

博采经典
双语典藏

老人与海

The Old Man and the Sea

【美】欧内斯特·海明威 著
锦华 译

震惊世界的“文坛硬汉”
美国精神的化身

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海明威晚年的完美之作
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美国历史上里程碑式的32本书之一

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The Old Man and the Sea



墨西哥湾上，一位老人独自坐在一条小船中垂钓。已经整整八十四天过去了，他连一条鱼都没有收获。在最开始的四十天里与他同乘一条船垂钓的男孩也另选了别的船只，因为男孩的父母认为老人是个典型的倒霉鬼，运气差极了。换船后的第一周里，男孩钓到了三条不错的鱼，还算走运。可是每当他从海上归来看到老人空空的船时，心里不免为之哀愁。也因为如此，男孩经常到岸边帮老人拿钓索、渔钩、叉之类的渔具，或者是拿桅杆上用面粉袋子打过补丁的帆。那船帆收起来后就好像一面象征着永久失败的旗帜一样。

几道深深的皱纹印刻在老人的脖颈上，他看上去消瘦而憔悴。因为生活在热带地区，老人的皮肤因为强烈的日晒而出现了良性的病变，顺着脸颊蔓延的地方都生出了许多褐斑。老人的手上有很深的伤疤，它们像无鱼的沙漠里风化的沙土般古老，是长年拉钓索而留下的。虽然这位老人全身上下都散发出一种古老的气息，可是一种快乐且不认输的人生态度却从那双犹如海水一样湛蓝的眼睛里流露了出来。

在小船停靠的地方，男孩与老人都爬上了岸。因为老人曾



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 reflection 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



经教给了他捕鱼的技术，所以男孩非常爱戴他。

“圣地亚哥，我家赚了点钱，我又能和你一起出海了。”
男孩对老人说。

“别了，既然碰到了一条运气不错的船，那就还跟着他们一起去吧。”老人回答说。

“但是你忘了吗，有一次咱们一连八十七天都没有钓到鱼，不过在紧接着的三周里，却能每天都捕到大鱼。”

“没错，我没有忘记。我也知道你离开不是因为沒有信心。”
老人说。

“我只不过是个孩子，我爸爸叫我走的，我不得不听从他的吩咐。”

“是的，你应该这样的。”老人说。

男孩又说：“事实上，是我爸爸没有信心才对。”

老人回答：“可不是吗，我们两个怎么会没有信心呢？”

“是啊，我们去露台饭店吧，我请你喝杯啤酒，再把渔具都拿回去，怎么样？”男孩问老人。

“当然好了，大家都是捕鱼的嘛！”老人回答。

到了饭店，老人和男孩坐在露台上。旁边一些渔夫开着老人的玩笑，不过老人没有生气。还有几个年纪大一些的渔夫则安静地看着老人，默默地为他难过。不过他们的这种情绪却一点都没有显露在脸上，只是装作在谈论洋流和见闻，谈论着自



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."

"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



已能让钓索下到海面下多少米处。

天气依然很好，有收获的渔夫们也都陆续回来了。他们把大马林鱼剖成整片儿地放在两块木板上，然后两个人抬一块木板，一摇一晃地把鱼肉抬到收鱼站。那里的冷藏车会将鱼肉再拉到哈瓦那的市场里去。

此外，捕到鲨鱼的渔夫会把鱼肉送到海湾另一边的加工厂。在加工厂里，被吊在复合滑车上的鲨鱼，其内脏、鱼鳍和外皮都会被去除，之后再把鲨鱼肉切割成条状，等待腌制。

东风刮起来的时候，鲨鱼加工厂的腥味就会隔过硕大的海湾飘过来。今天的风或许是朝着北刮了过去，后来又停了下来，所以这股味道很淡，阳光洒在露台上，让人心情舒畅。

“圣地亚哥。”男孩叫着老人。

老人这时候正拿着酒杯，回忆着多年前的一些事儿。“哎。”老人安静地应了一声。

“我去给你弄来一些明天食用的沙丁鱼好吗？”男孩问。

“哦，不必了，我还能划得动船啊，罗赫略也会帮我撒网的。你还是去打棒球吧。”老人回答说。

“但是就算不能和你一起钓鱼，我也想帮助你做点什么，我很想去。”男孩又说。

“你已经是大人了，你都请我喝过啤酒了。”老人回答。

“我第一次跟着你出海的时候，我是几岁啊？”



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 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."

"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?"



“五岁。你记不记得，那天我钓了一条又大又有劲的鱼，拼命把他往船上拉，它差点儿就把船给撞裂了，你也差点丢了命。”

“我当然记得，那条鱼的尾巴不停地拍着船板，都快把船上的座板给拍断了。当时你使劲把我朝船头推，我听见你用棍子打鱼的声音，那声音就像砍树似的。我看着船头湿淋淋的钓索卷，闻着全身甜甜的血腥味儿，好像整条船都在颤抖。”

“你真的记得这些吗？是不是前阵时间我又给你讲过？”

“自打第一次跟你出海起，我们一起经历的每件事情我都记得一清二楚。”

“假如你是我的儿子的话，我一定会带你出去闯的。但是，你不是我的儿子，而且你的爸爸妈妈又为你找了一条运气不错的船。”老人用怜爱的目光看着男孩，因长年累月地经受日晒，他的目光看起来极为坚定。

“我知道怎么弄到四条鱼饵，我还是找一些沙丁鱼来吧。”

“不用了，我今天特意留了一些，我把它放匣子里去了。”

“那么就让我去给你弄四条新鲜的鱼。”

“一条吧。”老人很坚定地说。信心和希望从来就没有从他那里消失过，相反，它们清新得就像初起的微风一样。

“那么两条！”男孩又说。

“好，两条。但是你不会是去偷吧？”老人问。



"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 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?"



“我倒是想去偷呢，放心吧，是买的。”男孩开玩笑说。

“真是谢谢你了。”老人很知足地谢过了男孩。老人虽内心单纯善良，可是这样的谦卑之感却不知是从何而起的。现在这个时候自是没有办法了，当然也就谈不上自尊心了，他明白这没什么好丢人的。

“从这洋流来判断，明天肯定是个丰收日。”老人说。

“你准备上哪儿去？”男孩问。

“我打算明天天不亮就出海，去遥远的地方，待到风向变了再回来。”

“我会想法儿让我那条船主也把船开得远一点，如果你钓到了大鱼，我们也就能过去帮帮你了。”男孩说。

“他不会乐意开到那么远的地方去的。”老人说。

“没错，不过我可是看得到一些他看不到的东西，比如天上盘旋的鸟儿，那个时候我就会让他赶紧追鲷鳅去。”男孩说。

“他的眼睛已经坏到了这样的程度了吗？”

“基本上什么都看不见。”

“那真是奇怪呢，海龟才会伤害眼睛的，没捕过海龟的人眼睛怎么会坏呢？”

“可是在莫斯基托海岸你都捕了那么多年的海龟了，眼睛怎么依然好使呢？”

“我不是一般的老头儿嘛。”



"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.

"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"

"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."



“那你现如今还有那么大的力气跟大鱼搏斗吗？”

“我觉得没有问题，何况我还有很多捕鱼的技巧。”

“咱们把渔具都拿回去吧，我还可以用渔网捕些沙丁鱼。”
男孩说。

两个人从船上把渔具拿上以后，老人用肩膀扛着桅杆，男孩则拿着一个褐色钓索卷儿的木箱，这木箱内的吊索编织得非常紧密，另外还有鱼钩和带杆子的鱼叉。在小船的船艏下面藏着一个匣子，里面盛着鱼饵；还有一根棍子，每当有大鱼被拖到船边的时候，都会用这根棍子将它们收服。由于露水对桅杆和粗钓索有腐蚀作用，所以这些东西最好还是放在家里，虽然没人来偷它们，老人也坚信这些东西不会被偷。不过他也觉得放在船上的渔叉和渔钩对旁人起不到什么吸引力。

沿着一条大路，他们一路来到了老人住的窝棚处，门开着，径直走了进去。这窝棚是用一种大型椰子树上叫“海鸟粪”的坚韧的苞壳做成的，里面有一张桌子、一把椅子、一张床，泥地上还有一处使用木炭做饭的地方。老人让绕着帆的桅杆倚靠在墙上，这桅杆和窝棚里的一间屋子几乎一样长；男孩也把其他的渔具搁在了一旁。

海鸟粪的纤维非常结实，用其碾平叠盖而成的褐色墙壁上挂着两幅画，它们都是老人的妻子生前留下来的东西，一副是科布莱圣母图，另一幅是彩色的耶稣圣心图。妻子的上了色的



They picked up the gear from the boat. The old man carried the mast on his shoulder and the boy carried the wooden boat 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 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



照片曾经也挂在墙上，但是老人因看见照片就心生孤独感而将它取了下来，放在了屋子角落里一处隔板上，上面放着他的一件干净衬衫。

“有吃的吗？”

“鱼煮黄米饭，你吃吗？”

“我一会儿回家去吃，用不用我帮你把火生起来？”

“没事的，一会儿我自己可以生的，或者吃冷饭也无妨。”

“我把渔网拿走吧？”

“好啊。”

其实根本没有什么渔网，男孩依然记得他们两个把它卖掉的那天。鱼煮黄米饭也不存在，男孩心里很清楚。可是他们每天却要这么说上一番。

“你想不想看我捕到一条去掉鳍仍然重达一千多磅的大鱼？八十五可是个吉利的数字。”老人问。

“你去门口晒太阳吧？我捞些沙丁鱼去。”

“好吧，我去看看关于棒球的消息，还有张昨天的旧报纸。”

说完老人就从床底下把报纸拿了出来，虽然男孩也不清楚那报纸究竟是不是昨天的。

“这是佩里克在杂货店里拿给我的。”老人又说。

“我一会儿捕到鱼就会回来，然后把咱俩的鱼都冰镇在一起，到了明天早上一起吃。我一会儿回来后你要把棒球的消息

