以配合收复重镇塞哥维亚的进攻。

Robert Jordan  
and Kashkin, a

Russian volunteer, carried out the task to blow up the train. The train was coming steadily. They saw it far away. They saw steam from it and then later came the noise of the whistle. Then it came chu-chu-chu steadily larger and larger and then, at the moment of the explosion, the front wheels

of the engine rose up and all of the earth seemed to rise in a great cloud of blackness and a roar and the engine rose high in the cloud of dirt and of the Wooden ties rising in the air and then it fell onto its side like a great wounded animal and there was an explosion of white steam before the clods of the other explosion had ceased to fall on them.



罗伯特·乔丹和  
一名俄罗斯志

愿者卡希金执行炸火车的任务。火车稳稳地开来，他们远远地看到了火车，望到了火车喷出的蒸汽，接着听到汽笛声。火车突——突——突，稳稳地开来了，越开越近。在爆炸的那一刹那，火车头的

前轮腾空飞了起来，整块地面似乎全被炸飞了，一团黑烟，一声轰响，火车头在一片升腾的灰尘和枕木中间飞得老高，然后侧翻着倒在地上，像头受了伤的巨大野兽，炸飞的泥巴溅落在他们身上，这时，锅炉一声爆炸，迸发出一片白色蒸汽。



The train was successful. It was returning from a train. Returning in the dark they encountered a fascist patrol and as they ran Kashkin was shot high in the back but without hitting any bone except the shoulder blade. He traveled quite a long way, but with the wound was unable to travel more. He was unwilling to be left behind and begged Robert to shoot him. So Robert did.

炸火车的任务完成了。他们在黑夜里撤退，遇到了法西斯巡逻队，在奔跑中，卡希金背脊的上部挨了一枪，其实没打中骨头，只伤了肩胛。他跑了很长一段路，但由于负了伤他再也跑不动了。他不愿意留下来当俘虏，请求罗伯特开枪打死他。罗伯特就听从了卡希金的话，把他打死了。





After the explosion of the train, Robert Jordan met General Golz of Government Army for his new mission.

"To blow the bridge is nothing," Golz had said, the candlelight on his scarred, shaved head, pointing with a pencil on the big map. "You understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

"Absolutely nothing. Merely to blow the bridge is a failure."

"Yes, Comrade General."

"To blow the bridge at a stated hour based on the time set for the attack is how it should be done. You see that naturally. That is your right and how it should be done."

"So when is the bridge to be blown?" Robert Jordan had asked.

"After the attack starts. As soon as the attack has started and not before. So that no reinforcements will come up over that road." He pointed with his pencil. "I must know that nothing will come up over that road."

"And when is the attack?"

"I will tell you. But you are to use the date and hour only as an indication of a probability. You must be ready for that time. You will blow the bridge after the attack has started. You see?" he indicated with the pencil.

完成了炸火车的任务后，罗伯特·乔丹见到了政府军戈尔兹将军，有了新的任务分派给他。

“炸桥本身没什么了不起，”戈尔兹说着，烛光照在他有伤疤的光头上，他用铅笔在一张大地图上指着。“你懂吗？”

“是，我懂。”

“完全不是那么一回事。仅仅炸掉桥只能算是一种失败。”

“是，将军同志。”

“应该做到的是根据发动进攻的时间，在指定的时刻炸桥。你当然明白这一点。这就是你的权利，这就是你的任务。”

“那么什么时候炸桥呢？”罗伯特·乔丹问。

“在进攻开始之后。进攻一开始就炸桥，不能提前。这样，敌人的增援部队就不能从那条路上来。”他用铅笔指着。“我必须肯定那条路上来不了援兵。”

“什么时候进攻？”

“我会告诉你的。但是你能只能把日期和时间当做一种可能性的参考。你必须在进攻前准备就绪。进攻开始后你就炸桥。明白吗？”他用铅笔指着说。

“That is the only road on which they can bring up reinforcements. That is the only road on which they can get up tanks, or artillery, or even move a truck toward the pass which I attack. I must know that bridge is gone. Not before, so it can be repaired if the attack is postponed. No. It must go when the attack starts and I must know it is gone. There are only two sentries. The man who will go with you has just come from there. He is a very



reliable man, they say. You will see. He has people in the mountains. Get as many men as you need. Use as few as possible, but use enough. I do not have to tell you these things.”

“And how do I determine that the attack has started?”

“It is to be made with a full division. There will be an aerial bombardment as preparation. You are not deaf, are you? It can be successful with that bridge eliminated. We can take Segovia. I show you how it goes. You see? It is not the top of the pass where we attack. We hold that. It is much beyond.”



“他们增援兵力只能从那条路经过。他们只能从那条路把坦克、大炮以及卡车开到我发动进攻的山口。我必须确定桥被炸掉。不能提前，不然的话如果进攻推迟，他们就会把桥修好。不行。进攻开始的时候，就必须炸掉那座桥，我必须有充分把握。那里只有两个岗哨。跟你一起去的那人刚从那里来。

据说他非常可靠。你就会明白的。他在山里有人。你需要多少人，就要多少。尽可能少用人，但要够用。我不必对你多说这些事情了。”

“我怎样才能断定进攻已经开始了呢？”

“整整一师兵力将会发动进攻。先有飞机轰炸作为准备。你耳朵不聋吧，是不是？把桥毁掉了，这一战是可能打胜的。我们会拿下塞哥维亚。我来指给你看这是怎么回事。明白吗？我们的目标可不是进攻山口的顶端。我们要坚守它。我们的目标在远远的那边。”



Anselmo, the old man who General mentioned, took Robert Jordan into the mountains. Now he was lying flat on the brown, pine-needed floor of the forest, his chin on his folded arms, and high overhead the wind blew in the tops of the pine trees. The mountainside sloped gently where he lay; but below it was steep and he could see the dark of the oiled road

winding through the pass.

The late afternoon sun that still came over the brown shoulder of the mountain showed the bridge dark against the steep emptiness of the gorge. It was a steel bridge of a single span and there was a sentry box at each end. It was wide enough for two motorcars to pass and it spanned, in solid-flung metal grace, a deep gorge at the bottom of which, far below, a brook leaped in white water through rocks and boulders down to the main stream of the pass.

The sun was in Robert Jordan's eyes and the bridge showed only in outline. Then the sun lessened and was gone and looking up through the trees at the brown, rounded height that it had gone behind, he saw, now, that he no longer looked into the glare, that the mountain slope was a delicate new green and that there were patches of old snow under the crest.

将军提到的那个老人安塞尔莫把罗伯特·乔丹带到了山里。现在他正匍匐在树林里落满一层褐色松针的地上，手臂交叉支撑着下颚；在高空中，风从松树顶上呼啸而过。他所处的山坡是个缓坡，再往下却很陡峭，他看到了黑黢黢的柏油路蜿蜒穿过山口。

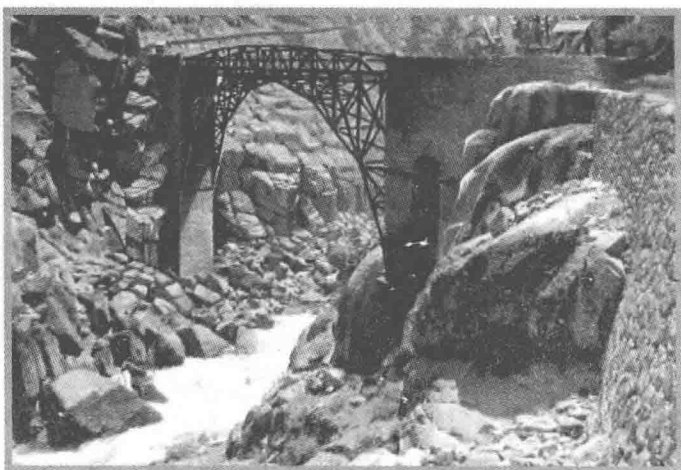
夕阳依然越过褐色的山肩照射过来，那座桥在峻峭的峡谷中间的辽阔空间的映衬下，显得黑黝黝的。那是一座单孔铁桥，两端各有一个岗亭。桥面很宽，两辆汽车可以并行通过。坚固的铁桥线条优美，横跨幽谷，桥下深深的谷底，白浪翻腾，溪水顺着岩石和大块圆石流过，奔向山口的主流。

阳光正照着罗伯特·乔丹的眼睛，那座桥只现出一个剪影。随着太阳落到圆滚滚的褐色山头后面，阳光逐渐减弱消失，他透过树林眺望这个山头，不再直视着刺眼的阳光，发现山坡竟然是一片葱翠的新绿，山峰下还有一摊摊积雪。

Robert Jordan saw there was a stream alongside the road and far down the pass and a mill beside the stream and the falling water of the dam, white in the summer sunlight. He studied the country, took his glasses from the pocket of his faded, khaki flannel shirt, wiped the lenses with a handkerchief, screwed the eyepieces around until the boards of the mill showed suddenly clearly and he saw the wooden bench beside the door; the huge pile of sawdust that rose behind the open shed where the circular saw was, and a stretch of the flume that brought the logs down from the mountainside on the other bank of the stream. The stream showed clear and smooth-looking in the glasses and, below the curl of the falling water, the spray from the dam was blowing in the wind.

罗伯特·乔丹看到沿柏油路有条小河，有家锯木厂在山口远处的小河边，拦水坝的泄水在夏天的阳光下泛着白光。他一边研究着地形，一边从褪色的黄褐色法兰绒衬衫口袋里掏出望远镜，用手帕擦拭镜片，转动目镜，直到锯木厂的板壁突然显得清晰。他看到门边的一条长板凳，安放圆锯的敞棚后面堆起的一大堆木屑；他还看到从小河对岸山坡上运木材的滑槽的一段。小河在望远镜里显得清澈而平静，打着漩涡从拦河坝倾泻而下，坝底的水花在风中飞溅。





“Where is the next post?” Robert Jordan asked.

“Below the bridge. It is at the road-mender's hut at kilometer five from the top of the pass.” Anselmo answered quickly.

“How many men are here?” He pointed at the mill.

“Perhaps four and a corporal.”

“And below?”

“More. I will find out.”

“And at the bridge?”

“Always two. One at each end.”

“另一个哨所在哪里？”罗伯特·乔丹问。

“在桥下方。在养路工的小屋边，离山口5千米。”安塞尔莫迅速地答道。

“这里有多少士兵？”他指指锯木厂。

“也许有四个，外加一个班长。”

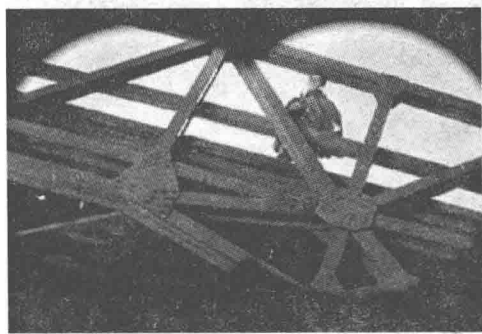
“下面呢？”

“更多些。我能探听明白。”

“那么桥头呢？”

“总是两个。一边一个。”

Robert Jordan continued his observation. In the sentry box that faced toward them up the road, the sentry was sitting holding his rifle, the bayonet fixed, between his knees. He was smoking a cigarette and he wore a knitted cap and blanket style cape. At fifty yards, one could not see anything about his face. Even though there was now no sun to make a glint, Robert Jordan put up his field glasses, shading the lenses carefully with his cupped hands, and there was the rail of the bridge as clear as though you could reach out and touch it and there was the face of the sentry so clear he could see the sunken cheeks, the ash on the cigarette and the greasy shine of the bayonet. It was a peasant's face, the cheeks hollow under the high cheekbones, the beard stubbled, the eyes shaded by the heavy brows, big hands holding the rifle, heavy boots showing beneath the folds of the blanket cape. The sentry rubbed his cigarette out on the plank wall of the box, then took a leather tobacco pouch from his pocket, opened the paper of the dead cigarette and emptied the remnant of used tobacco into the pouch. The sentry stood up, leaned his rifle against the wall of the box and stretched, then picked up his rifle, slung it over his shoulder and walked out onto the bridge.



罗伯特·乔丹继续观察。公路这头面对着他们的岗亭里，坐着一个哨兵，他的膝间夹着一支上了刺刀的步枪。他在抽烟，头上戴着顶绒线帽，身上穿着件毯子式的披风。相距50码，没法看清他脸上的五官。即使没有太阳的反光，罗伯特·乔丹举起望远镜，两手捏成空拳，小心地拿着镜片。桥

上的栏杆也显得非常清晰，仿佛触手可及，而那哨兵的脸也清晰可见，甚至他凹陷的腮帮、香烟上的烟灰和刺刀上闪亮着的油迹都历历在目。那是一张农民的脸，高颧骨下腮帮深陷，满脸胡子茬，浓眉毛遮住了眼睛，一双大手握着步枪，毯子式的披风下面露出了笨重的长筒靴。哨兵在岗亭的板壁上熄灭了烟卷，然后从口袋里掏出一只皮制的烟荷包，剥开熄灭了的烟蒂的烟纸，把剩下的烟丝倒进荷包。哨兵站起来，把步枪靠在岗亭的墙上，伸了个懒腰，然后提起步枪，挎在肩上，走上了桥。



“Must we kill him?” Anselmo asked.  
“Will we be punished by God?”

“Clearly I miss Him, having been brought up in religion. But now a man must be responsible to himself. Then it is yourself who will forgive you for killing.” Robert Jordan answered.

“I believe so,” Anselmo said. “Since you put it clearly in that way I believe that must be it. But with or without God, I think it is a sin to kill. To take the life of another is to me very grave. I will

do it whenever necessary but I am not of the race of Pablo.”

“To win a war we must kill our enemies. That has always been true.”

“Clearly. In war we must kill. But I have very rare ideas,” Anselmo said. “I would not kill even a Bishop. I would not kill a proprietor of any kind. I would make them work each day as we have worked in the fields and as we work in the mountains with the timber all of the rest of their lives. So they would see what man is born to. That they should sleep where we sleep. That they should eat as we eat. But above all that they should work. Thus they would learn.” He watched Robert fixing his eyes on the bridge.

“——定要杀掉他吗？”安塞尔莫问。“我们会

不会受到上帝惩罚？”

“我是在宗教环境中长大的，当然怀念上帝。不过现在得由自己负责了。那么你杀了人，就自我宽恕。”罗伯特·乔丹答道。

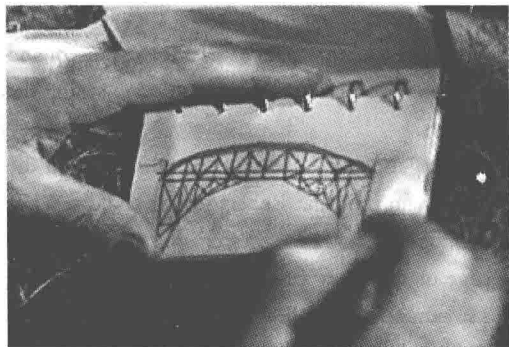
“我就相信，”安塞尔莫说。

“既然你实话实说，我看一定有理。不过，不管有没有上帝，我还是认为杀人就是罪过。我觉得取人性命可不是儿戏。我不得已才杀人，不过我可不是巴勃罗那号人。”

“要打胜仗，我们就必须杀死敌人。这是历来的真理。”

“那当然。打仗就得杀人。不过我有些古怪想法，”安塞尔莫说。“我连一位主教也不想杀。我也不想杀哪个地主。我要叫他们后半生像我们一样，天天在地里干活，在山里砍树。这样他们才会明白，人生在世该干什么。让他们睡我们睡的地方。让他们吃我们吃的东西。不过，最要紧的是让他们劳动。这样他们就会得到教训了。”他看到罗伯特目不转睛地盯着这座桥。





Then Robert Jordan was watching the bridge in the sudden short trueness of the little light that would be left, and studying its construction. The problem of its demolition was not difficult. As he watched he took out a notebook from his breast pocket and made several quick line sketches. As he made the drawings he did not figure the charges. He would do that later. Now he was noting the

points where the explosive should be placed in order to cut the support of the span and drop a section of it into the gorge. It could be done unhurriedly, scientifically and correctly with a half dozen charges laid and braced to explode simultaneously; or it could be done roughly with two big ones. They would need to be very big ones, on opposite sides and should go at the same time. He sketched quickly and happily; glad at last to have the problem under his hand; glad at last actually to be engaged upon it. Then he shut his notebook, pushed the pencil into its leather holder in the edge of the flap, put the notebook in his pocket and buttoned the pocket. They began to climb the mountain for the deep mountain area.

接着罗伯特·乔丹在短暂

的余晖中注视着突然显得真切的桥梁，观察着它的结构。要炸掉这座桥不算难。他一边望着，一边从胸口衣袋里掏出个笔记本，迅速勾勒了几张草图。他在本子上画图时没有同时计算出炸药的用量。他准备以后再计算。他现在注意的是安放炸药的位置，以便炸



断桥面的支撑，让桥的一部分掉到峡谷中去。安放六个炸药包，同时引爆，就能从容不迫、井井有条而精确无误地成功把桥炸掉；或者，用两个大炸药包也能勉强完成，但那就需要非常大的炸药包，放在两侧同时引爆。他快速而兴奋地勾勒着草图；他高兴的是终于开始做这件事了，终于真的动手干起来了。接着他合上笔记本，把铅笔插进本子封皮里边的皮套，把笔记本放进衣袋，扣好衣袋的扣子。他们开始爬山，往山区深处进发。



Robert Jordan, who was tall and thin, with sun-streaked fair hair, and a wind-and sun-burned face, who wore the sun-faded flannel shirt, a pair of peasant's trousers and rope-soled shoes, leaned over, put his arm through one of the leather pack straps and swung the heavy pack filled with dynamite up onto his shoulders.

Bending under the weight of the packs, sweating, he and Anselmo climbed steadily in the pine forest that covered the mountainside. There was no trail that Robert Jordan could see, but they were working up and around the face of the mountain and now they crossed a small stream and Anselmo went steadily on ahead up the edge of the rocky stream bed. The climbing now was steeper and more difficult, until finally the stream seemed to drop down over the edge of a smooth granite ledge that rose above them and the old man waited at the foot of the ledge for the young man to come up to him.

罗伯特·乔丹是个瘦高个儿，长着闪亮的金发和一张饱经风吹日晒的脸，穿着一件晒得褪了色的法兰绒衬衫，一条农民穿的裤子和一双绳底鞋。他弯下腰去，一条胳膊伸进背包皮带圈里，把装满炸药的沉重背包甩上肩头。

他和安塞尔莫被背包压得弯下了腰，身上淌着汗，在山坡上的松林里一步步向上爬。罗伯特·乔丹发现林中并没有路径，但是他们继续向上攀爬，绕到前山，跨过了一条小溪，安塞尔莫踩着山石河床的边缘稳健地走在前面。山路更陡峭了，爬山更艰难了，到后来，溪水似乎是从他们头顶上一个平滑的花岗石悬崖边上直泻下来，老人在悬崖下停了下来，等着年轻人赶上来。

