

新课标·英汉对照课外名著必读（提高版）

Jane eyre

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简·爱

【英】夏洛蒂·勃朗特 ● 著



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饶晓红 编译

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内 容 简 介

简·爱是英国著名女作家夏洛蒂·勃朗特(Charlotte Bronte)(1816-1855年)的成名作。故事讲述的是心地善良的简追求自由、独立、爱情的故事。简自幼父母双亡,寄居在舅舅家。她长大后来桑菲尔德庄园当家庭教师并与庄园主罗彻斯特相爱。

正当他们在教堂准备结婚之时,有人宣布罗彻斯特已结婚,简愤而离去。

若干年后,简觉得罗彻斯特在召唤她,于是她去找罗彻斯特。罗彻斯特因遭遇剧变,已双目失明,失去了一条臂膀。简对他的爱情坚贞不移,最终与他安静地举行了婚礼。

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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

第一章

.....

绯红色窗幔的皱褶遮住了我右侧的视线;左边是明亮的玻璃窗,保护着我,使我既免遭十一月阴沉天气的折磨,又不会与外界隔绝。在阅读的刹那,我欣赏着冬日下午的美景。远方是一片白茫茫的云雾,近处是一块湿漉漉的草地和经受风雨摧残的灌木。一阵阵凄厉的狂风伴随着连绵的暴雨狂野地冲刷着眼前的一切。

.....

约翰·里德是个十四岁的小学生,比我大四岁,而我仅有十岁。相对于他的年龄而言,他长得高大结实,但肤色黝黑,一副病态。他的脸盘很阔,四肢粗

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 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

大。他吃饭时经常狼吞虎咽,这使他肝火很旺,眼睛黯淡无光,面容憔悴。现在他本该呆在学校,但他妈把他领了回来,打算在家住上一两个月,理由是“身体欠佳”。但他的老师迈尔斯先生却声称,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建议是难以接受的,而趋向于一种比较高雅的想法,认为约翰是过于用功,或者是因为想家,才搞得那么面黄肌瘦的。

约翰对母亲和姐妹们没有多少好感,对我则更是讨厌。他欺侮我,责骂我,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充

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

满恐怖,每当他走近我的时候,我身上的每根神经都会颤抖起来。我经常被他突如其来的行为吓得手足无措,因为面对他的恐吓和欺侮,我无处倾诉。佣人们不愿站在我这边去得罪他们的少爷,而里德太太更对此装聋作哑、不闻不问。她从没看过她儿子欺侮过我,尽管约翰经常在她面前这样做,而背着她打骂我的次数不用说就更多了。

.....

“你无权拿我们的书。妈妈说你是个寄生虫。你没有钱,你爸爸留给你的是一无所有,你应该去讨饭,不能和我们这样体面人家的孩子住在一起,同我们吃饭穿衣,穿我妈妈花钱买的衣

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, 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!'

服。现在我要惩罚你,因为你动了我们的书架,而那些书都是我的,整座房子都是我的,或者说过几年后就归我了。滚远点,站到门边去,离镜子和窗子远点儿。”

我照他的话做了,起初并不知道他到底要干什么,当他举起书,拿稳当了,摆出要扔过来的架势时,我惊叫一声,本能地往旁边一闪,可是来不及了,那本书已经飞了过来,正好打中了我,我倒下了,脑袋撞在门上,碰出了一条口子。伤口流血了,阵阵刺痛。恐惧已经超越了极限,其他的情感伴随而来。

“你这个罪恶多端的孩子!”我说,“你像个杀人犯——奴隶监工——罗马皇帝!”

.....

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. Aid 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!'

.....

.....

他向我扑面而来:我感觉他抓住了我的头发和肩膀,他跟一个疯狂的东西纠缠在一起。我看出他的确是个暴君、杀人犯。我觉得一两滴血从头上顺着脖子流淌下来,钻心的疼。这样的感觉一度使我不再害怕,发疯似地同他对打起来。我不懂自己的双手到底干了什么,只听见他骂我“讨厌鬼!讨厌鬼!”,同时恐怖地嚎叫着。他的得力助手就要来了,伊丽莎和乔治亚娜早已飞奔到楼上去见里德太太。她赶到现场时,后面紧随着贝茜和女佣艾博特。他们把我们拉开了,我听见她们说:

“天啊!竟对约翰少爷这么不恭不敬!”

.....

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.

.....

然后里德太太补充说：“把
她带到红楼里去，关起来，”四只
手立刻抓紧我，我被架到楼上。

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CHAPTER 2

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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

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红房子是间闲着的卧房,很少有人住在里面睡觉。也许我可以断定,从来没有。

.....

里德先生已经死去九年:他就是在這間屋子里咽气的,遗体也躺在这里,他的棺材被殡葬工人从这里抬走。从此这里便充满了一种阴森可怕的气氛,叫人们不寒而栗。

.....

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

第三章

.....

好心的药剂师觉得有些疑惑。我站在他面前,他不时地打量着我。他的眼睛小且黯淡,了无生机,但我应当说现在我认为它们非常敏锐。他的相貌严厉而温和,他专注地打量了我一番后说:“昨天你怎么得了病?”

“她摔了一跤。”贝茜又插嘴说。

“跌跤!那是小孩子的游戏!她这样年龄竟不会走路?她至少有八九岁了吧。”

“我被人打倒了,”自尊心再次受到伤害引起的一阵酸楚使我冒昧地作了这样的辩解,“但

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 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

那并没有让我生病。”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，那么是怎么回事呢？”当贝茜即将离开，劳埃德先生赶紧问道。

“他们把我关在一间闹鬼的屋子里，直到傍晚。”

我看到劳埃德先生淡淡一笑，又皱了皱眉，“鬼！哎，你还是个孩子！你怕鬼吗？”

“我害怕里德先生的鬼魂，他就死在那间房子里，还停在那儿。除去特殊情况，贝茜和其他人晚上都不去那个房间。把我一个人关在里面，里面没有蜡烛，那么残忍，我一辈子都不会忘。”

“胡说！就由于这个使你伤心的吗？现在大白天你还怕

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?’

吗?”

“现在不怕,不过黑夜即将就要来临。除此而外,我不快乐,一点儿都不快乐,因为其他的原因。”

“其他什么事?能讲给我听听吗?”

.....

“首先是因为我没有父母,也没有兄弟姐妹。”

“可是你有一位善良的舅母和表兄妹们。”

我又停住了,随后吞吞吐吐地说:

“就是约翰·里德把我打倒了,但舅妈又把我关进红房子。”

劳埃德先生再一次掏出了鼻烟盒。

.....

“你想上学吗?”

.....

‘I should indeed like to go to school,’ was the audible conclusion of my musings.

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“我的确愿意去上学，”这是我沉思之后轻声说出的想法。

.....