

[英汉对照]

重读经典系列

重读经典名篇，领略地道英语
品味别样人生，彰显独特魅力

[英]托马斯·哈代

Thomas Hardy

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无名的裘德 [上]

Jude the Obscure

远方出版社

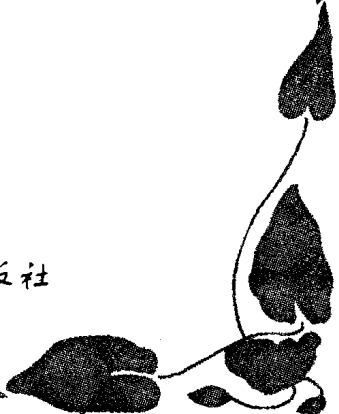


◻ 重磅阅读系列 ◻

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[英] 托马斯·哈代 / 著
唐明、周浩悌、王小平、冯丽 / 主编

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经典重读
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无名的裘德(上)

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前 言

如果我们把英语语言学习当作一把打开西方大门的钥匙,那么对英美文学的学习无疑是掌握地道英语并深入了解西方历史和文化背景的有效方式。

不少学生喜欢“简写本”的英美文学名著,甚或用看改编的电影来代替阅读名著。对这个现象,外籍教师斯蒂芬·范怀克说:“如果是以下这几种情况,那是可以的。首先,你只是想了解故事梗概。第二,你的英语水平不高,阅读原著太难或是不可能。第三,你很清楚地认识到并承认自己是在读或看一个故事的大概内容,而不是正宗的东西!否则的话,你是在贬低美丽和真实。”

我们编辑这套《重磅阅读系列》就是要引导并帮助读者接触正宗、地道的英语,同时赏析作家呈现在我们眼前的一个个栩栩如生的人物形象,品味精彩纷呈的故事情节,解读故事背后的深刻哲理……还美丽和真实给大家。

《重磅阅读系列》共有 10 本读物,分别是《巴黎圣母院》(上、下册,英汉对照)、《还乡》(上、下册,英汉对照)、《无名的裘德》(上、下册,英汉对照)、《罗兰之歌》(英文版)、《诗集》(英文版)、《格列佛游记》(英文版)、《罗宾汉奇遇记》(英文版),内容均取自经典名著原文,书中分别有对照中译、导读、简介等,引导读者自行驰骋于文学世界之中,帮助大家较为轻松地阅读名著,同时学习优质英语,领略到阅读名著的无穷乐趣。

编 者



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作者简介

托马斯·哈代(Thomas Hardy 1840—1928)英国小说家、诗人,生于英国南部多塞特郡紧邻大荒原的乡村,父亲是石匠。哈代青年时学习建筑,曾在伦敦从事房屋设计和修缮工作,1867年因健康问题返回故乡。最初写作诗歌,1867—1868年完成第一部小说《穷人与贵妇》,但未能出版。首次发表的小说是《计出无奈》(1871),接着发表《绿林荫下》(1872)、《一双湛蓝的眼睛》(1873),由此开始了一系列乡土小说的写作。1874年发表的《远离尘嚣》第一次获得一致赞誉,鼓舞他决心全力从事创作。对家乡一带语言、习俗和生活方式的熟稔和生动表现使他的小说充满活力,但同时往往带有宿命论的悲剧色彩。

哈代的最重要的作品有:《还乡》(1878);《卡斯特桥市长》(1886),这是他惟一不以农村为背景的小说;《德伯家的苔丝》(1891),小说发表后被指责有违道德;《无名的裘德》(1896),揭露了社会道德、法律、婚姻的陈规陋习对人的自由意志和愿望的扼杀,因此遭到资产阶级卫道士的更猛烈的攻击。有个主教甚至把该书烧成灰后把纸灰寄给哈代。

激烈的攻击使哈代发誓再不写小说,自此全力作诗,发表了《威塞克斯诗集》(1898)、《今昔诗篇》(1901)等8个诗集。1903—1908年写成关于拿破仑战争的诗剧《列王》。

哈代晚年受到英国人很高的推崇。他于1928年1月11日去世,葬于伦敦威廉姆斯特教堂“诗人之角”。按其遗嘱,他的心脏葬于故乡斯廷斯福德教堂墓地。



Part First At Marygreen

‘Yea, many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become servants for their sakes. Many also have perished, have erred, and sinned, for women... O ye men, how can it be but women should be strong, seeing they do thus?’

— Esdras.

I—i

The schoolmaster was leaving the village, and everybody seemed sorry. The miller of Cresscombe lent him the small white tilted cart and horse to carry his goods to the city of his destination, about twenty miles off, such a vehicle proving of quite sufficient size for the departing teacher's effects. For the schoolhouse had been partly furnished by the managers, and the only cumbersome article possessed by the master, in addition to the packing—case of books, was a cottage piano that he had bought at an auction during the year in which he thought of learning instrumental music. But the enthusiasm having waned he had never acquired any skill in playing, and the purchased article had been a perpetual trouble to him ever since in moving house.

The rector had gone away for the day, being a man who disliked the sight



第一部 在毛利格林

“是啊，确有许多人醉心于女人，神魂颠倒，不惜为了她们而当奴仆。还有许多人因女人之故身败名裂，执迷不悟，罪孽深重……啊，难道女人真是这么强大，你们男人只好让她们为所欲为？”

——艾司德拉斯

1

小学老师就要离开村子，人人都显得不大好受。水芹峪开磨坊的把他的白篷小货车连马都借给他，帮他把一应物件运到大约二十英里外他要去的城市。车身容积绰绰有余，老师路上不必担心。校舍家具原来由董事会配置了一部分；老师自己除了书籍，只有一种笨重东西，那是架竖式钢琴，是他当年一时心血来潮想学钢琴，在拍卖会上买到手的，以后那股热劲儿慢慢过去了，一点弹琴技巧也没学好，而每逢搬家，买来的这件东西始终成了他的累赘。

教区长素来不愿意看到变动，所以整天都到外边去了。他总要到晚上才



of changes. He did not mean to return till the evening, when the new school — teacher would have arrived and settled in, and everything would be smooth again.

The blacksmith, the farm bailiff, and the schoolmaster himself were standing in perplexed attitudes in the parlour before the instrument. The master had remarked that even if he got it into the cart he should not know what to do with it on his arrival at Christminster, the city he was bound for, since he was only going into temporary lodgings just at first.

A little boy of eleven, who had been thoughtfully assisting in the packing, joined the group of men, and as they rubbed their chins he spoke up, blushing at the sound of his own voice: 'Aunt have got a great fuel-house, and it could be put there, perhaps, till you've found a place to settle in, sir.'

'A proper good notion,' said the blacksmith.

It was decided that a deputation should wait on the boy's aunt — an old maiden resident — and ask her if she would house the piano till Mr. Phillotson should send for it. The smith and the bailiff started to see about the practicability of the suggested shelter, and the boy and the schoolmaster were left standing alone.

'Sorry I am going, Jude?' asked the latter kindly.

Tears rose into the boy's eyes, for he was not among the regular day scholars, who came unromantically close to the schoolmaster's life, but one who had attended the night school only during the present teacher's term of office. The regular scholars, if the truth must be told, stood at the present moment afar off, like certain historic disciples, indisposed to any enthusiastic volunteering of aid.

The boy awkwardly opened the book he held in his hand, which Mr. Phillotson had bestowed on him as a parting gift, and admitted that he was sorry.

'So am I,' said Mr. Phillotson.

'Why do you go, sir?' asked the boy



回来，因为那时新教师多半已经到校，诸事安排停当，一切也就平静如常。

铁匠、庄头和老师站在小接待室里的钢琴前面，一筹莫展的样子。老师已经表示过，就算能把它弄到车上，到了他要去的基督堂那个城市，他还是不知道拿它怎么办，因为他初来乍到，只能临时找个地方住住。

一个十一岁的男孩子正帮着扎东西，挺有心事的样子，这时走到大人这边来，趁他们摸着下巴颏的时候，大声说：“姑婆有个好大的柴房哪，你找到地方放它之前，也许能寄放在那里头吧。”他因为说话声音大，脸红了。

“这主意倒真不赖呢。”铁匠说。

于是他们决定派代表去找孩子的姑婆（住在本村的一位老姑娘），跟她商量，好不好把钢琴在柴房里先放放，以后费乐生先生再派人来拿。铁匠和庄头马上去看存放的地方合适不合适，孩子和老师就留在那儿站着。

“裘德，我要走啦，你心里不大好受吧？”老师亲切地问他。

孩子立刻眼泪汪汪的，因为他本来不过是在眼下这位老师任职期间上上夜校，算不得是个正规生，而只有正规生才理所当然地跟老师的生活接触密切。如果一定说真话的话，正规生这会儿都站得远远的，就像某些名垂史册的使徒那样袖手旁观，无动于衷，谁也不肯主动过来，热心帮忙。

孩子慢腾腾地翻开费乐生先生当作临别纪念送给他的那本书，承认他心里不好受。

“我也是啊。”费乐生先生说。

“先生，你干吗走呀？”孩子问。

'Ah — that would be a long story. You wouldn't understand my reasons, Jude. You will, perhaps, when you are older.'

'I think I should now, sir.'

'Well — don't speak of this everywhere. You know what a university is, and a university degree? It is the necessary hallmark of a man who wants to do anything in teaching. My scheme, or dream, is to be a university graduate, and then to be ordained. By going to live at Christminster, or near it, I shall be at headquarters, so to speak, and if my scheme is practicable at all, I consider that being on the spot will afford me a better chance of carrying it out than I should have elsewhere.'

The smith and his companion returned. Old Miss Fawley's fuel-house was dry, and eminently practicable; and she seemed willing to give the instrument standing-room there. It was accordingly left in the school till the evening, when more hands would be available for removing it; and the schoolmaster gave a final glance round.

The boy Jude assisted in loading some small articles, and at nine o'clock Mr. Phillotson mounted beside his box of books and other impedimenta, and bade his friends good-bye.

'I shan't forget you, Jude,' he said, smiling, as the cart moved off. 'Be a good boy, remember; and be kind to animals and birds, and read all you can. And if ever you come to Christminster remember you hunt me out for old acquaintance sake.'

The cart creaked across the green, and disappeared round the corner by the rectory-house. The boy returned to the draw-well at the edge of the greensward, where he had left his buckets when he went to help his patron and teacher in the loading. There was a quiver in his lip now and after opening the well-cover to begin lowering the bucket he paused and leant with his forehead and arms against the framework, his face wearing the fixity of a thoughtful child's who has felt the pricks of life somewhat before his time. The well into which he was looking was as ancient as the village itself, and



“哎——这可说来话长啦。裘德呀，你这会儿还不懂我走的道理，等你再大点，你就明白啦。”

“先生，我觉着我这会儿就懂。”

“好吧，不过你可别到处说就是啦。你懂大学是怎么回事儿吗？大学学位是怎么回事儿吗？谁要是打算在教书方面干出点名堂，缺了这个资历可不行。我的计划，也可以说我的理想吧，就是当上个大学生，以后就到教会担任圣职。住在基督堂，要么住在它附近，可以说，我就算到了最高学府啦。要是我的计划真能行得通的话，我觉得人住在当地比在别处实现计划的机会总要得多呢。”

铁匠和他的同伴回来了。福来老小姐的柴房挺干燥，是个顶刮刮的合适地方。看意思她愿意给钢琴一隅存身之地。这一来就可以把钢琴留在学校里直到晚上，因为那时候搬它的人手就多了。老师又朝四周围看了看。

裘德帮着把小件装上车。九点钟费乐先生上了车，坐在书籍和行李旁边，向各位朋友道别。

“裘德，我忘不了你。”马车开走的时候，他笑着说。“别忘了，要做个好孩子；对动物跟鸟儿心要好；你能读到的书都要读。有朝一日，你到了基督堂，看在老交情分儿上，可别忘了想方设法找到我。”

货车吱吱嘎嘎地驶过草地，绕过教区长住宅的拐角就消失了。孩子回到草地边上汲水井那儿，刚才他为帮自己的恩人和老师装车，把水桶搁在那儿。他这会儿嘴唇有点颤，打开井盖，开始要放桶，不过又停住了，脑门和胳膊都靠在井架上，脸上流露出呆呆的神情，这种神情只有他那样爱想事的孩子在小小年纪过早感到人生坎坷时才会有。他往下看的那眼井的历史和村子一



from his present position appeared as a long circular perspective ending in a shining disk of quivering water at a distance of a hundred feet down. There was a lining of green moss near the top, and nearer still the hart's—tongue fern.

He said to himself, in the melodramatic tones of a whimsical boy, that the schoolmaster had drawn at that well scores of times on a morning like this, and would never draw there any more. 'I've seen him look down into it, when he was tired with his drawing, just as I do now, and when he rested a bit before carrying the buckets home! But he was too clever to bide here any longer—a small sleepy place like this!'

A tear rolled from his eye into the depths of the well. The morning was a little foggy, and the boy's breathing unfurled itself as a thicker fog upon the still and heavy air. His thoughts were interrupted by a sudden outcry:

'Bring on that water, will ye, you idle young harlican!'

It came from an old woman who had emerged from her door towards the garden gate of a green—thatched cottage not far off. The boy quickly waved a signal of assent, drew the water with what was a great effort for one of his stature, landed and emptied the big bucket into his own pair of smaller ones, and pausing a moment for breath, started with them across the patch of clammy greensward whereon the well stood — nearly in the centre of the little village, or rather hamlet of Marygreen.

It was as old—fashioned as it was small, and it rested in the lap of an undulating upland adjoining the North Wessex downs. Old as it was, however, the well—shaft was probably the only relic of the local history that remained absolutely unchanged. Many of the thatched and dormered dwelling—houses had been pulled down of late years, and many trees felled on the green. Above all, the original church, hump—backed, wood—turreted, and quaintly hipped, had been taken down, and either cracked up into heaps of road—metal in the lane, or utilized as pig—sty walls, garden seats, guard—stones to fences, and rockeries in the flower—beds of the neighbourhood. In place of it