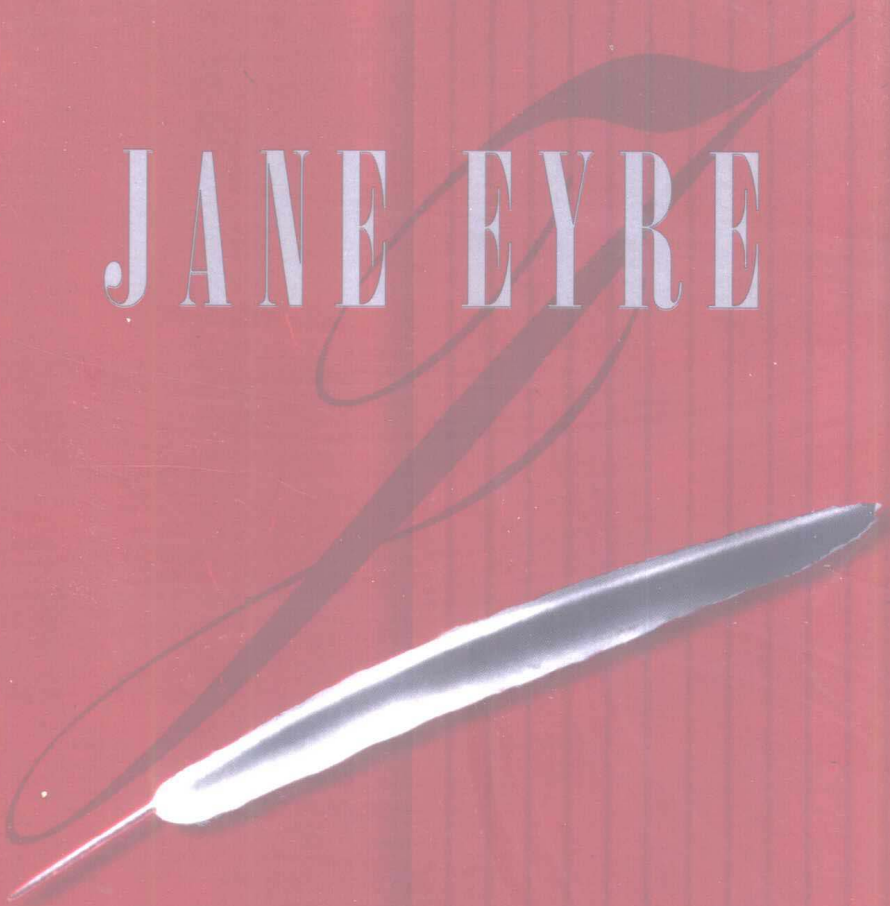


世界经典名著节录·中英文对照读物

# JANE EYRE



## 简·爱

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版  
社



世界经典名著节录丛书

# 简·爱

*JANE EYRE*

*Charlotte Brontë*

夏洛蒂·勃朗特 著

王占青 译

外 文 出 版 社

## 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

简·爱:汉英对照/(英)勃朗特(Bronte, C)著,王

占青译 - 北京:外文出版社,2000.1

(世界经典名著节录)

ISBN 7-119-02565-1

I 简 II ①勃 ②王 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(1999)第 74667 号

外文出版社网址

<http://www.flp.com.cn>

外文出版社电子邮箱

[info@flp.com.cn](mailto:info@flp.com.cn)

[sales@flp.com.cn](mailto:sales@flp.com.cn)

世界经典名著节录丛书

简·爱

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封面设计 庞敏聪

出版发行 外文出版社

社址 北京市百万庄大街 24 号

邮政编码 100037

电话 (010)68320579(总编室)

(010)68329514/68327211(推广发行部)

印刷 保定市兴良印刷厂

经销 新华书店/外文书店

开本 大 32 开(203×130 毫米)

字数 128 千字

印数 00001-10000 册

印张 7.875

版次 2000 年 1 月第 1 版第 1 次印刷

装订 平

书号 ISBN 7-119-02565-1/1·630(外)

定价 8.80 元

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## To Readers

With honor, pleasure and sincerity, we present this bouquet of flowers from the English garden to you, our dear readers

The highest stage of learning, according to the famous scholar, Mr Wan Guowei (Guantang), is like the situation as below

*In the crowd once and again*

*I look for her in vain*

*When all at once turn my head*

*I find her there where lantern light is dimly shed*

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## 《简·爱》简介

夏洛蒂·勃朗特 (Charlotte Bronte), 生于 1816 年, 卒于 1855 年, 英国著名女作家。《简·爱》是她的成名作, 也是她的代表作。

《简·爱》讲述的是一位心地善良的女人追求自由、独立、爱情的故事。简自幼父母双亡, 寄居在舅舅家。受尽舅母及表哥的欺侮。一个偶然的机会她进了一所慈善学校, 在那作了六年学生, 两年教师。后来她登报求职, 到桑菲尔德庄园当家庭教师。进而与庄园主罗彻斯特相爱。

正当他们在教堂准备结婚之时, 一个不速之客打断了婚礼的进程, 当众宣布罗彻斯特已有妻子。尽管罗彻斯特有其苦衷, 但简还是离他而去。

简在饥寒交迫中病倒了, 被圣约翰所救。不久他们发现原来是表兄妹。简意外地获得了叔叔的一笔可观的遗产, 她与圣约翰兄妹三人平分了。

冥冥中简觉得罗彻斯特在召唤她, 于是她离开圣约翰去找罗彻斯特。此时的罗彻斯特双目失明, 失去了一条臂膀, 成了一个残疾人。简对他的爱情坚贞不移, 最终与他安静地举行了婚礼。

## CHAPTER 1

Folds of scarlet drapery shut in my view to the right hand, to the left were the clear panes of glass, protecting, but not separating me from the drear November day. At intervals, while turning over the leaves in my book, I studied the aspect of that winter afternoon. Afar, it offered a pale blank of mist and cloud, near, a scene of wet lawn and storm-beat shrub, with ceaseless rain sweeping away wildly before a long and lamentable blast.

John Reed was a schoolboy of fourteen years old, four years older than I, for I was but ten, large and stout for his age, with a dingy and unwholesome skin, thick lineaments in a spacious visage, heavy limbs and large extremities. He gorged himself habitually at table, which made him bilious, and gave him a dim and bleared eye with flabby cheeks. He ought now to have been at school, but his *mamma* had taken him home for a month or two, 'on account of his delicate health'. Mr Miles, the master, affirmed that he would do very well if he had fewer cakes and sweetmeats sent him from home, but the mother's heart turned from an opinion so harsh, and inclined rather to the more refined idea that John's sallowness was owing to

## 第一章

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绯红色窗幔的皱褶挡住了我右侧的视线；左侧是明亮的玻璃窗，保护着我，使我既免受十一月阴沉天气的折磨，又不会与外界隔绝。在翻书的间隙，我观察着冬日下午的景色。远方是一片白茫茫的云雾，近处是一块湿漉漉的草地和饱受风雨摧残的灌木。一阵阵凄厉的狂风伴着连绵的暴雨狂野地冲刷着眼前的这一切。

约翰·里德是个十四岁的小学生，比我大四岁，因为我才十岁。相对于他的年龄而言，他长得又大又壮，但肤色灰暗，一副病态。他的脸盘很阔，四肢粗大。他吃饭时常常狼吞虎咽，这使他肝火很旺，眼睛黯淡无光，面颊松弛。现在他本该呆在学校，但他妈把他领了回来，准备在家住上一两个月，理由是“身体欠佳”。但他的老师迈尔斯先生却断言，如果家里少送些糕点、糖果，他肯定会什么都很好。做妈妈的心里对这样尖锐的意见是难以接受的，而倾向于一种比较高雅的想法，认为约翰是过于用功，或许还因为想家，



over-application, and, perhaps, to pining after home

John had not much affection for his mother and sisters, and an antipathy to me. He bullied and punished me, not two or three times in the week, nor once or twice in a day, but continually. Every nerve I had feared him, and every morsel of flesh on my bones shrank when he came near. There were moments when I was bewildered by the terror he inspired, because I had no appeal whatever against either his menaces or his inflictions, the servants did not like to offend their young master by taking my part against him, and Mrs Reed was blind and deaf on the subject, she never saw him strike or heard him abuse me, though he did both now and then in her very presence, more frequently, however, behind her back.

‘You have no business to take our books, you are a dependant, mamma says, you have no money, your father left you none, you ought to beg, and not to live here with gentlemen’s children like us, and eat the same meals we do, and wear clothes at our mamma’s expense. Now, I’ll teach you to rummage my book-shelves. for they are mine, all the house belongs to me, or will do in a few years. Go and stand by the door, out of the way of the mirror and the windows.’

I did so, not at first aware what was his intention, but when I saw him lift and poise the book and stand in act to hurl it, I instinctively started aside with a cry of alarm. Not soon enough,

才弄得那么面黄肌瘦的。

约翰对母亲和姐妹们没有多少感情，对我则更是厌恶。他欺侮我，责罚我，不是一周三两次，也不是一天一两回，而是经常如此：我的每根神经都对他发怵，每当他走近我的时候，我身上的每块肌肉都会收缩起来。我经常被他突发的行为吓得手足无措，因为面对他的恐吓和欺侮，我无处哭诉。佣人们不愿站在我一边去得罪他们的少爷，而里德太太则对此装聋作哑、充耳不闻。她从没看过她儿子打骂过我，尽管里德经常就当着她的面这样做，而背着她打骂我的次数不用说就更多了。

.....

“你无权动我们的书。妈妈说你是个寄生虫。你没有钱，你爸爸什么也没给你留下，你应当去讨饭，不能与我们这样体面人家的孩子住在一起，同我们吃一样的饭，穿我妈妈花钱买的衣服。现在我要教训教训你，因为你翻了我们的书架，而那些书都是我的，整座房子都是我的，或者说过几年就归我了。滚到门边去，离镜子和窗子远点儿。”

我照他的话做了，起初并不知道他意欲何为，但是他举起书，拿稳当了，摆出要扔过来的架势时，我一声惊叫，本能地往旁边一

however, the volume was flung, it hit me, and I fell, striking my head against the door and cutting it. The cut bled, the pain was sharp. My terror had passed its climax, other feelings succeeded.

‘Wicked and cruel boy!’ I said. ‘You are like a murderer - you are like a slave-driver - you are like the Roman emperors!’

He ran headlong at me. I felt him grasp my hair and my shoulder. He had closed with a desperate thing. I really saw in him a tyrant, a murderer. I felt a drop or two of blood from my head trickle down my neck, and was sensible of somewhat pungent suffering. These sensations for the time predominated over fear, and I received him in frantic sort. I don’t very well know what I did with my hands, but he called me ‘Rat! rat!’ and bellowed out aloud. And was near him. Eliza and Georgiana had run for Mrs Reed, who was gone upstairs; she now came upon the scene, followed by Bessie and her maid Abbot. We were parted. I heard the words -

‘Dear! Dear! What a fury to fly at Master John!’

Then Mrs Reed subjoined: ‘Take her away to the red-room, and lock her in there,’ Four hands were immediately laid upon me, and I was borne upstairs.

闪，可是晚了，那本书已经飞过来了，正好打中了我，我应声倒地，脑袋撞在门上，碰出了一道口子。伤口流出了血，阵阵刺痛。恐惧已经越过了极限，其他的情感随之而至。

“你这个邪恶冷酷的孩子！”我说，“你像个杀人犯——奴隶监工——罗马皇帝！”

.....

他直向我扑过来：我觉得他抓住了我的头发和肩膀，他跟一个疯狂的东西扭打在一起。我看出他真是个暴君、杀人犯。我觉得一两滴血从头上顺着脖子淌下来，火辣辣的疼。这些感觉一度使我不再畏惧，发疯似地同他对打起来。我不知道自己的双手到底干了什么，只听得他骂我“讨厌鬼！讨厌鬼！”，同时大声地嚎叫着。他的帮手就要来了，伊丽莎和乔治亚娜早已跑出去叫楼上的里德太太。她来到现场时，后面跟随着贝茜和女佣艾博特。她们把我们拉开了，我听见她们说：

“天啊！对约翰少爷发这么大的火！”

.....

随后里德太太补充说：“把她带到红房子里去，锁起来，”四只手立刻抓住了我，我被抬到楼上。

## CHAPTER 2

The red-room was a spare chamber, very seldom slept in I might say never

Mr Reed had been dead nine years it was in this chamber he breathed his last, here he lay in state, hence his coffin was borne by the undertaker's men, and, since that day, a sense of dreary consecration had guarded it from frequent intrusion

## 第二章

红房子是间空闲的卧房，很少有人在里面过夜。也许我可以说，从来没有。

里德先生已经死了九年 他就是在这间房子里咽气的，遗体也放在这里，他的棺材由殡葬工人从这里抬走。从此这里便弥漫着一种阴森忧伤的气氛，叫人们不愿来此。

## CHAPTER 3

The good apothecary appeared a little puzzled. I was standing before him he fixed his eyes on me very steadily: his eyes were small and gray, not very bright, but I dare say I should think them shrewd now. he had a hard-featured yet good-natured looking face. Having considered me at leisure, he said, 'What made you ill yesterday?'

'She had a fall,' said Bessie, again putting in her word.

'Fall! why, that is like a baby again! Can't she manage to walk at her age? She must be eight or nine years old.'

'I was knocked down,' was the blunt explanation, jerked out of me by another pang of mortified pride; 'but that did not make me ill,' I added, while Mr Lloyd helped himself to a pinch of snuff.

'The fall did not make you ill, what did, then?' pursued Mr Lloyd, when Bessie was gone.

'I was shut up in a room where there is a ghost, till after dark.'

I saw Mr Lloyd smile and frown at the same time. 'Ghost! What, you are a baby after all! You are afraid of ghosts?'

'Of Mr Reed's ghost I am, he died in that room, and was laid

### 第三章

好心的药剂师显得有些莫明其妙。我站在他面前，他目不转睛地瞅着我。他的眼睛小且呈灰色，并不明亮，但我应当说现在我认为它们非常锐利。他的相貌严厉而温和，他从容地打量了我一番后说：“昨天你怎么得的病？”

“她跌了一跤。”贝茜又插嘴说。

“跌跤！那是小孩子的把戏！她这样年纪还不会走路？她总得有八九岁了吧。”

“我被人打倒了，”自尊心再次受到伤害引起的一阵痛楚使我冒昧地作了这样的辩解，“但那并没有使我生病。”我趁劳埃德先生取了一撮鼻烟吸起来时接着说。

“跌跤不会使你生病，那么是什么原因呢？”当贝茜一离开，劳埃德先生赶紧问道。

“他们把我关在一间闹鬼的房子里，直到天黑。”

我看到劳埃德先生微微一笑，又皱了皱眉，“鬼！哎，你毕竟是个孩子！你怕鬼吗？”

“我怕里德先生的鬼魂，他就死在那间



out there Neither Bessie nor any one else will go into it at night, if they can help it, and it was cruel to shut me up alone without a candle - so cruel that I think I shall never forget it '

'Nonsense! And is it that makes you so miserable? Are you afraid now in daylight?'

'No but night will come again before long, and besides, I am unhappy - very unhappy, for other things '

'What other things? Can you tell me some of them?'

'For one thing, I have no father or mother, brothers or sisters '

'You have a kind aunt and cousins '

Again I paused, then bunglingly enounced,

'But John Reed knocked me down, and my aunt shut me up in the red-room '

Mr Lloyd a second time produced his snuff-box

'Would you like to go to school?'

'I should indeed like to go to school,' was the audible conclusion of my musings