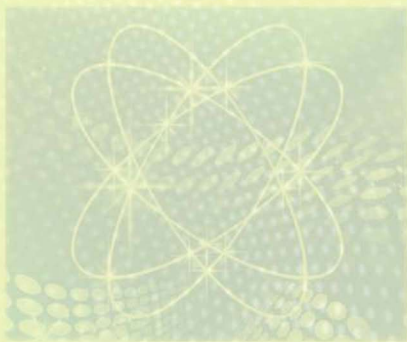


# 堂 · 吉诃德

Don Quixote

(西) 塞万提斯著



辽宁人民出版社



E CLASSIC • A BEDSIDE CLASSIC • A BEDSIDE CLASSIC • A BEDSIDE CLASSIC • A BEDSIDE CLASSIC •

# DON QUIXOTE

VOLUME I

by Miguel de Cervantes

Translated by John Ormsby



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## Miguel de Cervantes

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (29 September 1547 - 22 April 1616) is widely regarded as the greatest writer in the Spanish language and one of the world's pre-eminent novelists.

His major work, *Don Quixote*, considered to be the first modern novel, is a classic of Western literature, and is regarded amongst the best works of fiction ever written. His influence on the Spanish language has been so great that the language is often called *la lengua de Cervantes* ("the language of Cervantes").



## DEDICATION OF VOLUME I

TO THE DUKE OF BEJAR, MARQUIS OF GIBRALEON, COUNT OF BENALCAZAR AND BANARES, VICECOUNT OF THE PUEBLA DE ALCOGER, MASTER OF THE TOWNS OF CAPILLA, CURIEL AND BURGUILLOS

*I*n belief of the good reception and honours that Your Excellency bestows on all sort of books, as prince so inclined to favor good arts, chiefly those who by their nobleness do not submit to the service and bribery of the vulgar, I have determined bringing to light The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of la Mancha, in shelter of Your Excellency's glamorous name, to whom, with the obeisance I owe to such grandeur, I pray to receive it agreeably under his protection, so that in this shadow, though deprived of that precious ornament of elegance and erudition that clothe the works composed in the houses of those who know, it dares appear with assurance in the judgment of some who, trespassing the bounds of their own ignorance, use to condemn with more rigour and less justice the writings of others. It is my earnest hope that Your Excellency's good counsel in regard to my honourable purpose, will not disdain the littleness of so humble a service.

Miguel de Cervantes

## 梦幻骑士 另类英雄

——“最经典英语文库”第六辑之  
《堂·吉珂德》导读

马 爽

都说“人生只是一场戏”，可有多少人能真的把自己当作人生大戏的主角？又有多少人的生理想真的像戏剧一样丰富多彩？西班牙作家塞万提斯笔下的堂·吉珂德竟真的用他的一生鲜活而完美地诠释了这个说法，并尽心尽力地在生活中演绎着他所钟爱的骑士角色——虽然他的做法有时令人哭笑不得，虽然很多事的结局令人啼笑皆非，但这些都妨碍给他贴上“人生之戏最佳主角”的标签，也不妨碍他成为人们心目中的另类英雄。

塞万提斯塑造的堂·吉珂德，是世界文学史上非常成功的艺术形象之一。西方人常把他和哈姆雷特、浮士德（“最经典英语文库”已经在头5辑里出版了《哈姆雷特》和《浮士德》）并称为三个杰出典型，可见其影响之深远。小说《堂·吉珂德》之所以赢得全世界的读者，而且400多年来热度不减，其成功的主要原因是作者对堂·吉珂德这个人物形象的塑造有独到之处：这是一个脱离现实、盲目行动的人，一个充满正义感、好

打抱不平的人，一个让人忍俊不禁，同时又肃然起敬的人……

一位年近五旬、身材偏瘦、面貌清癯的绅士，自诩为骑士，他全身披挂、手持长矛，胯下一匹瘦马，与一身村夫打扮、体态偏胖、个头矮小、长相敦厚、胯下一头灰驴的侍从结伴而行，闯荡世界……这就是为世人所熟知的主仆形象：堂·吉珂德和桑丘·潘沙。

堂·吉珂德有一个嗜好，就是对骑士小说上瘾，读得如痴如醉。他不打猎，不管家事，后来为了买书竟然卖了土地。除了必要的吃喝拉撒，他每天起早贪黑地读，甚至到了走火入魔的状态——满脑子都是魔法、战车、决斗、挑战、受伤、恋爱风波以及骑士小说中特有的种种荒唐之事。凡书中所写，他都信以为真。后来他又突发奇想：为了声名远扬，为了救民于水火，为了惩恶扬善，他要身体力行书中所见所闻，要去做游侠骑士，要去亲历危险，要去建功立业……

实际上，中世纪的骑士装束令生活在同时代的人瞠目结舌。早已销声匿迹的骑士之风竟然在17世纪的堂·吉珂德身上复活，但毕竟时代不同了，曾经风靡中世纪的骑士早已失去了昔日的光辉和存在的意义。可是，堂·吉珂德却执着地逆潮流而动，扮演了一个反潮流的英雄角色。他自备行头，一身骑士装扮，仿佛一个中世纪的幽灵穿越到了17世纪。

在中世纪，骑士是一种特殊荣誉，非普通人能担当。只有上层社会中的贵族和具有财产的人才授封骑士。不过，也有富裕的商人用钱购买骑士称号的，也有些为贵族服务、表现出色的武士被破格升为骑士的。堂·吉珂德的骑士封号是客店老板封赐的，似乎有点儿不合规矩，但他拥有一些薄田和家产，当一名骑士也自

觉问心无愧。根据小说的描述，中世纪的骑士中都有一个情人，骑士对情人的爱并非现实中的性爱或爱情，而是一种柏拉图式的爱，一般不会导致实际上的婚姻。骑士的情人一般是有夫之妇或贵夫人。堂·吉诃德的情人名叫杜尔西尼亚。堂·吉诃德认为他的情人是一位公主、绝代佳人——她的长发是金丝，天庭是阔土，眉毛是霓虹，眼睛是太阳，脸颊是玫瑰，双唇是珊瑚，牙齿是珍珠，脖子是白玉，双手是白雪。但在桑丘眼里，杜尔西尼亚不是什么公主，只是拾掇家务的农家女。骑士之所以要有情人，是为了在战场上能“英雄救美”，或期待其勇敢的表现能得到意中人的芳心。在骑士看来，能得到意中人的青睐是最高荣誉。所以每次堂·吉诃德在征战中只要打败敌手，必定命令战败者立即去拜见杜尔西尼亚，叙述他的盖世武功，炫耀他的看家本领，以赢得情人的心。

塞万提斯是文艺复兴时期西班牙小说家、剧作家、诗人，因撰写讽刺人类荒唐之举的《堂·吉诃德》而闻名于世，被誉为“西班牙文学世界里最伟大的作家”。塞万提斯命途多舛、一生坎坷，曾做过士兵、军需官、税吏，战争中胸部受伤，还失去左手，但这些付出却没能换来他所期待的荣耀和善待，反倒度过多年的俘虏生活，又数度入狱。连《堂·吉诃德》这部小说最初也是在狱中起笔的，堂·吉诃德的故事好多都曾发生在作者身上。更可悲的是，他死后竟落得连坟茔也不知下落的结局，不禁让人唏嘘世态炎凉。

不过，塞万提斯的作品还是得到了相当大的认可——评论家们称他的小说《堂·吉诃德》是文学史上的第一部现代小说，同时也是世界文学的瑰宝之一。今天小说家们仍然津津乐道的方法都曾在《堂·吉诃德》



中得到巧妙的运用。而作家们最愿意思考的主题，比如欲望、流浪、成长、现实、梦想、爱情、个人、疯癫等，也都在《堂·吉珂德》中得到了相当充分的表现。换言之，现代小说在《堂·吉珂德》这里获得了很高的艺术与思想的起点。有评论家说，“西方小说没有一个概念不曾在塞万提斯的作品里初露端倪”；也有人说，“所有的小说都是《堂·吉珂德》主题的变奏”。有评论家也曾如此说：“塞万提斯与哥伦布是精神上的双胞胎兄弟。他们都还没有确切明白他们的发现的重要性就离开了人世。哥伦布以为他一直向东航行真的到达了远东；塞万提斯认为他只是写了一部讽刺骑士小说的作品。他们谁也无法想象自己已经登临地理与小说的新大陆——美洲与现代小说。”



## SOME COMMENDATORY VERSES

### To the book of Don Quixote of la Mancha

If to be welcomed by the good,  
O Book! thou make thy steady aim,  
No empty chatterer will dare  
To question or dispute thy claim.  
But if perchance thou hast a mind  
To win of idiots approbation,  
Lost labour will be thy reward,  
Though they'll pretend appreciation.

They say a goodly shade he finds  
Who shelters 'neath a goodly tree;  
And such a one thy kindly star  
In Bejar bath provided thee:  
A royal tree whose spreading boughs  
A show of princely fruit display;  
A tree that bears a noble Duke,  
The Alexander of his day.

Of a Manchegan gentleman  
Thy purpose is to tell the story,  
Relating how he lost his wits  
O'er idle tales of love and glory,  
Of "ladies, arms, and cavaliers:"  
A new Orlando Furioso-  
Innamorato, rather—who  
Won Dulcinea del Toboso.

Put no vain emblems on thy shield;  
All figures—that is bragging play.  
A modest dedication make,  
And give no scoffer room to say,  
"What! Alvaro de Luna here?  
Or is it Hannibal again?  
Or does King Francis at Madrid  
Once more of destiny complain?"

Since Heaven it hath not pleased on thee  
Deep erudition to bestow,  
Or black Latino's gift of tongues,  
No Latin let thy pages show.  
Ape not philosophy or wit,  
Lest one who cannot comprehend,  
Make a wry face at thee and ask,  
"Why offer flowers to me, my friend?"

Be not a meddler; no affair  
Of thine the life thy neighbours lead:  
Be prudent; oft the random jest  
Recoils upon the jester's head.  
Thy constant labour let it be  
To earn thyself an honest name,  
For fooleries preserved in print  
Are perpetuity of shame.

A further counsel bear in mind:  
If that thy roof be made of glass,  
It shows small wit to pick up stones  
To pelt the people as they pass.  
Win the attention of the wise,  
And give the thinker food for thought;  
Whoso indites frivolities,  
Will but by simpletons be sought.

**To Don Quixote of la Mancha**

Thou that didst imitate that life of mine  
When I in lonely sadness on the great  
Rock Pena Pobre sat disconsolate,  
In self-imposed penance there to pine;  
Thou, whose sole beverage was the bitter brine  
Of thine own tears, and who withouten plate  
Of silver, copper, tin, in lowly state  
Off the bare earth and on earth's fruits didst dine;  
Live thou, of thine eternal glory sure.  
So long as on the round of the fourth sphere  
The bright Apollo shall his coursers steer,  
In thy renown thou shalt remain secure,  
Thy country's name in story shall endure,  
And thy sage author stand without a peer.

### **To Don Quixote of la Mancha**

In slashing, hewing, cleaving, word and deed,  
I was the foremost knight of chivalry,  
Stout, bold, expert, as e'er the world did see;  
Thousands from the oppressor's wrong I freed;  
Great were my feats, eternal fame their meed;  
In love I proved my truth and loyalty;  
The hugest giant was a dwarf for me;  
Ever to knighthood's laws gave I good heed.  
My mastery the Fickle Goddess owned,  
And even Chance, submitting to control,  
Grasped by the forelock, yielded to my will.  
Yet—though above yon horned moon enthroned  
My fortune seems to sit—great Quixote, still  
Envy of thy achievements fills my soul.

**To Dulcinea del Toboso**

Oh, fairest Dulcinea, could it be!  
It were a pleasant fancy to suppose so—  
Could Miraflores change to El Toboso,  
And London's town to that which shelters thee!  
Oh, could mine but acquire that livery  
Of countless charms thy mind and body show so!  
Or him, now famous grown—thou mad'st him grow  
so—  
Thy knight, in some dread combat could I see!  
Oh, could I be released from Amadis  
By exercise of such coy chastity  
As led thee gentle Quixote to dismiss!  
Then would my heavy sorrow turn to joy;  
None would I envy, all would envy me,  
And happiness be mine without alloy.

**To Sancho Panza, squire of Don Quixote**

All hail, illustrious man! Fortune, when she  
Bound thee apprentice to the esquire trade,  
Her care and tenderness of thee displayed,  
Shaping thy course from misadventure free.  
No longer now doth proud knight-errantry  
Regard with scorn the sickle and the spade;  
Of towering arrogance less count is made  
Than of plain esquire-like simplicity.  
I envy thee thy Dapple, and thy name,  
And those alforjas thou wast wont to stuff  
With comforts that thy providence proclaim.  
Excellent Sancho! hail to thee again!  
To thee alone the Ovid of our Spain  
Does homage with the rustic kiss and cuff.

## On Sancho Panza and Rocinante

### ON SANCHO

I am the esquire Sancho Pan—  
Who served Don Quixote of La Man—;  
But from his service I retreat—,  
Resolved to pass my life discreet—;  
For Villadiego, called the Si—,  
Maintained that only in reti—  
Was found the secret of well-be—,  
According to the "Celesti—:"  
A book divine, except for sin—  
By speech too plain, in my opin—

### ON ROCINANTE

I am that Rocinante fa—,  
Great-grandson of great Babie—,  
Who, all for being lean and bon—,  
Had one Don Quixote for an own—;  
But if I matched him well in weak—,  
I never took short commons meek—,  
But kept myself in corn by steal—,  
A trick I learned from Lazaril—,  
When with a piece of straw so neat—  
The blind man of his wine he cheat—.



### **To Don Quixote of La Mancha**

If thou art not a Peer, peer thou hast none;  
Among a thousand Peers thou art a peer;  
Nor is there room for one when thou art near,  
Unvanquished victor, great unconquered one!  
Orlando, by Angelica undone,  
Am I; o'er distant seas condemned to steer,  
And to Fame's altars as an offering bear  
Valour respected by Oblivion.  
I cannot be thy rival, for thy fame  
And prowess rise above all rivalry,  
Albeit both bereft of wits we go.  
But, though the Scythian or the Moor to tame  
Was not thy lot, still thou dost rival me:  
Love binds us in a fellowship of woe.