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英汉双语对照



# 老人与海

The Old Man and the Sea

凤凰出版传媒集团

译林出版社

# THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

因为他精通叙事艺术，突出表现在他的近著《老人与海》中；同时也因为他在当代风格中所发挥的影响。

——诺贝尔文学奖获奖评语

海明威有着一种强烈的愿望，他试图把自己对事物的看法强加于我们，以便塑造出一种硬汉的形象……当他在梦幻中向往胜利时，那就必定会出现完全的胜利、伟大的战斗和圆满的结局。

——美国作家 索尔·贝娄

《老人与海》讲了一个老渔夫的故事，但是在这个故事里却揭示了人类共同的命运。我佩服老人的勇气，佩服他不屈不挠的斗争精神，也佩服海明威。

——当代著名作家 王小波

1952年获普利策奖

1954年获**诺贝尔文学奖**

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# 老人与海

Ernest Hemingway

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余光中 译

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## 译序

我一生中译过三本中篇小说，依序是汉明威的《老人和大海》、毛姆的《书袋》(*The Book Bag*)、梅尔维尔的《录事巴托比》(*Bartleby the Scrivener*)。我译的《老人和大海》于1952年12月1日至1953年1月23日在台北市《大华晚报》上连载，应该是此书最早的中译；但由重光文艺出版社印成专书，却在1957年12月，比张爱玲的译本稍晚。隔了53年，我早年的译本现在交由南京译林出版社出版，改名为《老人与海》，作者也改称海明威。其实我仍然觉得“汉”比“海”更接近原音。

当年我译此书，刚从台湾大学毕业，译笔尚未熟练，经验更是不足，实在相当自不量力。衡以今日的水准，当年的这译本只能得70分。海明威半生的专业是做记者，报道也以战争为主，所以他的文体习于冷眼旁观。简洁而且紧凑，句子不长，段落也较短。这种文体有意避免以主要子句统摄几个附属子句的漫长复合句，而代之以单行的 simple sentence，所以在冗长繁琐的维多利亚体之后出现，颇有廓清反璞之功。我常觉得英文正如其他西文，是尊卑有序、主客分明的语言 (language of subordination)；中文则不然，即使长句，也是由几个身份相当的短句串联而成，是前呼后应、主客不分的语言 (language of coordination)。海明威的句子往往是一个单行句后跟另一单行句，中间只用 and 来联系。下面是两个例句：

The fish had turned silver from his original purple and silver,  
and the stripes showed the same pale violet colour as his tail.

They were wider than a man's hand with his fingers spread and the fish's eye looked as detached as the mirrors in a periscope or as a saint in a procession.

就算在复合句中,海明威的附属子句也往往简短明了,例如:

They were very tiny but he knew they were nourishing and they tasted good. The old man still had two drinks of water in the bottle and he used half of one after he had eaten the shrimps.

这种干净简明的句法,对詹姆斯(Henry James)与乔伊斯(James Joyce)诚为一大反动,可是拿来翻译却并不容易,正如陶潜的诗也并不好翻。

另一方面,海明威是阳刚体的作家,爱向敢作敢为、能屈能伸的好汉去找题材,笔下常出现战士、拳师、猎人、斗牛士。《老人与海》的主角桑地亚哥是古巴的老渔夫,在岸上他只跟小男孩对话,在海上只能自言自语,所能使用的词汇不但有限,更得配合那一行业的口吻。所以翻译起来必须对准其身份,不可使用太长、太花、太深的字眼或成语。这要求对五十多年前的我,反而颇难应付,其结果是译得太文,不够海明威。我也颇有自知,曾语友人,说我的中译像是白手套,戴在老渔夫粗犷的手上。

五十多年后将此书译本交给译林出版社出版,我不得不抖擞精神大加修正,每页少则十处,多则二十多处,全书所改,当在一千处以上,所以断断续续,修改了两个月。新译本力求贴近原文风格,但是贴得太

近,也会吃力不讨好。海明威力避复合长句,往往把一句话拆成两句来说,所以第二句常以 but 或 and 起头。此外,原文有许多代名词,旧译本无力化解,常予保留。后来经验丰富,已能参透英语语法,新译本知所取舍,读来就顺畅多了。

问题当然不止这些,其中一个仍来自代名词,例如这么两句: The fish was coming in on his circle now calm and beautiful looking and only his great tail moving. The old man pulled on him all that he could to bring him closer. 里面的两个 his、两个 him 当然都是指大鱼,但是 he 却是指老渔夫,实在易生误会。这不能怪海明威,只能怪英文的文法容许在同一短句之中用同一代名词代表不同的人物。例如朱艾敦名诗《亚历山大之盛宴》就有这么四行:

The master saw the madness rise,  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
And, while he heaven and earth defied,  
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

第二、三两行的 his, he 都指亚历山大,但第四行的两个 his, 前者是指乐师提马歇斯,后者却是指亚历山大。《老人与海》之中,老人与大鱼的代名词都是 he 或 him,为便于分别,我就把大鱼称为“它”了。

《老人与海》真是一篇阳刚、壮阔、紧凑的杰作。人际关系只在岸上,存于老人与男孩之间。但是海上的关系却在人兽之间,人与自然之间。老人与大鱼的关系,先是敌对,也就是猎人与猎物,但是大鱼既被捕杀,绑在船边,老人、小船、大鱼就合为一体,以对抗来犯的鲨鱼群了。至于大海呢,则相当暧昧,可友可敌,亦友亦敌。对于渔夫这种“讨海人”说

来,大海提供了猎场,提供了现捕现吃的飞鱼和鲔鱼,还有湾流与贸易风,但是湾流也潜藏了凶猛的鲨群,令人防不胜防。老人虽然独力勇捕了十八英尺长的马林鱼,却无力驱杀争食的“海盗”。他败了,但是带回去的马林残骸,向众多渔夫见证了他虏获的战利品并非夸大,而是真正的光荣。故事结束时,老人不甘放弃,仍然和男孩准备再跨海出征。

余光中

2010年5月20日

高雄市中山大学





The Old Man and the Sea

# 老人与海

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 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."

那老人独驾轻舟，在墨西哥湾暖流里捕鱼，如今出海已有八十四天，仍是一鱼不获。开始的四十天，有个男孩跟他同去。可是过了四十天还捉不到鱼，那男孩的父母便对他说，那老头子如今不折不扣地成了晦气星，那真是最糟的厄运，于是男孩听了父母的话，到另一条船上去，那条船第一个星期便捕到三尾好鱼。他看见老人每日空船回来，觉得难过，每每下去帮他的忙，或拿绳圈，或拿鱼钩鱼叉，以及卷在桅上的布帆。那帆用面粉袋子补成一块块的，卷起来，就像是一面长败之旗。

老人瘦削而憔悴，颈背皱纹深刻。热带海上阳光的反射引起善性的皮癌，那种褐色的疮疤便长满了两颊，两手时常用索拉扯大鱼，也留下深折的瘢痕。这些瘢痕却都不新，只像无鱼的沙漠里风蚀留痕一样苍老。

除了眼睛，他身上处处都显得苍老。可是他的眼睛跟海水一样颜色，活泼而坚定。

男孩和他爬上了小艇拖靠的海岸，对他说：“桑地亚哥，我又可以跟你一同去了。我们赚了点钱。”

老人曾教男孩捕鱼，男孩因此爱他。

“不行，”老人说，“你跟上了一条好运的船。就跟下去吧。”

“可是别忘了：有一次你一连八十七天没捉到鱼，后来我们连着三个星期，天天都捉到大鱼。”

“我记得，”老人说，“我晓得，你并不是因为不相信我才离开我。”

“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 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.”

“是爸爸叫我走的。我是小孩，只好听他的话。”

“我晓得，”老人说，“那是应该的。”

“他不大有信心。”

“自然了，”老人说，“可是我们有信心，对不对？”

“对，”男孩说，“我请你去平台上喝杯啤酒，好不好？喝过了，我们再把这些东西拿回去。”

“好呀，打鱼的还用客气吗！”老人说。

他们坐在平台上，许多渔夫就拿老头子寻开心，可是他并不生气。年纪大些的渔夫只是望着他，觉得难过。

可是他们不动声色，却斯文地谈论暖流，谈论他们投索的深度、稳定的好气候，和其他的经历。这一天，满载的渔人已经归来，正剖好马林鱼，横放在两条木板子上，每条板端由两个渔人蹒跚地抬着，走向鱼库；再等冰车载去哈瓦那的市场。有的捕到鲨鱼，就运到对湾的鲨鱼厂去，把它挂上了滑车的钓钩，去了肝，割了鳍，刮了皮，最后把鱼肉切成一条条的，用盐腌起。

每有东风，对湾的鲨鱼厂就会飘来一股腥气；可是今天只有一丝淡淡的气味，因为风向已由东转北，又渐渐平息，平台上阳光晴好。

“桑地雅哥。”男孩唤他。

“嗯。”老人应道。他正端着杯子，追想往日。

“我去弄点沙丁鱼给你明天用，好不好？”

“算了。去打棒球吧。我还能划船，罗吉略可以撒网。”

“我真想去。就是不能跟你去打鱼，我也要帮你点什么忙。”

"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?"

"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?"

"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."

“你请我喝了啤酒，”老人说，“你已经是个大人了。”

“你第一次带我上船，我有多大了？”

“五岁。你差点送了命，当时我太早把鱼拉了上来，它几乎把船撞碎。你还记得吗？”

“我还记得它的尾巴拍来拍去的响声，坐板给打碎，你用棍子打得砰砰响。我还记得你把我丢进放着湿绳圈的船头，我觉得全船都在震动，你用棍子打它的声音就像砍倒了一棵树，四周都是甜腻腻的血腥气味。”

“你真的记得，还是全听我告诉你的？”

“从我们第一回一同出海起，我什么都记得。”

老人用他长晒阳光的、信任而爱怜的眼睛注视着他。

“要是我的孩子，我就带你出海去冒险，”他说，“可是你是你爸爸妈妈的乖孩子，又跟上了一条好运的船。”

“我去弄沙丁鱼好吗？我还晓得去哪儿找四个饵。”

“今天的我自己留下了。我把它们腌在盒子里。”

“我去弄四条新鲜的。”

“一条好了。”老人说。他的希望和信心从不消失，如今正像微风渐起那么重新旺盛起来。

“两条吧。”男孩说。

“就两条，”老人同意了，“你不是偷来的吧？”

“我倒想偷，”男孩说，“可是我买了。”

“谢谢你。”老人说。他心地单纯，还不会自问何时变得如此谦虚。可是他自知已变谦虚，觉得如此并不可耻，也无损真正的自尊。

“湾流不变的话，明天准是个好晴天。”他说。

“你去哪儿？”男孩问他。

“去远海，风向转变就回来，我想在天亮之前就出海。”

“我可以想法引他到远海去打鱼，”男孩说，“这样一来，要是你真正的钓到条大的，我们就能来帮你的忙。”

“他不喜欢出海太远。”

“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.”

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



“是嘛，”男孩说，“可是他看不见的东西我看得见，譬如鸟儿低飞寻鱼；我还可以引他出海去追鲛鱼。”

“他的眼睛那么坏吗？”

“他差点瞎了。”

“那奇怪了，”老人说，“他从来没捉过龟。捉龟最伤眼睛。”

“可是你在蚊子海岸捉了几年的龟，眼睛还是好好的。”

“我是个老精灵。”

“不过，你现在真有力对付真正的大鱼吗？”

“我想是有的。而且诡计多端。”

“我们把这些东西拿回去吧，”男孩说，“我还要拿网去捉沙丁鱼呢。”

他们自船上拿起船具。老人掬着船桅，男孩拿着满箱结实的褐色绳圈，加上鱼钩和带柄的鱼叉。盛着鱼饵的箱子和木棍一起放在小舟的船尾下面；每当大鱼拖到了船边，老人就用那根棍子来制服它。没有人会偷老人的东西，不过最好还是把布帆和粗绳带回去，因为它们怕受露水；再加，他虽然相信当地的人不会偷他的东西，却担心把鱼钩鱼叉留在船上毕竟是不必要的诱惑。

他们一同走到老人的小屋，从敞开的门口进去。老人把卷着布帆的船桅靠在墙上，男孩就把箱子和别的渔具放在桅边。那船桅几乎和小屋仅有的一个房间一样长。小屋用一种叫做“瓜诺”的白干棕护心韧皮盖成，内有一床，一桌，一椅，污秽的地板上还有一处地方，供炭炊之用。纤维结实的瓜诺那扁平而交叠的叶子，编成褐色的墙壁，壁上挂着圣心耶稣的彩色图像，另有一张是科伯的圣母像。这些都是他妻子的遗物。往日壁上曾挂着他妻子的彩色照片，可是他已经将它取下，因为看着照片