



中文导读英文版
海明威作品系列



For Whom the Bell Tolls
丧钟为谁而鸣

[美] 海明威 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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内 容 简 介

《丧钟为谁而鸣》是美国著名作家海明威最重要的代表作之一，被誉为现代文学的经典名篇。1937年，西班牙爆发了以法西斯军人佛朗哥为首的反叛集团与政府军之间的内战。美国青年罗伯特·乔丹志愿加入了政府军，在敌后搞爆破活动。为完成炸桥任务，他奉命和地方游击队联系，在那认识了少女玛丽娅，并与她坠入爱河。在三天的时间里，罗伯特经历了爱情与职责的冲突以及生与死的考验，人性不断得到升华。在完成作战任务后的撤退途中，他把生的希望留给别人，独自留下阻击敌人，最终为西班牙人民献出了年轻的生命。

该书自出版以来，一直畅销至今，被译成世界上几十种语言，并被改编为电影和电视剧。书中所展现的故事感染了一代又一代读者的心灵。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的读者，特别是青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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欧内斯特·海明威（Ernest Hemingway, 1899—1961），蜚声世界文坛的美国现代著名小说家，1954 年度诺贝尔文学奖获得者、“新闻体”小说的创始人。

海明威 1899 年 7 月 21 日出生在美国伊利诺伊州一个医生的家庭。他的母亲喜爱文学，而父亲酷爱打猎、钓鱼等户外活动，这样的家庭环境使他从小就喜欢钓鱼、打猎、音乐和绘画，这对海明威日后的文学创作产生了巨大的影响。在高中时期，他就开始在校报上发表短篇小说，表现出很高的创作天赋。中学毕业后，海明威在《星报》当了 6 个月的实习记者，在此受到了良好的训练。第一次世界大战爆发后，海明威怀着感受战争的热切愿望，加入美国红十字会战场服务队，投身意大利战场。大战结束后，海明威被意大利政府授予十字军功奖章、银质奖章和勇敢奖章，获得中尉军衔，而伴随荣誉的是他身上数不清的伤痕和赶不走的恶魔般的战争记忆。第一次世界后，长期担任驻欧记者，并曾以记者身份参加第二次世界大战和西班牙内战。他对创作怀着浓厚的兴趣，一面当记者，一面写小说。1926 年出版了第一部长篇小说《太阳照常升起》，受到文学界的广泛关注。1929 年，他发表了他的代表作之一——《永别了，武器》。这是一部出色的反战小说，标志着海明威在艺术上的成熟，并且奠定了在小说界的地位。1940 年，海明威发表了以西班牙内战为背景的反法西斯主义的长篇小说《丧钟为谁而鸣》。1952 年，他出版了《老人与海》，该小说获得了当年普利策奖，由于该小说体现了人在“充满暴力与死亡的现实世界中”表现出来的勇气而获得 1954 年诺贝尔文学奖，获奖原因是：“因为他精通于叙事艺术，突出地表现在他的近著《老人与海》中，同时也由于他在当代风格中所发挥的影响。”对于这一赞誉，海明威是当之无愧的。获奖后的海明威患有多种疾病，给他身心造成极大的痛苦，之后他没能再创作出很有影响的作品，这使他精神抑郁，形成了消极悲观的情绪。1961 年 7 月 2 日，



蜚声世界文坛的海明威用猎枪结束了自己的生命。

20 世纪 20 年代是海明威文学创作的早期，他出版了《在我们的时代里》、《春潮》、《没有女人的男人》、《太阳照常升起》和《永别了，武器》等作品。《太阳照常升起》写的是像海明威一样流落在法国的一群美国年轻人，在第一次世界大战后，迷失了前进的方向，战争给他们造成了生理上和心理上的巨大伤害，他们非常空虚、苦恼和忧郁。他们想有所作为，但战争使他们精神迷惘，尔虞我诈的社会又使他们非常反感，他们只能在沉沦中度日，美国作家斯坦因由此称他们为“迷惘的一代”。这部小说是海明威自己生活道路和世界观的真实写照。海明威和他所代表的一个文学流派因而也被人称为“迷惘的一代”。除《太阳照常升起》之外，《永别了，武器》被誉为“迷惘的一代”文学中的经典。20 世纪 30—40 年代，他塑造了摆脱迷惘、悲观，为人民利益英勇战斗和无畏牺牲的反法西斯战士形象《第五纵队》，长篇小说《丧钟为谁而鸣》；根据在非洲的见闻和印象，他创作了《非洲的青山》、《乞力马扎罗山的雪》，还发表了《法兰西斯·玛贝康短暂的幸福》。20 世纪 50 年代，塑造了以桑提亚哥为代表的“可以把他消灭，但就是打不败他”的“硬汉形象”，其代表作就是影响世界的文学经典《老人与海》。

海明威一生的创作在现代文学史上留下了光辉的一页，他是美利坚民族的精神丰碑。海明威一生勤奋创作。早上起身的第一件事，就是进行写作。他写作时，还有一个常人没有的习惯，就是站着写。他说：“我站着写，而且是一只脚站着。我采取这种姿势，使我处于一种紧张状态，迫使我尽可能简短地表达我的思想。”海明威是一位具有独创性的小说家。他的最大贡献在于创造了一种洗练含蓄的新散文风格；在艺术上，他那简约有力的文体和多种现代派手法的出色运用，在美国文学中曾引起过一场“文学革命”，之后有许多欧美作家在小说创作中都受到了他的影响。

海明威也是一位颇受中国读者喜爱的作家，他的主要作品都有中译本出版，他的作品是最受广大读者欢迎的外国文学之一。基于这个原因，我们决定编译“海明威文学经典系列”丛书，该系列丛书收入了海明威的《永别了，武器》、《老人与海》、《太阳照常升起》、《丧钟为谁而鸣》和《流动的盛宴》五部经典之作，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读

速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的科学素养和人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章

Chapter 1



一个叫罗伯特的美国志愿者正趴在树林里的山坡上观察着地形，同时向身边的老向导安瑟尔谟打听这里的岗哨和桥的位置。罗伯特告诉向导要把炸药埋在合适的位置，以便炸毁桥梁，而老向导则承诺为罗伯特提供足够多的游击队员。

两个人一起朝着游击队藏身之处进发。途中遇到了悬崖，罗伯特背着炸药不方便攀岩，老人就自己先上去把游击队长带下来，从攀岩的样子可以看出老向导对这里很熟悉。

罗伯特参加了西班牙共和国军。这种敌后活动对于年轻人而言并不是难事。安瑟尔谟是一个可靠的向导，罗伯特也不用担心同志的信任问题。说到此次执行的炸桥任务，罗伯特更是一个高手。

罗伯特是受格尔兹将军的委派来执行此次任务的。格尔兹将军在临行之前要求罗伯特一定要在战斗开始的时候炸桥，以阻止敌军的增援。罗伯特希望知道具体的时间，格尔兹告诉他这个时间自己也并十分确定，因为整场战役并不完全由格尔兹指挥。格尔兹抱怨了一番，接着反复强调了在战斗开始的时候炸毁桥梁的重要性。

格尔兹将军又向罗伯特交代了一些战役部署，嘱咐了一些细节，不过罗伯特觉得关于其他部署自己还是知道得少一点儿更好。两个人布置完任务之后开了几句玩笑，格尔兹将军还请罗伯特喝了点酒，罗伯特便离开了格尔兹将军的营地，这一次见面其实是罗伯特最后一次见格尔兹。

安瑟尔谟带来了游击队长帕博罗。帕博罗确认了罗伯特的身份之后，询问起了罗伯特这次的任务。当得知罗伯特要在这里炸桥梁，帕博罗并不



罗伯特趴在山坡上观察地形

同意，因为帕博罗坚持的原则是狐狸的原则，即不住在区域搞破坏，否则会被敌人从住地赶走。

老向导对此很愤怒，训斥了游击队长。游击队长带着这两个人前往住地，经过树林的时候见到了帕博罗的马匹，有的是从敌人那里夺来的。帕博罗很有本事，除了夺取马匹之外，还炸毁过火车。

对于在这儿炸桥的事情，帕博罗还是表示反对，因为这会影响自己队伍在这个地方的安全，安瑟尔谟认为帕博罗只是为了自己的利益着想。由于急于赶路，他们不再争论，三个人继续上路。但是罗伯特心里清楚，帕博罗是不会完全配合的。罗伯特只好自嘲，以开导自己不再胡思乱想，放松心情。

He lay flat on the brown, pine-needled floor of the forest, his chin on his folded arms, and high overhead the wind blew in the tops of the pine trees. The mountainside sloped gently where he lay; but below it was steep and he could see the dark of the oiled road winding through the pass. There was a stream alongside the road and far down the pass he saw a mill beside the stream and the falling water of the dam, white in the summer sunlight.

"Is that the mill?" he asked.

"Yes".

"I do not remember it."

"It was built since you were here. The old mill is farther down; much below the pass."

He spread the photostated military map out on the forest floor and looked at it carefully. The old man looked over his shoulder. He was a short and solid old man in a black peasant's smock and gray ironstiff trousers and he wore rope-soled shoes. He was breathing heavily from the climb and his hand rested on one of the two heavy packs they had been carrying.

"Then you cannot see the bridge from here."

"No," the old man said. "This is the easy country of the pass where the stream flows gently. Below, where the road turns out of sight in the trees, it drops suddenly and there is a steep gorge —"

"I remember."

“Across the gorge is the bridge.”

“And where are their posts?”

“There is a post at the mill that you see there.”

The young man, who was studying the country, took his glasses from the pocket of his faded, khaki flannel shirt, wiped the lenses with a handkerchief, screwed the eyepieces around until the boards of the mill showed suddenly clearly and he saw the wooden bench beside the door; the huge pile of sawdust that rose behind the open shed where the circular saw was, and a stretch of the flume that brought the logs down from the mountainside on the other bank of the stream. The stream showed clear and smooth-looking in the glasses and, below the curl of the falling water, the spray from the dam was blowing in the wind.

“There is no sentry.”

“There is smoke coming from the milihouse,” the old man said. “There are also clothes on a line.”

“I see them but I do not see any sentry.”

“Perhaps he is in the shade,” the old man explained. “It is hot there now. He would be in the shadow at the end we do not see.”

“Probably. Where is the next post?”

“Below the bridge. It is at the roadmender’s hut at kilometre five from the top of the pass.”

“How many men are here?” He pointed at the mill.

“Perhaps four and a corporal.”

“And below?”

“More. I will find out.”

“And at the bridge?”

“Always two. One at each end.”

“We will need a certain number of men,” he said. “How many men can you get?”

“I can bring as many men as you wish,” the old man said. “There are many men now here in the hills.”

“How many?”

“There are more than a hundred. But they are in small bands. How many

men will you need?"

"I will let you know when we have studied the bridge."

"Do you wish to study it now?"

"No. Now I wish to go to where we will hide this explosive until it is time. I would like to have it hidden in utmost security at a distance no greater than half an hour from the bridge, if that is possible."

"That is simple," the old man said. "From where we are going, it will all be downhill to the bridge. But now we must climb a little in seriousness to get there. Are you hungry?"

"Yes," the young man said. "But we will eat later. How are you called? I have forgotten." It was a bad sign to him that he had forgotten.

"Anselmo," the old man said. "I am called Anselmo and I come from Barco de Avila. Let me help you with that pack."

The young man, who was tall and thin, with sun-streaked fair hair, and a wind-and sun-burned face, who wore the sun-faded flannel shirt, a pair of peasant's trousers and rope-soled shoes, leaned over, put his arm through one of the leather pack straps and swung the heavy pack up onto his shoulders. He worked his arm through the other strap and settled the weight of the pack against his back. His shirt was still wet from where the pack had rested.

"I have it up now," he said. "How do we go?"

"We climb," Anselmo said.

Bending under the weight of the packs, sweating, they climbed steadily in the pine forest that covered the mountainside. There was no trail that the young man could see, but they were working up and around the face of the mountain and now they crossed a small stream and the old man went steadily on ahead up the edge of the rocky stream bed. The climbing now was steeper and more difficult, until finally the stream seemed to drop down over the edge of a smooth granite ledge that rose above them and the old man waited at the foot of the ledge for the young man to come up to him.

"How are you making it?"

"All right," the young man said. He was sweating heavily and his thigh muscles were twitchy from the steepness of the climb.

"Wait here now for me. I go ahead to warn them. You do not want to be

shot at carrying that stuff.”

“Not even in a joke,” the young man said. “Is it far?”

“It is very close. How do they call thee?”

“Roberto,” the young man answered. He had slipped the pack off and lowered it gently down between two boulders by the stream bed.

“Wait here, then, Roberto, and I will return for you.”

“Good,” the young man said. “But do you plan to go down this way to the bridge?”

“No. When we go to the bridge it will be by another way. Shorter and easier.”

“I do not want this material to be stored too far from the bridge.”

“You will see. If you are not satisfied, we will take another place.”

“We will see.” the young man said.

He sat by the packs and watched the old man climb the ledge. It was not hard to climb and from the way he found hand-holds without searching for them the young man could see that he had climbed it many times before. Yet whoever was above had been very careful not to leave any trail.

The young man, whose name was Robert Jordan, was extremely hungry and he was worried. He was often hungry but he was not usually worried because he did not give any importance to what happened to himself and he knew from experience how simple it was to move behind the enemy lines in all this country. It was as simple to move behind them as it was to cross through them, if you had a good guide. It was only giving importance to what happened to you if you were caught that made it difficult; that and deciding whom to trust. You had to trust the people you worked with completely or not at all, and you had to make decisions about the trusting. He was not worried about any of that. But there were other things.

This Anselmo had been a good guide and he could travel wonderfully in the mountains. Robert Jordan could walk well enough himself and he knew from following him since before daylight that the old man could walk him to death. Robert Jordan trusted the man, Anselmo, so far, in everything except judgment. He had not yet had an opportunity to test his judgment, and, anyway, the judgment was his own responsibility. No, he did not worry about Anselmo

and the problem of the bridge was no more difficult than many other problems. He knew how to blow any sort of bridge that you could name and he had blown them of all sizes and constructions. There was enough explosive and all equipment in the two packs to blow this bridge properly even if it were twice as big as Anselmo reported it, as he remembered it when he had walked over it on his way to La Granja on a walking trip in 1933, and as Golz had read him the description of it night before last in that upstairs room in the house outside of the Escorial.

"To blow the bridge is nothing," Golz had said, the lamplight on his scarred, shaved head, pointing with a pencil on the big map. "You understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

"Absolutely nothing. Merely to blow the bridge is a failure."

"Yes, Comrade General."

"To blow the bridge at a stated hour based on the time set for the attack is how it should be done. You see that naturally. That is your right and how it should be done."

Golz looked at the pencil, then tapped his teeth with it.

Robert Jordan had said nothing.

"You understand that is your right and how it should be done," Golz went on, looking at him and nodding his head. He tapped on the map now with the pencil. "That is how I should do it. That is what we cannot have."

"Why, Comrade General?"

"Why?" Golz said, angrily. "How many attacks have you seen and you ask me why? What is to guarantee that my orders are not changed? What is to guarantee that the attack is not annulled? What is to guarantee that the attack is not postponed? What is to guarantee that it starts within six hours of when it should start? Has any attack ever been as it should?"

"It will start on time if it is your attack," Robert Jordan said.

"They are never my attacks," Golz said. "I make them. But they are not mine. The artillery is not mine. I must put in for it. I have never been given what I ask for even when they have it to give. That is the least of it. There are other things. You know how those people are. It is not necessary to go into all of it. Always there is something. Always someone will interfere. So now be

sure you understand.”

“So when is the bridge to be blown?” Robert Jordan had asked.

“After the attack starts. As soon as the attack has started and not before. So that no reinforcements will come up over that road.” He pointed with his pencil. “I must know that nothing will come up over that road.”

“And when is the attack?”

“I will tell you. But you are to use the date and hour only as an indication of a probability. You must be ready for that time. You will blow the bridge after the attack has started. You see?” he indicated with the pencil. “That is the only road on which they can bring up reinforcements. That is the only road on which they can get up tanks, or artillery, or even move a truck toward the pass which I attack. I must know that bridge is gone. Not before, so it can be repaired if the attack is postponed. No. It must go when the attack starts and I must know it is gone. There are only two sentries. The man who will go with you has just come from there. He is a very reliable man, they say. You will see. He has people in the mountains. Get as many men as you need. Use as few as possible, but use enough. I do not have to tell you these things.”

“And how do I determine that the attack has started?”

“It is to be made with a full division. There will be an aerial bombardment as preparation. You are not deaf, are you?”

“Then I may take it that when the planes unload, the attack has started?”

“You could not always take it like that,” Golz said and shook his head.

“But in this case, you may. It is my attack.”

“I understand it,” Robert Jordan had said. “I do not say I like it very much.”

“Neither do I like it very much. If you do not want to undertake it, say so now. If you think you cannot do it, say so now.”

“I will do it”, Robert Jordan had said. “I will do it all right”.

“That is all I have to know,” Golz said. “That nothing comes up over that bridge, That is absolute.”

“I understand.”

“I do not like to ask people to do such things and in such a way,” Golz went on. “I could not order you to do it. I understand what you may be forced

to do through my putting such conditions. I explain very carefully so that you understand and that you understand all of the possible difficulties and the importance.”

“And how will you advance on La Granja if that bridge is blown?”

“We go forward prepared to repair it after we have stormed the pass. It is a very complicated and beautiful operation. As complicated and as beautiful as always. The plan has been manufactured in Madrid. It is another of Vicente Rojo, the unsuccessful professor’s, masterpieces. I make the attack and I make it, as always, not in sufficient force. It is a very possible operation, in spite of that. I am much happier about it than usual. It can be successful with that bridge eliminated. We can take Segovia. Look, I show you how it goes. You see? It is not the top of the pass where we attack. We hold that. It is much beyond. Look-Here- Like this-”

“I would rather not know,” Robert Jordan said.

“Good,” said Golz. “It is less of baggage to carry with you on the other side, yes?”

“I would always rather not know. Then, no matter what can happen, it was not me that talked.”

“It is better not to know,” Golz stroked his forehead with the pencil. “Many times I wish I did not know myself. But you do know the one thing you must know about the bridge?”

“Yes. I know that.”

“I believe you do,” Golz said. “I will not make you any little speech. Let us now have a drink. So much talking makes me very thirsty, Comrade Hordan. You have a funny name in Spanish, Comrade Hordown.”

“How do you say Golz in Spanish, Comrade General?”

“Hotze,” said Golz grinning, making the sound deep in his throat as though hawking with a bad cold. “Hotze,” he croaked. “Comrade Heneral Khotze. If I had known how they pronounced Golz in Spanish I would pick me out a better name before I come to war here. When I think I come to command a division and I can pick out any name I want and I pick out Hotze. Heneral Hotze. Now it is too late to change. How do you like partizan work?” It was the Russian term for guerilla work behind the lines.