

# 老人与海

[美国] 海明威 著 李永 译

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

有棍子打鱼的声音。我记得你把我朝船头猛推，那儿搁着湿漉漉的钓索卷儿，我感到整条船在颤抖，听到你啪啪地用棍子打鱼的声音，像在砍倒一棵树，还记得我浑身上下都是甜丝丝的血腥味儿。”

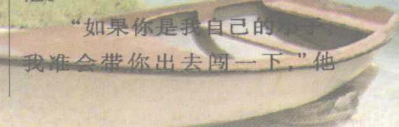
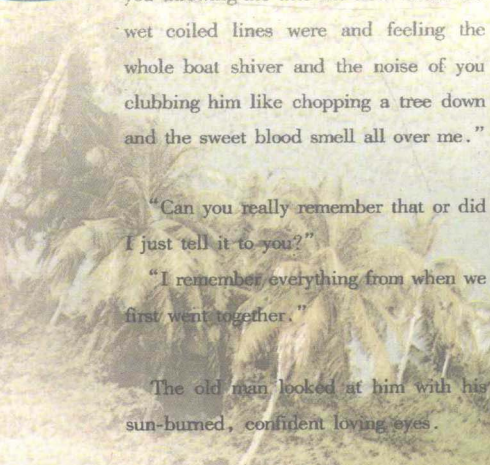
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老人用他那双常遭日晒而目光坚定的眼睛爱怜地望着他。

“如果你是我自己的小子，我准会带你出去闯一下。”他

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA



世界文学名著英汉全译丛书

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美国 海明威著

李永 译

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## The Old Man And The Sea

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 re-

## 老人与海

他是个独自在湾流中一条小船上钓鱼的老人,至今已去了八十四天,一条鱼也没逮住。头四十天里,有个男孩子跟他在一起。可是,过了四十天还没捉到一条鱼,孩子的父母对他说,老人如今准是十足地“倒了血霉”,这就是说,倒霉到了极点,于是孩子听从了他们的吩咐,上了另外一条船。头一个礼拜就捕到了三条好鱼。孩子看见老人每天回来时船总是空的,感到很难受,他总是走下岸去,帮老人拿卷起的钓索,或者鱼钩和鱼叉,还有绕在桅杆上的帆。帆上用面粉袋片打了些补丁,收拢后看来像是一面标志着永远失败的旗子。

老人消瘦憔悴,脖颈上有些很深的皱纹。腮帮上有些褐斑,那是太阳在热带海面上的反光所造成的良性皮肤癌变。

flection 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.”

褐斑从他脸的两侧一直蔓延下去，他的双手常用绳索拉大鱼，留下了刻得很深的伤疤。但是这些伤疤中没有一块是新的。它们像无鱼可打的沙漠中被侵蚀的地方一般古老。

他身上的一切都显得古老，除了那双眼睛，它们像海水一样蓝，显得喜洋洋而不服输。

“圣地亚哥，”他们俩从小船停泊的地方爬上岸时，孩子对他说。“我又能陪你出海了。我家挣到了一点儿钱。”

老人教会了这孩子捕鱼，孩子爱他。

“不，”老人说。“你遇上了一条交好运的船。跟他们待下去吧。”

“不过你该记得，你有一回八十七天钓不到一条鱼，跟着有三个礼拜，我们每天都逮住了大鱼。”

“我记得。”老人说。“我知道你不是因为没把握才离开我的。”

“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

“是爸爸叫我走的。我是孩子，不能不听他的。”

“我明白，”老人说。“这很在理。”

“他没多大的信心。”

“是啊，”老人说。“可是我们有，可不是吗？”

“对，”孩子说。“我请你到露台饭店去喝杯啤酒，然后一起把打鱼的家什带回去。”

“那敢情好，”老人说。“都是打鱼人嘛。”

他们坐在饭店的露台上，不少渔夫拿老人开玩笑，老人并不生气。另外一些上了些年纪的渔夫望着他，感到难受。不过他们并不流露出来，只是斯文地谈起海流，他们把钓索送到海面下有多深，天气一贯多么好，还谈起他们的见闻。当天打鱼得手的渔夫都已回来，把大马林鱼剖开，整片儿横排在两块木板上，每块木板的两端各由两个人抬着，摇摇晃晃地送到收鱼站，在那里等冷藏车来把它们运往哈瓦那的市

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.”

场。逮到鲨鱼的人们已把它们送到海湾另一边的鲨鱼加工厂去，吊在复合滑车上，除去肝脏，割掉鱼鳍，剥去外皮，把鱼肉切成一条条，以备腌制。

刮东风的时候，鲨鱼加工厂隔着海湾送来一股腥味；但今天只是淡淡的一丝，因为风转向了北方，后来逐渐平息，饭店露台上可人心意、阳光明媚。

“圣地亚哥。”孩子说。

“哦，”老人说。他正握着酒杯，思量好多年前的事儿。

“要我去弄点沙丁鱼来给你明天用吗？”

“不。打棒球去吧。我划船还行，罗赫略会给我撒网的。”

“我很想去。即使不能陪你钓鱼，我也很想给你多少做点事。”



“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

“你请我喝了杯啤酒，”老人说。“你已经是个大人啦。”

“你头一回带我上船，我有多大？”

“五岁，那天我把一条鲜龙活跳的鱼拖上船去，它差一点把船撞得粉碎，你也差一点给送了命。还记得吗？”

“我记得鱼尾巴砰砰地拍打着，船上的座板给打断了，还有棍子打鱼的声音。我记得你把我朝船头猛推，那儿搁着湿漉漉的钓索卷儿，我感到整条船在颤抖，听到你啪啪地用棍子打鱼的声音，像在砍倒一棵树，还记得我浑身上下都是甜丝丝的血腥味儿。”

“你当真记得那回事儿，还是我不久前刚跟你说过？”

“打从我们头一回一起出海时起，什么事儿我都记得清清楚楚。”

老人用他那双常遭日晒而目光坚定的眼睛爱怜地望着他。

“如果你是我自己的小子，我准会带你出去闯一下，”他

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.

说。“可你是你爸爸和你妈妈的小子，你搭的又是一条交上了好运的船。”

“我去弄沙丁鱼来好吗？我还知道上哪儿去弄四份大鱼饵来。”

“我今天还有自个儿剩下的。我把它们放在匣子里腌了。”

“我给你弄四条新鲜的来吧。”

“一条。”老人说。他的希望和他的信心从没消失过。这时可又像微风初起时那么鲜活了。

“两条。”孩子说。

“就两条吧，”老人同意了。“你不是去偷的吧？”

“我愿意去偷，”孩子说。“不过这些是买来的。”

“谢谢你了，”老人说。他心地单纯，不去捉摸自己什么时候达到这样谦卑的地步。可是他知道这时正达到了这地步，知道这并不丢脸，所以也无损于真正的自尊心。

“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.”

“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.”

“看这海流，明儿会是个好日子，”他说。

“你打算上哪儿？”孩子问。

“驶到远方，等转了风才回来。我想不等天亮就出发。”

“我要想法叫船主人也驶到远方。”孩子说。“这样，如果你钓到了确实大的鱼，我们可以赶去帮你的忙。”

“他可不会愿意驶到很远的地方。”

“是啊，”孩子说。“不过我会看见一些他看不见的东西，比如说有只鸟儿在空中盘旋，我就会叫他赶去追鲱鳅的。”

“他眼睛这么不行吗？”

“简直是个瞎子。”

“这可怪了。”老人说。“他从没捕过海龟。这玩艺才伤眼睛哪。”

“你可在莫斯科托海岸外捕了好多年海龟，你的眼力还是挺好的嘛。”

“我是个不同寻常的老头

“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

儿。”

“不过你现在还有力气对付一条真正大的鱼吗？”

“我想还有。再说有不少窍门可用呢。”

“我们把家什拿回家去吧，”孩子说。“这样我可以拿了鱼网去逮沙丁鱼。”

他们从船上拿起打鱼的家什。老人把桅杆扛上肩头，孩子拿着内放编得很紧密的褐色钓索卷儿的木箱、鱼钩和带杆子的鱼叉。盛鱼饵的匣子给藏在小船的船梢下面，那儿还有那根在大鱼被拖到船边时用来收服它们的棍子。谁也不会来偷老人的东西，不过还是把桅杆和那些粗钓索带回家去的好，因为露水对这些东西不利，再说，尽管老人深信当地不会有人来偷他的东西，但他认为，把一把鱼钩和一支鱼叉留在船上实在是必要的引诱。

他们顺着大路一起走到老

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 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

人的窝棚,从敞开的门走进去。老人把绕着帆的桅杆靠在墙上,孩子把木箱和其他家什搁到它的旁边。桅杆跟这单间的窝棚差不多一般长。窝棚用王棕的叫做 *guano* 的坚韧的苞壳做成,里面有一张床、一张桌子、一把椅子和泥地上一处用木炭烧饭的地方。在用这纤维结实的 *guano* 展平了叠盖而成的褐色墙壁上,有一幅彩色的耶稣圣心图和另一幅科夫莱圣母图。这是他妻子的遗物。墙上一度挂着幅他妻子的着色照,但他把它取下了,因为看了觉得自己太孤单了,它如今在屋角搁板上,在他的一件干净衬衫下面。

"有什么吃的东西?"孩子问。

"有锅鱼煮黄米饭。要吃点吗?"

"不。我回家去吃。要我

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 sar-

给你生火吗?"

"不用。等会儿我自己来生。也许就吃冷饭算了。"

"我把鱼网拿去好吗?"

"当然好。"

实在并没有鱼网,孩子还记得他们是什么时候把它卖掉的。然而他们每天都扯一套这种谎话。也没有一锅鱼煮黄米饭,这一点孩子也知道。

"八十五是个吉利的数目,"老人说。"你可想看到我逮回来一条去掉了下脚有一千多磅重的鱼?"

"我拿鱼网捞沙丁鱼去。你坐在门口晒晒太阳可好?"

"好吧。我有张昨天的报纸,我来看看棒球消息。"

孩子不知道昨天的报纸是不是也是乌有的。但是老人把它从床下取出来了。

"佩里科在酒馆里给我的,"他解释说。

"我弄到了沙丁鱼就回来。"

dines. 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 eighty-fifth day."

"We can do that," the boy said. "But what about the eighty-seven of your great record?"

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

"I can order one."

我要把你的鱼跟我的一起用冰镇着，明儿早上就可以分着用了。等我回来了，你给我讲讲棒球消息。

"扬基队不会输。"

"可是我怕克利夫兰印第安人会赢。"

"相信扬基队吧，好孩子。别忘了那了不起的迪马吉奥。"

"我担心底特律老虎队，也担心克利夫兰印第安人队。"

"当心点，要不然连辛辛那提红队和芝加哥白短袜队，你都要担心啦。"

"你好好儿看报，等我回来了给我讲讲。"

"你看我们该去买张末尾是八五的彩票吗？明儿是第八十五天。"

"这样做行啊，"孩子说。"不过你上次创的纪录是八十七天，这怎么说？"

"这种事儿不会再发生。你看能弄到一张末尾是八五的吗？"

"我可以去订一张。"

“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

“订一张。这要两块半。我们向谁去借这笔钱呢?”

“这个容易。我总能借到两块半的。”

“我看没准儿我也借得到。不过我不想借钱。第一步是借钱。下一步就要讨饭啰。”

“穿得暖和点,老大爷,”孩子说。“别忘了,我们这是在九月里。”

“正是大鱼露面的月份,”老人说。“在五月里,人人都能当个好渔夫的。”

“我现在去捞沙丁鱼,”孩子说。

等孩子回来的时候,老人在椅子上熟睡着,太阳已经下去了。孩子从床上捡起一条旧军毯,铺在椅背上,盖住了老人的双肩。这两个肩膀挺怪,人非常老迈了,肩膀却依然很强健,脖子也依然很壮实,而且当老人睡着了,脑袋向前耷拉着的时候,皱纹也不大明显了。他的衬衫上不知打了多少次补丁,弄得像他那张帆一样,这些



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."

"Come on and eat. You can't fish and not eat."

"I have," the old man said getting up and taking the newspaper and folding it. Then he started to fold the blanket.

"Keep the blanket around you," the

补丁被阳光晒得褪成了许多深浅不同的颜色。老人的头非常苍老,眼睛闭上了,脸上就一点生气也没有。那报纸摊在他膝盖上,在晚风中,靠他一条胳膊压着才没被吹走。他光着脚。

孩子撤下老人走了,等他回来时,老人还是熟睡着。

"醒来吧,老大爷,"孩子说,一手搭上老人的膝盖。

老人睁开眼睛,他的神志一时仿佛正在从老远的地方回来。随后他微笑了。

"你拿来了什么?"他问。

"晚饭,"孩子说。"我们就来吃吧。"

"我肚子不大饿。"

"得了,吃吧。你不能只打鱼,不吃饭。"

"我这样干过,"老人说着,站起身来,拿起报纸,把它折好。跟着他动手折叠毯子。

"把毯子披在身上吧,"孩