

世界

著名

中篇

小说

丛书

# 英汉对照

特奥多尔·史托姆 著

## *Immensee*

# 茵梦湖



外语教学与研究出版社

Foreign Language Teaching  
and Research Press

英汉对照·世界著名中篇小说丛书

IMMENSEE

# 茵梦湖

特奥多尔·史托姆 著

戴庆利 译

吴景荣 校

外语教学与研究出版社

(京)新登字 155 号

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

茵梦湖/(德)史托姆(Storm, T.)著;戴庆利译. - 北京:外语教学与研究出版社, 1996  
(英汉对照世界著名中篇小说丛书)  
ISBN 7-5600-1123-3

I. 茵… II. ①史… ②戴… III. 英语-语言教学-语言读物, 文学 IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(96)第 16775 号

IMMENSEE

茵梦湖

特奥多尔·史托姆 著

戴庆利 译

吴景荣 校

\* \* \*

外语教学与研究出版社出版发行

(北京市西三环北路19号)

北京师范大学印刷厂印刷

新华书店总店北京发行所经销

开本 736×965 1/32 3.625印张 50千字

1998年5月第1版 1998年5月第1次印刷

印数 1-10000册

ISBN 7-5600-1123-3

H·609

定价: 3.90 元

## 本书介绍

年高的阿因哈特,他低唤着一个名字,终于又回到了他曾以为再也不会回来的故乡。目睹物是人非,过去的情景一幕幕地浮现,又仿佛是青梅竹马的伊丽莎白重新向他走来……《茵梦湖》以当时的婚姻为主题,以浓厚的伤感情调,叙述了一个相恋不能相守的爱情故事。小说的作者特奥多尔·史托姆(Theodor Storm, 1817—1888)生于德国一个律师家庭。他自己当过律师和法官。《茵梦湖》是他的早期作品。他的其他作品,如《在大学里》,《淹死的人》,《骑白马的人》,都有反封建贵族专横残暴的色彩,揭露当时的社会矛盾。

《茵梦湖》是从德文转译过来的。以前也有人翻译过,但本书是英汉对照读物,译者既注意到译文的质量,也考虑到汉英两种文字的对应,比较其异同,结构上不作过多的变动。本书文字简洁,译文部分得到了我国著名英语专家吴景荣教授的审校,是中等水平的英语读者很好的读物。

## THE OLD MAN

One afternoon in the late autumn a well-dressed old man was walking slowly down the road. He appeared to be returning home from a walk, for his buckle-shoes, which followed a fashion long since out of date, were covered with dust.

Under his arm he carried a long, gold-headed cane; his dark eyes, in which the whole of his long-lost youth seemed to have centred, and which contrasted strangely with his snow-white hair, gazed calmly on the sights around him or peered into the town below as it lay before him, bathed in the haze of sunset.

He appeared to be almost a stranger, for of the passers-by only a few greeted him, although many a one involuntarily was compelled to gaze into those grave eyes.

At last he halted before a high, gabled house, cast one more glance out toward the town, and then passed into the hall. At the sound of the door-bell some one in the room within drew aside the green curtain from a small window that looked out on to the hall, and the face of an old woman was seen behind it. The man made a sign to her with his cane.

# 老人

深秋的一个下午，一个衣着考究的老人沿路慢慢地走着。他好像是刚刚散完步，正往回走，因为脚下一双早已过时的系带式皮鞋还沾着灰尘。

他的腋下夹着一个长长的，有金色手柄的手杖；深黑色的眼睛似乎曾凝聚过久已逝去的青春的光芒，和满头白发恰成奇怪的对比。他正安详地注视着周围的景物，或是凝望下面的城镇，那座城镇正沐浴在落日余晖的薄雾里。

他好像差不多是个陌生人，路上来来往往的人只有几个和他打招呼，虽然好些人无意识地盯着看他那双严肃的眼睛。

最后他在一座高大的有三角墙的房屋前停下了，朝城镇再看了一眼，然后走进了门厅。听到门铃声，屋内有人就拉开对着门厅的小窗户上的绿色窗帘，帘后露出一位老妇人的脸。老人用手杖向她示意。

"No light yet!" he said in a slightly southern accent, and the housekeeper let the curtain fall again.

The old man now passed through the broad hall, through a drawing-room, wherein against the walls stood huge oaken chests bearing porcelain vases; then through the door opposite he entered a small lobby, from which a narrow staircase led to the upper rooms at the back of the house. He climbed the stairs slowly, unlocked a door at the top, and stepped into a room of medium size.

It was a comfortable, quiet retreat. One of the walls was lined with cupboards and bookcases; on the others hung pictures of men and places; on a table with a green cover lay a number of open books, and before the table stood a massive armchair with a red velvet cushion.

After the old man had placed his hat and stick in a corner, he sat down in the armchair and, folding his hands, seemed to be taking his rest after his walk. While he sat thus, it was growing gradually darker; and before long a moonbeam came streaming through the window-panes and upon the pictures on the wall; and as the bright band of light passed slowly onward the old man followed it involuntarily with his eyes.

Now it reached a little picture in a simple black frame. "Elisabeth!" said the old man softly; and as he uttered the word, he was back in his youth.

“还没有点灯!”老人用略带南方味的口音说。女管家重又放下了窗帘。

老人于是走进宽敞的门厅,穿过客厅,客厅内靠墙摆着几只巨大的橡木柜子,上面放着些瓷花瓶,再穿过客厅对面的门,他来到了一个小小的门廊,门廊内一条狭窄的楼梯通向后屋楼上的房间。他慢慢地登上楼梯,打开了顶上房门的锁,走进了一间中等大小的房间。

这是一个舒适幽僻的住处。靠着一边墙放着五斗橱和书架,其它墙上挂着人物和一些地方的照片,罩着绿台布的桌上放着几本翻着的书,桌前有个硕大的扶手椅,上面放着一个红色天鹅绒垫。

老人把帽子和手杖放在角落里,在扶手椅上坐了下来,叉着双手,似乎散步归来后正稍作休息。他坐着的当儿,天渐渐黑了,月光透过玻璃窗射了进来,正落在墙上的照片上,老人的眼睛不由自主地随着这束明亮的光,慢慢往上面移着。

这时月光照到了一张夹在简朴的黑色相框里的小照片。“伊丽莎白!”老人轻声地说道,随着这声轻唤,他又回到了青年时代。



## THE CHILDREN

Before very long the dainty form of a little maiden advanced toward him. Her name was Elisabeth, and she might have been five years old. He himself was twice that age. Round her neck she wore a red silk kerchief which was very becoming to her brown eyes.

"Reinhard!" she cried, "we have a holiday, a holiday! No school the whole day and none tomorrow either!"

Reinhard was carrying his slate under his arm, but he promptly flung it behind the front door, and then both the children ran through the house into the garden and through the garden gate out into the meadow. The unexpected holidays came to them at a most happily opportune moment.

It was in the meadow that Reinhard, with Elisabeth's help, had built a house out of sods of grass. They meant to spend the summer evenings in it; but it still wanted a bench. He set to work at once; nails, hammer, and the necessary boards were already to hand.

While he was thus engaged, Elisabeth went along the dyke, gathering the ring-shaped seeds of the wild

## 两小无猜

不多久，一个小姑娘娇俏的身影向他走来。她叫伊丽莎白，大约五岁左右，而他的年龄大她一倍。她的脖子上围着一块红丝巾，同她褐色的眼睛很配称。

“阿因哈特，”她叫道，“我们放假了，放假了，今天一整天都没课，明天也没有！”

阿因哈特肋下还夹着上课用的小石板，但他很快把石板扔到前厅的门后。两个孩子一起穿过屋子跑进花园；过了花园门，又跑到草地上。意料之外的假期来得正是时候，他们高兴极了！

在草地上，阿因哈特有伊丽莎白作助手，用草皮建了一座房子，他们打算夏日就在这里消度夜晚，但还缺少一张板凳。他立即动手；钉子锤子，所需的木板都在手头。

他忙着做板凳时，伊丽莎白顺着排水沟往前走，一边摘园里的野锦葵籽兜在围裙里。她想用这些种籽做

mallow in her apron, with the object of making herself chains and necklaces out of them; so that when Reinhard had at last finished his bench in spite of many a crookedly hammered nail, and came out into the sunlight again, she was already wandering far away at the other end of the meadow.

"Elisabeth!" he called, "Elisabeth!" and then she came, her hair streaming behind her.

"Come here," he said; "our house is finished now. Why, you have got quite hot! Come in, and let us sit on the new bench. I will tell you a story."

So they both went in and sat down on the new bench. Elisabeth took the little seed-rings out of her apron and strung them on long threads. Reinhard began his tale: "There were once upon a time three spinning-women . . ."

"Oh!" said Elisabeth, "I know that off by heart; you really must not always tell me the same story."

Accordingly Reinhard had to give up the story of the three spinning-women and tell instead the story of the poor man who was cast into the den of lions.

"It was now night," he said, "black night, you know, and the lions were asleep. But every now and then they would yawn in their sleep and shoot out their red tongues. And then the man would shudder and think it was morning. All at once a bright light fell all about him, and when he looked up an angel was stand-

链子和项链。阿因哈特钉歪了很多钉子，但最终把板凳做好了。他重又走到阳光里时，她已经远远地漫步到草地那头了。

“伊丽莎白，”他叫道，“伊丽莎白。”她应声走来，头发在背后飘着。

“过来，”他说，“我们的房子盖好了。哇，看你那么热，进来吧，我们坐在板凳上，我给你讲个故事。”

他们于是走进房子，坐在新板凳上。伊丽莎白把种籽从围裙里掏出来，用长长的丝线把它们穿起来。阿因哈特开始讲故事了：“从前有三个纺纱女……”

“噢！”伊丽莎白说，“这故事我早就记熟了，你不能老讲同一个故事。”

于是阿因哈特就不再讲三个纺纱女了，而是一个给扔到狮子窝里的可怜人的故事。

“那是在夜里，”他说，“黑夜，你知道的，狮子们都睡着了。但它们时不时在睡梦里打呵欠，伸出血红的舌头。这个人会吓得浑身发抖，以为已经是早晨了。突然，他周围一片光明，他抬起头，一个天使正站在他

ing before him. The angel beckoned to him with his hand and then went straight into the rocks."

Elisabeth had been listening attentively. "An angel?" she said. "Had he wings, then?"

"It is only a story," answered Reinhard; "there are no angels, you know."

"Oh, fie! Reinhard!" she said, staring him straight in the face.

He looked at her with a frown, and she asked him hesitatingly: "Well, why do they always say there are? Mother, and Aunt, and at school as well?"

"I don't know," he answered.

"But tell me," said Elisabeth, "are there no lions either?"

"Lions? Are there lions? In India, yes. The heathen priests harness them to their carriages, and drive about the desert with them. When I'm big, I mean to go out there myself. It is thousands of times more beautiful in that country than it is here at home; there's no winter at all there. And you must come with me. Will you?"

"Yes," said Elisabeth; "but Mother must come with us, and your mother as well."

"No," said Reinhard, "they will be too old then, and cannot come with us."

"But I mayn't go by myself."

"Oh, but you may right enough; you will then re-

面前，天使向他招手，然后就径直往石壁里去了。”

伊丽莎白听得入了神。“天使，”她说，“他有翅膀吗？”

“这只是一个故事，”阿因哈特回答道。“世上并没有天使，你知道。”

“噢，呸！阿因哈特，”她说，一面瞪着眼睛直看他。

他皱着眉头瞧了她一眼。她迟迟疑疑地问道：“那，他们为什么总说有天使呢？妈妈、阿姨还有在学校，都说有呢？”

“我不知道，”他回答说。

“但告诉我，”伊丽莎白问，“狮子也没有吗？”

“狮子吗？有没有狮子呢？有的，印度有。异教的教士把狮子套起来拉车，在沙漠里拉来拉去。我长大以后，要到那儿去。那个国家比我们这里美千百倍，那儿根本就没有冬天，你一定要跟我一块去，好吗？”

“好的，”伊丽莎白说，“但妈妈也要跟我们一块去，你妈妈也去。”

“不，”阿因哈特说，“那时她们太老了，不能去了。”

“但我不能自己去。”

“但你一定可以的，你那时会真的成了我的妻子，

ally be my wife, and the others will have no say in the matter."

"But Mother will cry!"

"We shall come back again, of course," said Reinhard impetuously. "Now just tell me straight out, will you go with me? If not, I will go all alone, and then I shall never come back again."

The little girl came very near to crying. "Please don't look so angry," said she; "I will go to India with you."

Reinhard seized both her hands with frantic glee, and rushed out with her into the meadow.

"To India, to India!" he sang, and swung her round and round, so that her little red kerchief was whirled from off her neck. Then he suddenly let her go and said solemnly:

"Nothing will come of it, I'm sure; you haven't the pluck."

"Elisabeth! Reinhard!" some one was now calling from the garden gate. "Here we are!" the children answered, and raced home hand in hand.

别人就管不着了。”

“但妈妈会哭的。”

“我们当然会回来的，”阿因哈特急躁地说：“现在你老老实实告诉我，你去还是不去？要是不去，我就自己去，然后再也不回来了。”

小女孩都快要哭了。“请不要生气，”她说，“我会跟你到印度去的。”

阿因哈特狂喜地抓住她的双手，“到印度去，到印度去。”他高声唱着。同她一块儿奔往草地了。他拉着她转呀转，转得她的小红丝巾都从脖子上飞掉了。他猛地松开了她，严肃地说：“这事不会有什么后文的。你不够勇敢。”

“伊丽莎白！阿因哈特！”有人从花园门那儿叫他们。“来了”，孩子们答应着，手拉手跑回家去。



## IN THE WOODS

So the children lived together. She was often too quiet for him, and he was often too headstrong for her, but for all that they stuck to one another. They spent nearly all their leisure hours together: in winter in their mothers' tiny rooms, during the summer in wood and field.

Once when Elisabeth was scolded by the teacher in Reinhard's hearing he angrily banged his slate upon the table in order to turn upon himself the master's wrath. This failed to attract attention.

But Reinhard paid no further attention to the geography lessons, and instead he composed a long poem, in which he compared himself to a young eagle, the school-master to a grey crow, and Elisabeth to a white dove; the eagle vowed vengeance on the grey crow, as soon as his wings had grown.

Tears stood in the young poet's eyes: he felt very proud of himself. When he reached home he contrived to get hold of a little parchment-bound volume with a lot of blank pages in it; and on the first pages he elaborately wrote out his first poem.

Soon after this he went to another school. Here he