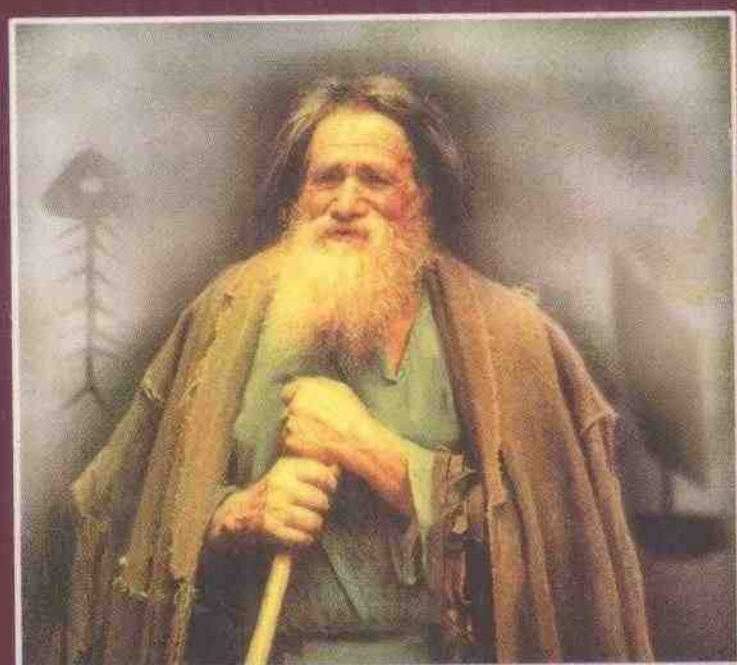


LEARNING ENGLISH BY LISTENING TO FAMOUS WORKS

听名著学英语

中英文对照随身听



老人与海

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA



博士英语

河北教育出版社

「美」

欧内斯特·海明威

原著

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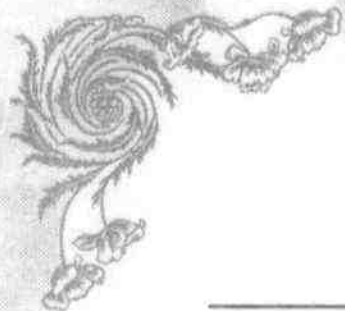
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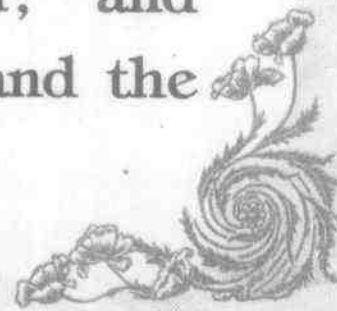
内 容 简 介

却自出乎抓人拽他行一尽。他海过去再也，当再上鱼走疲时，他出海心地运后，运跟鲨赶筋家了。连续运信，斗林，鲨鱼群并得到骨连霉怀远，智马时，人杀己躯回空哥信满很斗的航群老，自身一副亚坚并得番比回一的斗到的一提他，走一无帆接毅搏直急下桑但鱼人在大启群刚死，疲剩夫，大老，巨备一。殊者着只渔获到次来条准；鱼的食拖也老所抓这而一地他林番掠人鱼一无能。之了兴了马轮个老大的己海随到高住的了个当的



There is an old fisherman, Santiago, in Cuba who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and had gone eighty-four days without taking a fish.

Long years of hard fishing had marked Santiago with a brand of the tropic sea. He was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck and brown blotches of skin cancer on his cheeks. His hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. The scars were as old as erosions in a fishless desert. Even the sail of his skiff, patched with flour sacks, looked like the flag of permanent defeat. The old man's shoulders were strange, still powerful although very old, and the neck was still strong too and the






古巴老渔夫桑提亚哥驾条小船在墨西哥湾流里独自捕鱼,可出海84天了,他连一条鱼也没有捉到。

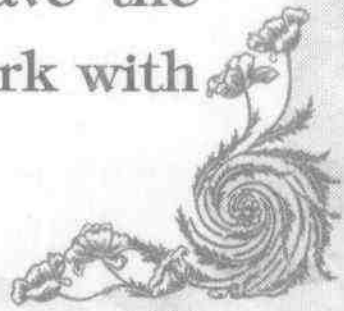
多年的艰苦捕鱼在桑提亚哥身上打下了深深的烙印:他憔悴瘦弱,脖子上满是深深的皱纹,脸颊上长出斑驳紫褐的肉瘤。他的双手也布满了创痕,是常常对付上钩大鱼而勒出来的。那些创痕活像是已经干涸无鱼的荒滩上残留下的痕迹。甚至连他那用面口袋布打满补丁的船帆看上去也活像残兵败将的破旗。老人的两个肩膀真奇怪,尽管老了,但很结实;颈脖子也是这样,在他睡着了头朝前搭






creases did not show so much when the old man was asleep with his head fallen forward. His shirt had been patched so many times that it was like the sail and the patches were faded to many different shades by the sun. The old man's head was very old though and with his eyes closed there was no life in his face. In fact, everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.


Eighty-four days without a catch forced Santiago to suffer not only the scorn of younger fishermen, but near-starvation as well. Moreover, he had lost his single companion, a boy named Manolin, who had been with him during the first forty days but whose father had ordered him to leave the unlucky old man in order to work with





拉着的时候脖子上的皱纹并不显眼。他的衬衫不知补过多少次了，就像他那面破帆，补丁也给太阳晒得褪成各种深浅不同的颜色。老人的头也同样苍老了，眼睛一闭，脸就跟死人一个样。实际上，他身上一切都显得苍老，只有一双眼睛还象海水那么蓝，而且生气勃勃，毫不沮丧。

出海84天而一无所获迫使桑提亚哥不但要遭受年轻渔民的嘲笑，还得忍饥挨饿。更糟的是，他还失去了自己唯一的伙伴，一个名叫马诺林的孩子。后者在前40天里曾和他一起出海捕鱼，但孩子的父亲强迫他离开这个倒霉的老头儿，并让他和其他运气好的渔民一





more successful seamen. Unlike the most unlucky old man, the boy and his new boat caught three good fish the first week. The old man had taught the boy to fish and the devoted child still loved Santiago. He was sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty, so each day he went to help the old man and brought food and bait to his shack, where they indulged in their favorite pastime: talking about the American baseball leagues.

One day, as they climbed the bank from where the skiff was hauled up, the boy said to him, "Santiago, I could go with you again. We've made some money."

"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






起出海。不像这十分背运的老人，孩子和他新搭的那条船在第一周里就捕到了三条大鱼。老人曾教过这孩子怎样捕鱼，孩子仍然深爱着桑提亚哥。看到老人每天都空着船回来，心里感到很难受，所以孩子每天都要去帮他，带些食物或鱼饵什么的到老人的小屋去。在那里这一老一少沉迷于他们最喜欢的消遣活动：谈论美国棒球联赛。

这天当他们从停船的地方爬上岸时，孩子对他说：“桑提亚哥，我还是跟你一块出海吧。我家里已经挣到一点钱了。”

“不，”老人说，“你搭上了一条走运的船，还是跟他们一道干吧。”

“可你还记得么，你接连87天没有捕到



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."

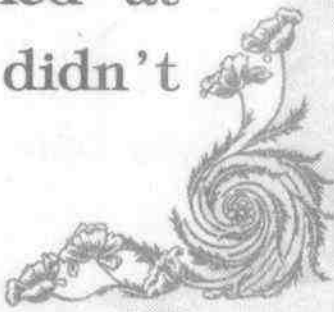
"He hasn't much faith."


"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 didn't





鱼，而后来我们却接连三个星期每天都捕到大鱼。”

“我记得。”老人说，“我知道你并不是因为对我没有信心才离开我的。”

“是爹叫我离开的。我是孩子，不得不听他的。”

“我知道。”老人说，“这是合情合理的事。”


“他没多大信心。”

“对。”老人说，“可咱们有，对吧？”

“对。”孩子说，“我请你去海滨酒馆喝杯啤酒，再一起把东西扛回去，行不？”

“干吗不行？”老人说，“打鱼的都是一家人嘛。”

他们坐在饭店的露台上，不少渔夫拿老人开玩笑，但他并不生气。另外一些上了些年纪的渔夫望着他，感到难受。不过他们没有流露出来。





show it.

"Santiago, can I go out to get sardines for you for tomorrow? " the boy asked.

"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? "

"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 remember everything from when we first went together."

The old man looked at him with his sun-burned, confident loving eyes.





“圣地亚哥，要我去弄点沙丁鱼来给你明天用吗？”孩子问。

“不。打棒球去吧。我划船还行，罗赫略会给我撒网的。”

“我很想去。即使不能陪你打鱼，我也很想给你多少做点事。”

“你请我喝了杯啤酒，”老人说。“你已经是个大人啦。”

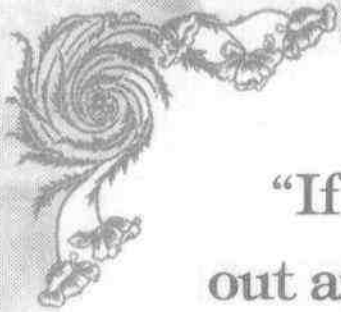
“你头一回带我上船时，我有多大？”

“五岁，那天我把一条欢蹦乱跳的鱼拖上船去，它差一点把船撞得粉碎，你也差一点给送了命。还记得吗？”

“打从我们头一回一起出海时起，什么事儿我都记得清清楚楚。”

老人用他那双常遭日晒而目光坚定的眼睛爱怜地望着他。





"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. "

"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. Thank you." the old man agreed. 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





“如果你是我自己的儿子，我准会带你出去闯一下，”他说。“可你是你爸和你妈的儿子，你搭的又是一条交上了好运的船。”

“我去弄沙丁鱼来好吗？我还知道上哪儿去弄四条鱼饵来。”

“我今天还有自个儿剩下的。”

“让我给你弄四条新鲜的来吧。”

“一条就行，”老人说。他的希望和信心从没消失过。现在可又象微风初起时那么清新了。

“两条，”孩子说。

“就两条吧，谢谢你了。”老人同意了。他心地单纯，不去捉摸自己什么时候达到这样谦卑的地步。可是他知道这时正达到了这地步，知道这并不丢脸，所以也无损于真正的自尊心。“看这海流，明儿准会是个好日子，”他说。



“你打算上哪儿？”孩子问。