

书虫·牛津英汉对照读物

Charles Dickens

*A Tale of
Two Cities*

双城记



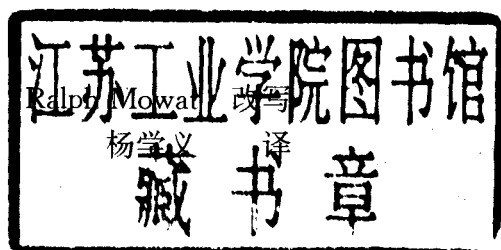
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双城记

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简介

时间是 1775 年，在巴黎的一家酒馆的楼上的一间屋子里坐着一位白发男人，他正忙着做鞋。他曾在巴士底狱当了 18 年的囚徒。现在他已是一个自由人了，然而他却不知道自己的名字，也认不出他的朋友。他所知道的就是他必须继续做鞋。

在一辆去巴黎的车上坐着路茜，这是他从没见过面的女儿。路茜把她父亲带回了伦敦，在女儿的爱心和照料之下，他忘掉过去并学会了重像一个自由人那样去生活。

然而在法国大革命的暴风雨年代，过去既没有消失也没有被忘掉。于是不久过去的危险秘密地把路茜和她所爱的人们带回了巴黎……那儿恐怖的死亡机器——断头台正饥饿地等候着法兰西的敌人们。

查尔斯·狄更斯是英国最伟大的作家之一，他 1812 年出生于普茨茅斯，1870 年去世。他出身贫寒，但在不幸的童年过后，他很快便变得富有和成功。在他众多的著名小说中有《雾都孤儿》、《远大前程》及《圣诞欢歌》。

1**The road to Paris—1775**

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. It was the season of light, it was the season of darkness. It was the spring of hope, it was the winter of sadness. It was the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five.

In France there was a King and a Queen, and in England there was a King and a Queen. They believed that nothing would ever change. But in France things were bad, and getting worse. The people were poor, hungry and unhappy. The King made paper money and spent it, and the people had nothing to eat. Behind closed doors in the homes of the people, voices spoke in whispers against the King and his noblemen; they were only whispers, but they were the angry whispers of desperate people.

Late one November night, in that same year 1775, a coach going from London to Dover, stopped at the top of a long hill. The horses were tired, but as they rested, the driver heard another horse coming fast up the hill behind them. The rider stopped his horse beside the coach and shouted:

‘I want a passenger, Mr Jarvis Lorry, from Tellson’s Bank in London.’

‘I am Mr Jarvis Lorry,’ said one of the passengers, putting his head out of the window. ‘What do you want?’



1 去巴黎的路—— 1775 年

那是最好的年代,也是最糟的年代。那是光明的时节,也是黑暗的时节。那是希望的春季,也是悲伤的冬日。那是公元 1775 年。

那时的法国有国王和王后,英国也有国王和王后,他们相信什么事情都不会改变。但是法国的境况很糟糕,而且是每况愈下。人民在贫乏、饥饿和不幸中生活。国王发行纸币进行挥霍,而百姓却要忍饥挨饿。在门户紧闭的家中,人们悄声地谈论着反对国王和他的贵族们的话题。它们只是低声的密谈,但却是绝望中的人们愤怒的声音。

就在那 1775 年 11 月的一个深夜,一辆从伦敦赶往多佛的马车停在了一条绵延的山丘的顶部。马匹都已经很累了,但在它们休息时,赶车人听到后面有另一匹马正急速地朝他们赶来。骑马人把马停在马车的旁边并喊道:

“我要找伦敦台尔森银行来的贾维斯·劳里先生。”

“我就是贾维斯·劳里先生,”车内的四位乘客从车窗探出头来说道。“有什么事吗?”

sadness n. unhappy feelings. 悲伤. whisper n. whispering sound or speech. 低声耳语. noblemen n. 贵族. coach n. four-wheeled carriage, pulled by four or more horses. 四轮马车. passenger n. person being conveyed by bus, taxi, tram, train, ship, etc. 乘客,旅客.

‘It’s me! Jerry, Jerry Cruncher, from Tellson’s Bank, sir,’ cried the man on the horse.

‘What’s the matter, Jerry?’ called Mr Lorry.

‘A message for you, Mr Lorry. You’ve got to wait at Dover for a young lady.’

‘Very well, Jerry,’ said Mr Lorry. ‘Tell them my answer is CAME BACK TO LIFE’.

It was a strange message, and a stranger answer. No one in the coach understood what they meant.

The next day Mr Lorry was sitting in his hotel in Dover when a young lady arrived. She was pretty, with golden hair and blue eyes, and Mr Lorry remembered a small child, almost a baby. He had carried her in his arms when he came from Calais to Dover, from France to England, many years ago. Mr Lorry asked the young lady to sit down.

‘Miss Manette,’ he said. ‘I have a strange story to tell you, about one of the customers of Tellson’s Bank. That’s where I work.’

‘Yes, but I don’t quite understand, Mr Lorry,’ said the young lady. ‘I received a message from Tellson’s Bank, asking me to come here to meet you. I understood there was some news about my poor father’s money. He died so long ago—before I was born. What is this story you want to tell me?’

‘About twenty years ago, Miss Manette, a French doctor married an English lady. They had a daughter, but just before

“是我！杰里，杰里·克拉彻，从台尔森银行来的，先生，”马上的人喊道。

“什么事，杰里？”劳里先生问道。

“捎个信儿给您，劳里先生，您得在多佛等候一位年轻女士。”

“好吧，杰里，”劳里先生说。“告诉他们，就说我的答复是‘活过来’”。

口信儿是奇特的，而答复就更奇特了。马车上的人都不明白他们在说什么。

第二天，劳里先生在多佛的旅馆里坐着时，来了一位年轻的女士。她很美，有一头金黄的头发和蓝色的眼睛，这让劳里先生想起了一个小孩儿，几乎是个婴儿。那是在很多年前，在从法国加莱去英国多佛的路上，他曾把她抱在怀里。劳里先生让这位年轻女士坐下来。

“马内特小姐，”他说道。“我有个离奇的故事要告诉你，是关于台尔森银行的一位顾客的。台尔森银行是我工作的地方。”

“好吧，但是我不太明白，劳里先生，”年轻的女士说。“我从台尔森银行接到口信，要我到这儿来见您。我知道一些有关我可怜的父亲的钱的事。他很早就已死了——还在我出生之前。您要告诉我的是什么故事呢？”

“大约20年前，马内特小姐，有位法国医生娶了一位英国女士。他们有了一个女儿，但是还在他们的女儿出生之前，这位父

message *n.* piece of news, or a request, sent to sb. 消息。**customer** *n.* person who buys things. 顾客。**marry** *v.* take as a husband or a wife. 结婚。**receive** *v.* accept, take, get. 接受，接收。

she was born, her father disappeared. Nobody knew what had happened to him. Not long afterwards his unhappy wife died, and their daughter was brought back to England.'

'But this is like my father's story, Mr Lorry. And wasn't it you who brought me back to England?'

'Yes, that's true, Miss Manette. Many years ago I brought you from France to England, and Tellson's Bank has taken care of you since then. You were told that your father had died. But think, Miss Manette. Perhaps your father wasn't dead. Perhaps he was in prison. Not because he had done something wrong! But just because he had a powerful enemy—an enemy with the power to send him to prison and to keep him there, hidden and forgotten, for eighteen years!'

'Can it be true? Is it possible that my father is still alive?' Lucie Manette stared at Mr Lorry. Her face was white and her hands trembled. 'It will be his ghost—not him!'

'No, Miss Manette,' said Mr Lorry gently. 'He is alive, but he has changed very much. Even his name had been forgotten! And we must ask no questions about the past, no questions at all. It would be too dangerous. He has been taken to the house of an old servant in Paris, and we are going there to bring him back to life.'

亲却失踪了。没有人知道他出了什么事。不久,他那位伤心的妻子也死了,他们的女儿被带回了英国。”

“但这像是我父亲的故事呀,劳里先生。况且不正是您把我带回英国的吗?”

“是的,是这样的,马内特小姐。很多年前我把你从法国带到了英国,并且自那以后台尔森银行就开始照料你。人家告诉你说你的父亲已经死了。但是设想一下,马内特小姐,或许你的父亲那时并没有死,或许他在监狱里呢。那并不是因为他犯了什么罪!而只是因为他有一个强大的敌人——这个敌人拥有权势将他投进监狱,而且让他在那里与世隔绝、被人遗忘地关了18年!”

“这是真的吗?我父亲可能还活着吗?”
路西·马内特紧盯着劳里先生。她的脸色苍白,双手颤抖着。“那会是他的灵魂,而不是他本人!”

“不,马内特小姐,”劳里先生温和地说。“他还活着,只是有了很大的变化,就连他自己的名字也记不得了!我们绝对不可以问起从前的事,一点都不能问。那样的话就太危险了。他已经被带到巴黎的一个旧日的仆人的家里,我们就是要去那里让他回到日常生活中来。”

disappear *v.* go out of sight. 消失。 **powerful** *adj.* having or producing great power. 有力的, 强的。
tremble *v.* shake involuntarily. 发抖。 **afterwards** *adv.* after, later. 以后, 后来。

2

A wine-shop in Paris

In the part of Paris called Saint Antoine everyone was poor. The streets were narrow and dirty, the food-shops were almost empty. The faces of the children looked old already, because they were so hungry. In the wine-shop of Monsieur Defarge there were not many customers and Defarge was outside, talking to a man in the street. His wife, Madame Defarge, sat inside the shop, knitting and watching. Defarge came in and his wife looked at him, then turned her eyes to look at two new customers, a man of about sixty and a young lady. Defarge went over to speak to them, suddenly kissed the young lady's hand, and led them out of the back of the shop. They followed him upstairs, many stairs, until they reached the top. Defarge took a key out of his pocket.

'Why is the door locked?' asked Mr Lorry in surprise. 'He is a free man now.'

'Because he has lived too long behind a locked door,' replied Defarge angrily. 'He is afraid if the door is not locked! That is one of the things they have done to him.'

'I'm afraid, too,' whispered Miss Manette. Her blue eyes looked worriedly at Mr Lorry. 'I am afraid of him—of my father.'

Defarge made a lot of noise as he opened the door. Mr Lorry and Lucie went into the room behind him. A thin, white-

2 巴黎的一家酒店



在巴黎的一个名叫圣安东尼的地方,所有的人都很穷。街道狭窄肮脏,食品店几乎都是空的。孩子们的脸已显出老态,因为他们太饥饿了。在得法热先生的酒店里没有多少顾客,得法热则在门外与街上的一个男人交谈着。他的妻子得法热夫人正坐在店里一边织毛衣一边观察着周围。得法热走进店来,他的妻子看着他,然后就把眼光转过去盯着两位新来的顾客,他们是一位大约60岁的男人和一位年轻的女士。得法热走过去同他们说话,他突然吻起了那位小姐的手,接着领着他们从店铺后面走出去。他们跟着他上楼,爬了很多级楼梯才到达楼顶。得法热从兜里掏出一把钥匙来。

“为什么锁着门?”劳里先生惊讶地问。
“他现在是个自由人了。”

“因为他在上了锁的房子里生活的时间太长了,”得法热气愤地回答说。“门要是不锁上他就会害怕!这是他们给他造成的恶果之一。”

“我也害怕,”马内特小姐低声地说。她那蓝蓝的眼睛忧心地看着劳里先生。“我害怕他——我的父亲。”

得法热开门时弄出了很多响声,劳里先生和路茜跟在他后面进了屋子。一个瘦削而

narrow *adj.* measuring little across in comparison with length. 窄的。 **knit** *v.* make by looping wool, silk, etc. 编织。 **reply** *v.* answer 回答。 **lock** *v.* fasten with a lock. 锁。

haired man was sitting on a wooden seat. He was very busy, making shoes.

‘Good day,’ said Defarge. ‘You are still working hard, I see.’

After a while they heard a whisper. ‘Yes, I am still working.’

‘Come,’ said Defarge. ‘You have a visitor. Tell him your name.’

‘My name?’ came the whisper. ‘One Hundred and Five, North Tower.’

Mr Lorry moved closer to the old man. ‘Dr Manette, don’t you remember me, Jarvis Lorry?’ he asked gently.

The old prisoner looked up at Mr Lorry, but there was no surprise, no understanding in his tired face, and he went back to work making shoes.

Slowly Lucie came near to the old man. After a while he noticed her.

‘Who are you?’ he asked.

Lucie put her arms around the old man and held him, tears of happiness and sadness running down her face. From a little bag the old man took some golden hair. He looked at it, and then he looked at Lucie’s hair. ‘It is the same. How can it be?’ He stared into Lucie’s face. ‘No, no, you are too young, too young.’

Through her tears Lucie tried to explain that she was the daughter he had never seen. The old man still did not under-

头发全白的人正坐在一个木头凳子上。他在忙着做鞋子。

“您好，”得法热说。“您还在忙着哪？”

过了一会儿他们才听到一声嘟哝：“是的，我还在干着活。”

“瞧，”得法热说。“有人来看您了。告诉他们您的名字。”

“我的名字？”嘟哝声传过来道。“一百零五，北塔。”

劳里先生走近了老人。“马内特医生，您不记得我了吗，贾维斯·劳里？”他轻声地问道。

这个老犯人抬起头看着劳里先生，但是没有表现出惊奇，疲惫的脸上没有显示出他明白了什么的表情，然后他又重新做起鞋来。

路茜慢慢地走近了老人。过了片刻他才注意到了她。

“你是谁？”他问道。

路茜伸出胳膊抱住了老人并搂紧他，悲喜交加的泪水滚下了脸颊。老人从一个小包里拿出几缕金发。他看看它们，然后又看看路茜的头发。“是一样的，这怎么可能呢？”他凝视着路茜的脸。“不，不，你太年轻了，太年轻了。”

路茜含着泪竭力地要说明她是她从未曾见过的女儿。老人仍旧不明白，但却似

wooden *adj.* made of wood 木制的。**prisoner** *n.* person kept in prison for crime or until tried in a law-court. 犯人。**stare** *v.* look fixedly. 瞪视。**notice** *v.* observe. 注意，看到。

stand, but he seemed to like the sound of Lucie's voice and the touch of her warm young hand on his.

Then Lucie said to Mr Lorry, 'I think we should leave Paris at once. Can you arrange it?'

'Yes, of course,' said Mr Lorry. 'But do you think he is able to travel?'

'He will be better far away from this city where he has lost so much of his life,' said Lucie.

'You are right,' said Defarge. 'And there are many other reasons why Dr Manette should leave France now.'

While Mr Lorry and Defarge went to arrange for a coach to take them out of Paris, Lucie sat with her father. Exhausted by the meeting, he fell asleep on the floor, and his daughter watched him quietly and patiently until it was time to go.

When Mr Lorry returned, he and Defarge brought food and clothes for Dr Manette. The Doctor did everything they told him to do; he had been used to obeying orders for so many years. As he came down the stairs, Mr Lorry heard him say again and again, 'One Hundred and Five, North Tower.'

When they went to the coach, only one person saw them go: Madame Defarge. She stood in the doorway, and knitted and watched, seeing everything... and seeing nothing.

乎很喜欢路茜的声音以及她年轻温暖的手触摸他的手。

后来路茜对劳里先生说：“我看我们得马上离开巴黎。您能安排一下吗？”

“是的，当然能，”劳里先生说。“但你认为他能够旅行吗？”

“远离这个让他失去生命中如此之多的城市，他就会好些的。”路茜说道。

“你说得对，”得法热说。“况且让马内特医生马上离开法国还有很多其他的原因。”

在劳里先生和得法热去安排载他们出巴黎的马车时，路茜陪坐在她父亲的身旁。他被这次相会弄得疲倦极了，便在地板上睡着了，他的女儿则安静而耐心地看顾着他，直到该走的时候。

劳里先生回来时，他和得法热给马内特医生带回来些食物和衣服。医生完全照着他们的要求行事，这么多年来他已经习惯了服从命令。在他下楼时，劳里先生听见他一遍又一遍地说着“105，北塔。”

在他们朝马车走去时，只有一个人看到了他们，那就是得法热夫人。她站在门口，边织着毛衣边观察着。她看到了所有的事情……但没有发现任何的问题。

arrange v. put in order.
安排。*exhaust v. use up completely.* 用尽。*patient adj. having, showing, patience.* 有耐性的。*obey v. do what one is told to do.*
服从，执行。