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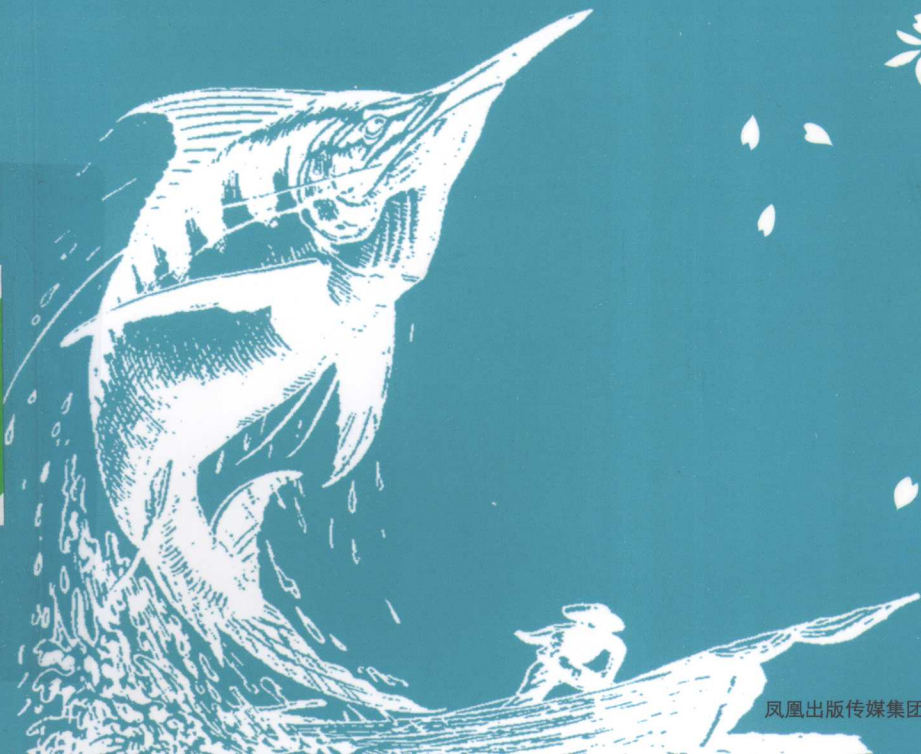


老人与海

The Old Man and the Sea

Ernest Hemingway

双语插图本





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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

老人与海:英汉对照/(美)海明威(Hemingway, E.)著;
黄源深译. —南京:译林出版社,2009.8
(新课标双语文库)

书名原文:The Old Man and the Sea

ISBN 978-7-5447-0808-1

I.老… II.①海… ②黄… III.①英语-汉语-对照读物
②长篇小说-美国-现代 IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2009)第121925号

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English and Chinese bilingual edition published by arrangement with
Hemingway Foreign Rights Trust

English and Chinese bilingual edition copyright © 2009 by Yilin Press

著作权合同登记号 图字:10-2005-178 号

书 名 老人与海

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译 者 黄源深

插 图 阮 健

责任编辑 於 梅

原文出版 Simon & Schuster Inc.,1995

出版发行 凤凰出版传媒集团

译林出版社(南京市湖南路1号 210009)

电子信箱 yilin@yilin.com

网 址 <http://www.yilin.com>

集团网址 凤凰出版传媒网 <http://www.ppm.cn>

印 刷 南通印刷总厂有限公司

开 本 652×960 毫米 1/16

印 张 9

插 页 2

版 次 2009年8月第1版 2009年8月第1次印刷

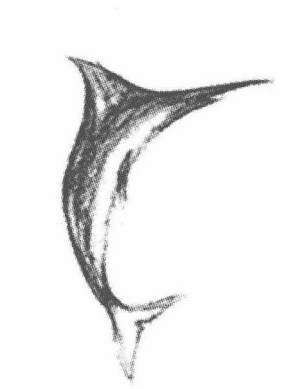
书 号 ISBN 978-7-5447-0808-1

定 价 12.80 元

译林版图书若有印装错误可向承印厂调换

The Old Man and the Sea

老人与海



He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the old man was now definitely and finally *salao*, which is the worst form of unlucky, and the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat.

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago," the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money."

The old man had taught the boy to fish and the boy loved him.

"No," the old man said. "You're with a lucky boat. Stay with them."

"But remember how you went eighty-seven days without fish and then we caught big ones every day for three weeks."

"I remember," the old man said. "I know you did not leave me because you doubted."

他是个老人，独自驾了条小船，在墨西哥湾流捕鱼。出海八十四天了，连一条鱼都没有到手。前四十天，还有个男孩跟着。可是一连四十天都没捕到鱼后，孩子的父母就说，这老头真是晦气，倒霉透顶^①。孩子听从吩咐，上了另一条船，第一个星期就捕到了三条好鱼。看着老人天天空舟而归，孩子心里很难受。他常下岸去帮老人的忙，把成卷的钓线，或是手钩、鱼叉和缠在桅杆上的帆卸下船来。船帆用面粉袋打过补丁，卷起来时，活像是常败将军的旗帜。

老人瘦骨嶙峋，颈背上刻着深深的皱纹，脸上留着良性皮肤肿瘤引起的褐色斑块，那是阳光在热带洋面上的反射造成的。褐斑布满了他的双颊，双手因为常常拽住钓线把大鱼往上拉，镌刻着很深的伤疤。不过，没有一处伤疤是新的，每个伤疤都像无鱼的沙漠里风化了的沙土一样古老。

除了一双眼睛，他浑身上下都很苍老。那双眼睛乐观而且永不言败，色彩跟大海一样。

“圣地亚哥，”他们从泊船的地方爬上岸时，孩子对他说，“我又可以跟你去了，我们已经挣了些钱。”

老人教会了孩子捕鱼，孩子很爱他。

“不，”老人说，“你在一条幸运船上，你可要待下去呀。”

“可是你记得吧，有一回你有八十七天都没有捕到鱼，可后来，一连三个星期，我们每天都捕到了大鱼。”

“我记得，”老人说，“我知道你不是因为怀疑我不行才离开的。”

① 原文为西班牙语。

“It was papa made me leave. I am a boy and I must obey him.”

“I know,” the old man said. “It is quite normal.”

“He hasn’t much faith.”

“No,” the old man said. “But we have. Haven’t we?”

“Yes,” the boy said. “Can I offer you a beer on the Terrace and then we’ll take the stuff home.”

“Why not?” the old man said. “Between fishermen.”

They sat on the Terrace and many of the fishermen made fun of the old man and he was not angry. Others, of the older fishermen, looked at him and were sad.

But they did not show it and they spoke politely about the current and the depths they had drifted their lines at and the steady good weather and of what they had seen. The successful fishermen of that day were already in and had butchered their marlin out and carried them laid full length across two planks, with two men staggering at the end of each plank, to the fish house where they waited for the ice truck to carry them to the market in Havana. Those who had caught sharks had taken them to the shark factory on the other side of the cove where they were hoisted on a block and tackle, their livers removed, their fins cut off and their hides skinned out and their flesh cut into strips for salting.

When the wind was in the east a smell came across the harbour from the shark factory; but today there was only the faint edge of the odour because the wind had backed into the north and then dropped off and it was pleasant and sunny on the Terrace.

“Santiago,” the boy said.

“Yes,” the old man said. He was holding his glass and thinking of many years ago.

“Can I go out to get sardines for you for tomorrow?”

“No. Go and play baseball. I can still row and Rogelio will throw the net.”

“I would like to go. If I cannot fish with you, I would like to serve in some way.”

“是我爸让我走的。我还是个娃娃，总得听他的。”

“这我知道，”老人说，“这很正常。”

“他不大有信心。”

“是呀，”老人说，“不过我们有，是吧？”

“是的，”孩子说，“我在露台饭馆请你喝杯啤酒，然后我们再把这些东西拿回家去，好吗？”

“干吗不？”老人说，“两个渔夫一起喝一杯。”

他们坐在露台上。有很多渔夫取笑老人，老人却并不生气。那些年纪更长一些的渔夫瞧着他，心里很难受，但他们没有表露出来，只是客气地谈论着水流、钓线漂入水中的深度、一连的好天气以及他们的见闻。那天收获颇丰的渔夫已经回来了，他们把枪鱼剖开，横着铺在两块木板上。板的两头各有一人抬着，踉踉跄跄朝鱼库走去。渔夫在鱼库那儿等待冷冻车过来，把鱼运往哈瓦那市场。那些捕到鲨鱼的人已经把鱼运到海湾另一头的鲨鱼加工厂里了，在那里他们把鲨鱼吊在滑轮上，取下鱼肝，割去鱼鳍，剥掉鱼皮，把鱼肉切成一条条的准备腌起来。

一刮东风，一股鱼腥味就会从鲨鱼加工厂里飘出来，飘过海港吹到这里。但今天风转为往北吹，后来风又渐渐地停了，所以只有一丝淡淡的腥味。露台上洒满阳光，很是惬意。

“圣地亚哥。”孩子唤道。

“嗯。”老人应道。他握着酒杯，回想多年以前的往事。

“我出去搞些沙丁鱼来，让你明天用，好不好？”

“不用了。玩你的棒球去吧。我还划得动，还有罗赫略可以帮忙撒网。”

“我想去。既然不能跟你去捕鱼，那总该帮点忙吧。”

"You bought me a beer," the old man said. "You are already a man."

"How old was I when you first took me in a boat?"

"Five and you nearly were killed when I brought the fish in too green and he nearly tore the boat to pieces. Can you remember?"

"I can remember the tail slapping and banging and the thwart breaking and the noise of the clubbing. I can remember you throwing me into the bow where the wet coiled lines were and feeling the whole boat shiver and the noise of you clubbing him like chopping a tree down and the sweet blood smell all over me."

"Can you really remember that or did I just tell it to you?"

"I remember everything from when we first went together."

The old man looked at him with his sun-burned, confident loving eyes.

"If you were my boy I'd take you out and gamble," he said. "But you are your father's and your mother's and you are in a lucky boat."

"May I get the sardines? I know where I can get four baits too."

"I have mine left from today. I put them in salt in the box."

"Let me get four fresh ones."

"One," the old man said. His hope and his confidence had never gone. But now they were freshening as when the breeze rises.

"Two," the boy said.

"Two," the old man agreed. "You didn't steal them?"

"I would," the boy said. "But I bought these."

"Thank you," the old man said. He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no loss of true pride.

"Tomorrow is going to be a good day with this current," he said.

"Where are you going?" the boy asked.

"Far out to come in when the wind shifts. I want to be out before it is light."

"I'll try to get him to work far out," the boy said. "Then if you hook something truly big we can come to your aid."

"He does not like to work too far out."

“你给我买了啤酒，”老人说，“你已经是个男子汉了。”

“你第一次带我上船那会儿，我几岁呀？”

“五岁，而且你差点就没命了。当时我把一条鱼拖上了船，那鱼活蹦乱跳的，险些把船撞得粉碎。你还记得吗？”

“我记得那鱼尾巴使劲地拍打，撞断了划手的坐板，还有你用棍子打鱼的声音。我还记得你把我推到船头，那儿堆着一卷卷湿淋淋的钓线。我觉得整条船都在颤抖，我听见你在用棍子打鱼，就像砍树一样。我觉得浑身都是甜甜的血腥味。”

“你是真的记得，还是听我说的？”

“从我们第一次一块儿捕鱼那会儿起，我什么都记得。”

老人用他那双被阳光灼烧过的自信而慈爱的眼睛打量着他。

“你要是我的孩子，我就会带你出去冒冒险，”他说，“可是你是你爸妈的孩子，而且又在一条幸运船上。”

“我可以去弄些沙丁鱼来吗？我还知道上哪儿搞得到四个鱼饵。”

“我今天还剩下一些鱼饵呢，我把它们腌在盒子里了。”

“我给你搞四个新鲜的来吧。”

“一个就好。”老人说。他从未失去希望和信心。而现在就好像微风拂过，他的希望和信心都被鼓舞起来了。

“两个吧。”孩子说。

“那就两个吧，”老人同意了，“不是偷来的吧？”

“我倒是想去偷的，”孩子说，“不过，这几个是我买来的。”

“谢谢你。”老人说。他太单纯了，不会去想自己是什么时候变得谦恭起来了。但他知道他已经变得谦恭了，还知道这并不丢脸，也没有让他丧失真正的自尊。

“看这水流，明天会是个好天。”他说。

“你要上哪儿？”孩子问。

“很远的地方，等到风向转了再回来。我想不等天亮就出海。”

“我要设法让船主在很远的地方作业，”孩子说，“那样，要是你捕到一个很大的家伙，我们可以来帮忙。”

“他可不喜欢在太远的地方捕鱼。”

“No,” the boy said. “But I will see something that he cannot see such as a bird working and get him to come out after dolphin.”

“Are his eyes that bad?”

“He is almost blind.”

“It is strange,” the old man said. “He never went turtle-ing. That is what kills the eyes.”

“But you went turtle-ing for years off the Mosquito Coast and your eyes are good.”

“I am a strange old man.”

“But are you strong enough now for a truly big fish?”

“I think so. And there are many tricks.”

“Let us take the stuff home,” the boy said. “So I can get the cast net and go after the sardines.”

They picked up the gear from the boat. The old man carried the mast on his shoulder and the boy carried the wooden box with the coiled, hard-braided brown lines, the gaff and the harpoon with its shaft. The box with the baits was under the stern of the skiff along with the club that was used to subdue the big fish when they were brought alongside. No one would steal from the old man but it was better to take the sail and the heavy lines home as the dew was bad for them and, though he was quite sure no local people would steal from him, the old man thought that a gaff and a harpoon were needless temptations to leave in a boat.

They walked up the road together to the old man’s shack and went in through its open door. The old man leaned the mast with its wrapped sail against the wall and the boy put the box and the other gear beside it. The mast was nearly as long as the one room of the shack. The shack was made of the tough budshields of the royal palm which are called *guano* and in it there was a bed, a table, one chair, and a place on the dirt floor to cook with charcoal. On the brown walls of the flattened, overlapping leaves of the sturdy fibered *guano* there was a picture in color of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and another of the Virgin of Cobre. These were relics of his wife. Once there had been a tinted photograph of his wife on the wall but he had taken it

“这倒是，”孩子说，“但是我会看到一些他看不见的东西，譬如一只鸟在捕鱼，引诱他去远海跟踪鲛鳅。”

“他的眼睛有那么糟糕吗？”

“差不多全瞎了。”

“这倒怪了，”老人说，“他又没有捕过海龟，那才是最伤眼睛的。”

“但你在莫斯基托海岸捕了好多年海龟，眼睛还照样很好呢。”

“我是个怪老头。”

“你现在还有没有力气对付一条很大的鱼？”

“我想还有。何况我还知道很多诀窍。”

“我们把这些东西搬回家去吧，”孩子说，“这样我就可以去拿渔网捕沙丁鱼了。”

他们从船上拿了一应器具。老人肩上扛着桅杆，孩子拿着木盒，木盒里面装有一卷卷编织紧密的褐色钓线，还有手钩和带柄的鱼叉。船尾放着盛鱼饵的盒子，旁边有一根木棍，是用来制服弄到船边的大鱼的。老人的这些家什没有人会偷。但是船帆和沉重的钓线还是拿回家好，因为露水对这些东西有损害。尽管老人肯定当地人不会来偷，但他想，把手钩和鱼叉留在船上会是不必要的诱惑。

两人一起顺着路走到了老人的棚屋前，从开着的门进去。老人把裹着帆的桅杆靠在墙上，孩子在旁边放下木盒和其他渔具。桅杆几乎跟这个单间的棚屋一样长。棚屋是用王棕——当地人称做棕榈^①——的坚韧苞壳盖成的。屋里有一张床、一张桌子、一把椅子以及一方烧炭起火做饭的泥地。棕色的墙是用棕榈结实的纤维质叶子砌成的，那叶子被压得扁扁的，叠在一起。墙上有一幅彩色画，是《耶稣圣心图》，另一幅画是《科伯圣母图》，都是他妻子的遗物。本来，墙上还挂着一幅妻子的着色

① 原文为西班牙语。

down because it made him too lonely to see it and it was on the shelf in the corner under his clean shirt.

“What do you have to eat?” the boy asked.

“A pot of yellow rice with fish. Do you want some?”

“No. I will eat at home. Do you want me to make the fire?”

“No. I will make it later on. Or I may eat the rice cold.”

“May I take the cast net?”

“Of course.”

There was no cast net and the boy remembered when they had sold it. But they went through this fiction every day. There was no pot of yellow rice and fish and the boy knew this too.

“Eighty-five is a lucky number,” the old man said. “How would you like to see me bring one in that dressed out over a thousand pounds?”

“I’ll get the cast net and go for sardines. Will you sit in the sun in the doorway?”

“Yes. I have yesterday’s paper and I will read the baseball.”

The boy did not know whether yesterday’s paper was a fiction too. But the old man brought it out from under the bed.

“Perico gave it to me at the *bodega*,” he explained.

“I’ll be back when I have the sardines. I’ll keep yours and mine together on ice and we can share them in the morning. When I come back you can tell me about the baseball.”

“The Yankees cannot lose.”

“But I fear the Indians of Cleveland.”

“Have faith in the Yankees my son. Think of the great DiMaggio.”

“I fear both the Tigers of Detroit and the Indians of Cleveland.”

“Be careful or you will fear even the Reds of Cincinnati and the White Sox of Chicago.”

“You study it and tell me when I come back.”

“Do you think we should buy a terminal of the lottery with an eighty-five? Tomorrow is the eight-fifth day.”

“We can do that,” the boy said. “But what about the eighty-seven of

照,但因为他一瞧见便想起自己形单影只,就把它拿了下來,放在角落的一个架子上,一件干净衬衫底下。

“你吃什么呀?”孩子问。

“一锅黄米饭和鱼。你想要吃一点吗?”

“不,我回家吃饭。要我帮忙生火吗?”

“不用了。我等会儿自己来生火。或者我也许就吃冷饭了。”

“我可以把渔网拿走吗?”

“当然喽。”

渔网已经没有了,孩子还记得是什么时候卖掉的。不过,他们每天都要把这场戏演一遍。孩子也知道,那锅黄米饭其实是沒有的,鱼也没有。

“八十五是个幸运的数字,”老人说,“你想不想看到我带回来一条鱼,去掉内脏净重还超过一千磅?”

“我去拿渔网捕沙丁鱼,你就坐在门口晒太阳好吗?”

“好。我有一张昨天的报纸,可以看看有关棒球赛的新闻。”

孩子不知道“昨天的报纸”是否也是编造出来的。不过,老人从床底下取出了报纸。

“佩里科在酒店^①里给我的。”他解释说。

“我捕到沙丁鱼就回来。把你的和我的放在一起,镇上冰,明天早上分着用。等会儿我回来,你跟我说说棒球赛的消息。”

“扬基队是不会输的。”

“不过我担心克利夫兰印第安人队会赢。”

“对扬基队要有信心,孩子。想一想名将迪马乔吧。”

“我怕底特律老虎队和克利夫兰印第安人队。”

“小心点,要不然,你连辛辛那提红队和芝加哥白袜队都要害怕了。”

“你研究一下,等我回来告诉我。”

“你认为我们是不是该去买张彩票,末尾两位数是八十五?明天是第八十五天。”

“可以是可以,”孩子说,“不过你那八十七天的伟大纪录怎么办?”

① 原文为西班牙语。

your great record?"

"It could not happen twice. Do you think you can find an eighty-five?"

"I can order one."

"One sheet. That's two dollars and a half. Who can we borrow that from?"

"That's easy. I can always borrow two dollars and a half."

"I think perhaps I can too. But I try not to borrow. First you borrow. Then you beg."

"Keep warm old man," the boy said. "Remember we are in September."

"The month when the great fish come," the old man said. "Anyone can be a fisherman in May."

"I go now for the sardines," the boy said.

When the boy came back the old man was asleep in the chair and the sun was down. The boy took the old army blanket off the bed and spread it over the back of the chair and over the old man's shoulders. They were strange shoulders, still powerful although very old, and the neck was still strong too and the creases did not show so much when the old man was asleep and his head fallen forward. His shirt had been patched so many times that it was like the sail and the patches were faded to many different shades by the sun. The old man's head was very old though and with his eyes closed there was no life in his face. The newspaper lay across his knees and the weight of his arm held it there in the evening breeze. He was barefooted.

The boy left him there and when he came back the old man was still asleep.

"Wake up old man," the boy said and put his hand on one of the old man's knees.

The old man opened his eyes and for a moment he was coming back from a long way away. Then he smiled.

"What have you got?" he asked.

"Supper," said the boy. "We're going to have supper."

"I'm not very hungry."

“不可能有第二次了。你认为能搞得到末尾两位数是八十五的彩票吗？”

“我可以预订一张。”

“一张要两块五。我们向谁能借到这笔钱呢？”

“这个简单。两块五我总能借到手。”

“我觉得也许我也能。不过我尽量不借。一回借钱，二回要饭。”

“穿暖和些，老爷子，”孩子说，“别忘了现在是九月。”

“是大鱼上钩的月份，”老人说，“五月份人人都能捕到鱼。”

“现在我去捉沙丁鱼了。”孩子说。

孩子回来的时候，老人在椅子上睡着了，太阳已经落下。孩子从床上拿来一条旧军毯，铺在椅背上，盖住老人的肩膀。这肩膀不同寻常，虽然很老，却依然有力。那脖子也仍然很壮实。老人睡着时，脑袋往前耷拉着，皱纹并不明显。他的衬衫打过多次补丁，弄得很像船帆，经太阳一晒，褪成了深浅不一的颜色。不过，老人的头很老，闭上眼睛时，脸上就没有一丝生气了。报纸摊在他的膝盖上，有胳膊的重量压着，才没被晚风吹走。他赤着双脚。

孩子走了，没有惊动老人，回来时，老人还没睡醒。

“醒一醒，老爷子。”孩子说，他伸手碰了一下老人的膝盖。

老人睁开了眼睛，一时仿佛从遥远的地方回过神来。然后他笑了笑。

“你搞到什么了？”他问。

“晚饭，”孩子说，“我们要吃晚饭了。”

“我还不是很饿。”

“你搞到什么了？”他问。

“晚饭，”孩子说，“我们要吃晚饭了。”

“我还不是很饿。”

“来，吃饭。你不能光打鱼不吃饭。”

