

# The Hunchback of Notre-Dame

巴黎圣母院



英语世界名著简读丛书

江苏教育出版社

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# The Hunchback of Notre-Dame 巴黎圣母院

[法] 维克多·雨果

梅晓娟 译注

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## 维克多·雨果与《巴黎圣母院》

维克多·雨果(Victor Hugo, 1802—1885)是法国伟大的浪漫主义作家,是法国积极浪漫主义文学的杰出代表。

维克多·雨果出生于法国贝尚松的一个军人家庭。由于受家庭影响,雨果青少年时期积极拥护保守主义,初期作品带有强烈的保守性,属于伪古典主义范畴。在日趋成熟的法国革命形势的推动和影响下,雨果的政治态度逐渐发生转变。他开始高举自由主义的旗帜,利用文学这一有力武器反对封建复辟,歌颂民主革命。1885年,雨果因病去世,巴黎举行盛大葬礼,对法兰西一代文豪的逝世表示哀悼。

雨果一生著作甚丰,主要有小说《悲惨世界》(1862)、《巴黎圣母院》(1831),戏剧《克伦威尔》(1827)、《艾那尼》(1830),文艺批评《莎士比亚论》(1864)等。在他众多的作品中,《巴黎圣母院》占据着重要地位,它是浪漫主义的里程碑,是雨果文学创作生涯的一个转折点,标志着雨果开始摆脱伪古典主义的束缚,向浪漫主义过渡。

在这部小说里,雨果用浪漫主义的手法向读者再现了15世纪法国的历史事实,描写了以吉卜赛少女爱斯梅哈尔达为中心的各阶层、各阶级的生活和

矛盾，把善恶美丑作了鲜明的对照。此外，作者还用大量的笔墨，细致描绘了巴黎圣母院这座著名的哥特式大教堂，给读者以美的享受，并增添了小说的浪漫主义色彩。

译注的这本《巴黎圣母院》是由英国人迈克尔·戴维斯和迈克尔·韦斯特改写的一个简写本。该版本词汇量适中，行文通俗易懂，是高中学生、大学低年级学生以及相当水平的英语爱好者的良师益友。除了参考译文之外，作者还对一些疑难之处作了注释，以方便读者阅读。

由于经验不足，水平有限，疏漏之处在所难免，望广大读者不吝指正。

1998年4月17日  
译者于南京大学

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## One

### THE DANCER

“I’m cold and I’m hungry,” said *Pierre Gringoire*<sup>1</sup>, “and I haven’t any money to buy my supper. No one wants the poems and the plays that I’ve written, and no one wants me.”

Paris, twelve days after Christmas in the year 1482, was a cold city; and many people who lived there were as cold, poor and thin as the poet *Pierre Gringoire*.

“I must give up being a writer,” he said, “I shall *die of*<sup>2</sup> hunger if I do not.” He pushed his hands into his empty pockets and walked towards the square called the *Place de Grève*<sup>3</sup>. “Look at that crowd! They seem to be warm enough; I’ll join them round their fire.”

Many men and women were standing in the middle of the square. They looked black *against*<sup>4</sup> the red light of a big fire of wood burning on the

---

1. *Pierre Gringoire* (人名)皮埃尔·甘果瓦 2. *die of*

死于…… 3. *Place de Grève* (地名)格雷夫广场

4. *against* 以……为背景; 与……相对照

stones. Gringoire hurried across. There seemed to be a large open space between the people and the fire.

“I’m freezing!” said Gringoire, pushing into the crowd. “Why don’t we all move nearer to the fire?”

“Because we must leave room for *Esmeralda*<sup>1</sup>, of course!” replied a fat fellow beside him.

“Who? I’ve never heard...”

“Well, use your eyes. Look at her; *isn’t she lovely*<sup>2</sup>?”

Gringoire *made himself tall enough*<sup>3</sup> to see over the hat of the woman in front of him, and then he understood. There was Esmeralda! She was dancing between *the watching crowd*<sup>4</sup> and the bright fire.

Gringoire, the poet, was not sure at first whether the *graceful*<sup>5</sup> dancer was a girl or a fairy! She was small, with a dark skin and black hair. Her eyes were black too, and they shone as she danced. Her little feet moved on a rich

- 
1. Esmeralda (人名)爱斯梅哈尔达      2. isn't she lovely  
难道她不可爱吗      3. made himself tall enough 尽量踮起脚尖  
4. the watching crowd = the crowd who was watching  
5. graceful 优雅的; 优美的



*Persian*<sup>1</sup> cloth which she had thrown over the stones of the square. Her dress was of many colours, bright with gold. Her legs and her shoulders were beautiful. In her right hand she carried a little drum with bells on it, and she hit it as she danced round and round.

“No,” Gringoire said aloud, “she’s not a fairy; I’ve seen gipsies with hair and eyes like those—but not as beautiful!”

“Of course she’s a *gipsy*<sup>2</sup>,” said the fat fellow. “She’s one of those wandering people who live in tents and move about from place to place, and she knows all the gipsies’ tricks. . . See there!”

Esmeralda picked up two swords from the ground, and made them stand on their points on her head. Then she danced round one way, while the swords went the other way. The red light from the fire added magic to her trick, and the crowd watched and wondered in silence.

“I could write a poem about this,” thought Gringoire. He looked across the fire, at the corner of the square where the terrible *gibbet*<sup>3</sup> stood. Many men and women had hung by the neck from

---

1. Persian 波斯的;波斯产的 2. gipsy 吉卜赛人  
3. gibbet 绞刑架

that wooden arm. Gringoire felt suddenly afraid. "But why am I afraid?" he wondered; "I haven't broken the law."

Then he looked at the other corner of the square, at the little building called the *Rat-Hole*<sup>1</sup>. *Sister Gudule*<sup>2</sup> lived in the Rat-Hole, in one room with iron bars across its only window. She could never come out; the Rat-Hole had no door. Everyone knew that she hated gipsies. She could not have seen Esmeralda, or she would have shouted curses, as she always did when gipsies came into the Place de Grève.

Esmeralda danced faster and faster, and the eyes of one face in the crowd around Gringoire were fixed on her with a strange look. The face was calm and still; but the eyes burned. The man was *not more than*<sup>3</sup> thirty-five years old, but there were only a few hairs left on his head, and they were grey. Gringoire could see only his head; the man's clothes were hidden by the crowd.

The girl, breathless, stopped dancing and the crowd shouted for more.

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1. Rat-Hole (地名)鼠洞楼 2. Sister Gudule 居第尔修女 3. not more than 不超过;至多

"*Djali*<sup>1</sup>!" cried Esmeralda.

Gringoire then saw a little white goat come up to her. Its feet were golden, and it wore a silver chain round its neck. Gringoire had not noticed the goat before, because it had been lying down to watch Esmeralda dance.

"*Djali*," she said, "now it's your turn." She sat down and *held out*<sup>2</sup> her drum to the goat.

"*Djali*," she asked, "what day of the month is it?"

The goat lifted its foot and, *to the delight of*<sup>3</sup> the people, hit the drum six times.

"Well done, *Djali*!" shouted the children in the front of the crowd.

"What a wonderful beast!" cried the fat fellow.

"*Djali*," said the gipsy, moving the drum round a little, "which hour of the day is it?"

*Djali* lifted a gold foot and hit the drum seven times. At that moment the clock in the tower beside the square struck seven.

"It is all done by *black magic*<sup>4</sup>," said an evil voice in the crowd. It was the voice of the man

---

1. *Djali* 得加里      2. *held out* 伸出      3. *to the delight of* 为了取悦于……  
4. *black magic* 妖术; 妖法

whose eyes were always on the gipsy girl. She turned round quickly, but the crowd shouted and the shouts hid the man's words.

"Djali," said the girl to please the crowd, "how do priests speak to people in church?"

The goat sat down and began to make a silly noise, waving its front feet in the air in a funny way. The people laughed and shouted as loud as they could.

"It is wrong! It is bad!" cried the voice of the man with only a few grey hairs.

The gipsy turned round again.

"Oh!" she said, "it's that ugly man!" and she *put out her tongue at him*<sup>1</sup>. But there was fear in her eyes as she turned from him and went round among the crowd to collect money on her drum.

The people were *generous*<sup>2</sup>, and when she came to Gringoire her drum was covered with big and little coins of gold and silver. Without thinking, Gringoire put his hand in his pocket. Of course he found that it was empty. "*The Devil!*"<sup>3</sup> said Gringoire, feeling hot and foolish while the

---

1. put out her tongue at him 她伸出舌头朝他做鬼脸

2. generous 大方的;慷慨的 3. The Devil! 该死;见鬼!

pretty girl stood in front of him with her drum. She watched him with her beautiful eyes, while he felt more and more silly. *If he had been rich, he would have given all his wealth to her!*<sup>1</sup>

A voice saved him, the voice of a woman from the far corner of the square.

“Go away! Bad girl! Gipsy!” cried the voice of the *holy*<sup>2</sup> woman from the Rat-Hole.

This voice, which frightened Esmeralda, pleased the children and made them laugh.

“It’s Sister Gudule!” they shouted. “Hasn’t she had her supper? She must be hungry! We’ll find her some food!” And they ran away.

That made Gringoire remember how hungry he was and wonder where he would find any supper himself.

“Poor Sister Gudule!” said the fat fellow beside him. “She doesn’t have much fun. I wonder what sorrow made her *leave the world*<sup>3</sup> and go to live a holy life in the Rat-Hole.”

“Don’t you know her story?” asked Gringoire.

---

1. If he... to her! 此处为虚拟语气,表示与当时事实相反的假设。 2. holy 修行的;献身于宗教的 3. leave

the world 遁世

"I thought everybody in Paris knew that."

"Of course I know the story that her baby daughter was stolen by gipsies, but *I don't believe one word of it*<sup>1</sup>. Poor old sister Gudule is *far too ugly ever to have a child worth stealing*<sup>2</sup>".

"Sorrow has made her ugly," said Gringoire. "I can believe that she was beautiful sixteen years ago, when the gipsies changed her baby for a boy who was four years old."

"A boy with only one eye, and arms and legs all the wrong shape. I know that story, but I still don't believe that Sister Gudule..."

"Haven't you seen the little baby's shoe in her Rat-Hole? And haven't you seen her *weeping over*<sup>3</sup> it? Her heart is broken. If you had any poetry in you, you would understand that the story *fits the facts*<sup>4</sup>."

"Poetry!" he laughed. "You'll tell me next that you're a poet yourself!"

Gringoire said nothing, because he heard the music of a strange but very sweet song. Esmeralda was singing it. The words, in the gipsy language,

---

1. I don't believe ... it 我对此只字不信 2. far too ugly ... worth stealing (居第尔修女)太丑了,不可能生出一个值得别人去偷的孩子 3. weeping over 对着……流泪 4. fits the facts 符合事实

were full of joy, and her voice was as bright and pure as that of a bird.

The children had gone to find some food for Sister Gudule; they came back from a dark, narrow street into the square. The biggest girl carried a cake. They came to the front of the crowd and stood there, listening to the wonderful song. The children were hungry too; they *broke pieces off*<sup>1</sup> the cake and ate them while they listened to Esmeralda singing.

The music did not last long.

From the Rat-Hole came another ugly shout in Sister Gudule's voice. "Won't you be silent? Won't you stop that noise and let us have some peace?"

The song stopped suddenly. "You have broken the loveliest music I ever heard!" Gringoire cried.

The people were angry too, and shouted. Some of them called:

*"The Devil take Sister Gudule!"*<sup>2</sup> and, as they cursed her, the crowd began to move angrily towards the Rat-Hole.

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1. broke pieces off 把……撕成小片 2. The Devil take Sister Gudule! 居第尔修女见鬼去吧!

Just then something caused them all to turn round and move towards the other side of the square. Out of the dark, winter evening, another crowd was marching towards them with lights and shouts and strange, ugly music.

The children quickly ate the rest of the cake as they ran towards the marching crowd: they forgot Sister Gudule. *So did all the other people in the square*<sup>1</sup>, because the men and women marching towards them were *carrying in the air*<sup>2</sup> somebody whom they very much wanted to see: they were carrying the *High Priest of Fools*<sup>3</sup>.

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1. So did all the other people in the square — 广场上的其他人也都一样 2. carrying in the air 把……抬在空中

3. High Priest of Fools 傻瓜们的高级教士



## Two

### QUASIMODO

Every year the people of Paris chose a different High Priest of Fools, and that morning they had chosen one in a new way.

In one of the churches there was a broken window with a hole in it as big as a man's head. All the ugliest men of Paris went into the church, and *one after another*<sup>1</sup> they pushed their faces through the hole where the glass had been, so that the crowd outside could decide which face was the ugliest of them all. The man with the ugliest face would be the High Priest of Fools for the year 1482.

The crowd had a lot of fun choosing him.

"Curse me if I ever saw a nose as big as that before!" shouted an old soldier.

"Only look at that mouth!" cried a farmer *with a cow on a rope*<sup>2</sup>.

"Let's see another. Come on!"

---

1. one after another 一个接一个      2. with a cow on a rope 用绳牵着牛