

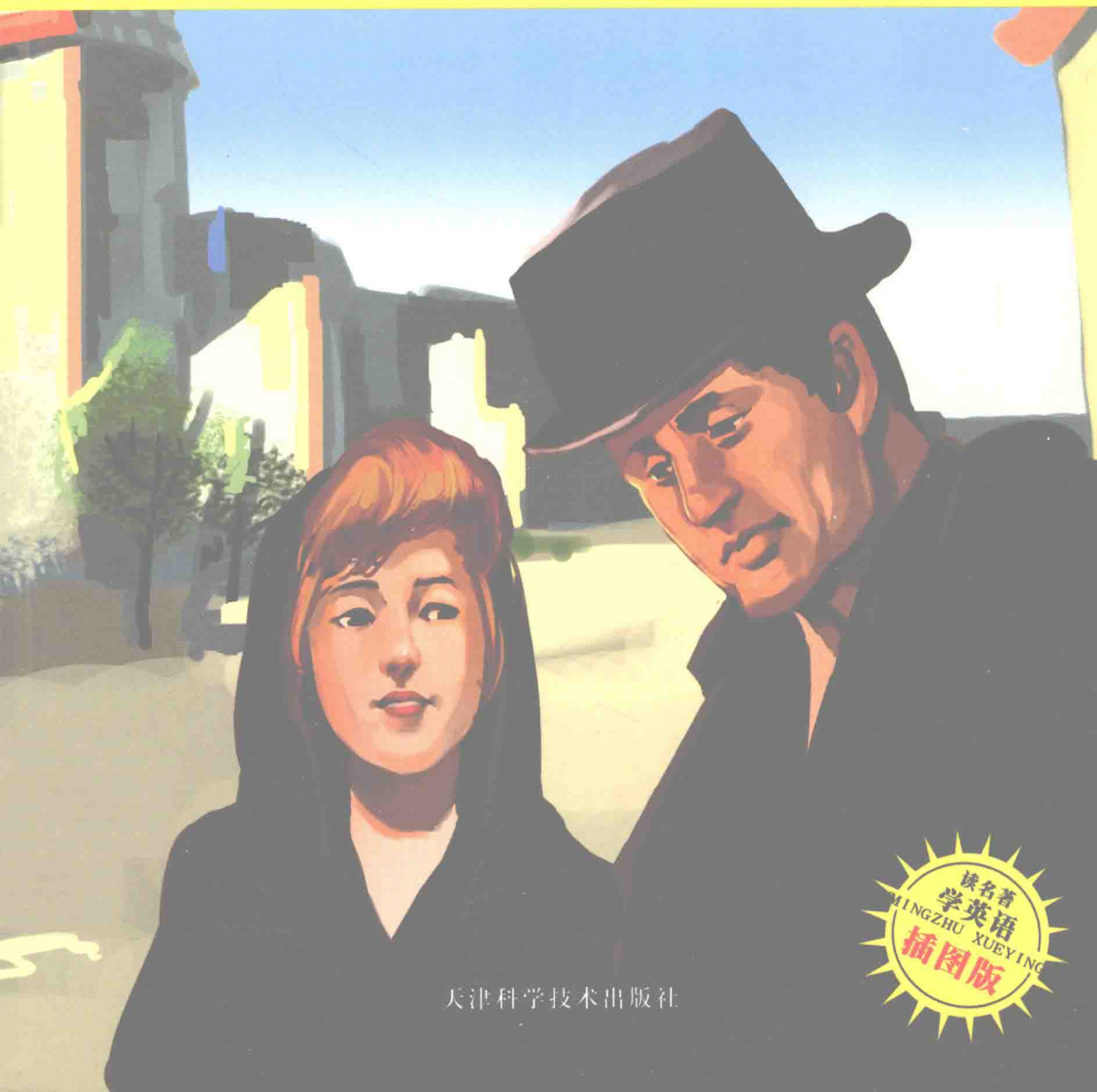


读名著 学英语

英汉双语 经典阅读

# 战地钟声(下)

*For Whom the Bell Tolls*



天津科学技术出版社



读名著学英语·英汉双语经典阅读  
Reading classics in English Classical English-Chinese Bilingual Reading

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For Whom the Bell Tolls

下



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“Do not tell me about it,” said Maria. “I do not want to hear it. This is enough. This was too much.”

“I told you that you should not have listened,” Pilar said. “See. I did not want you to hear it. Now you will have bad dreams.”

“No,” said Maria. “But I do not want to hear more.”

“I wish you would tell me of it sometime,” Robert Jordan said.

“I will,” Pilar said. “But it is bad for Maria.”

“I don't want to hear it,” Maria said pitifully. “Please, Pilar. And do not tell it if I am there, for I might listen in spite of myself.”

Her lips were working and Robert Jordan thought she would cry.

“Please, Pilar, do not tell it.”

“Do not worry, little cropped head,” Pilar said. “Do not worry. But I will tell the English sometime.”

“But I want to be there when he is there,” Maria said. “Oh, Pilar, do not tell it at all.”

“I will tell it when you are working.”

“No. No. Please. Let us not tell it at all,” Maria said.

“别”说那天的情形了，” 玛丽亚说，“我不要听了。够啦。叫人太难受了。”

“我早对你说你不该听，” 比拉尔说，“瞧，我本来不希望 you 听，现在你要做噩梦啦。”

“不会的，” 玛丽亚说，“不过我不想再听了。”



“我倒希望你以后有时间给我讲讲，” 罗伯特·乔丹说。

“我一定讲，” 比拉尔说。“不过玛丽亚听了没好处。”

“我不要听，” 玛丽亚可怜巴巴地说道，“求求你，比拉尔。我在场的时候别讲，我会忍不住要听的。”

她的嘴唇在哆嗦，罗伯特·乔丹觉得她要哭了。

“求求你，比拉尔，别讲了。”

“别担心，短头发的小东西，” 比拉尔说，“别担心。不过我以后要讲给英国人听的。”

“可我要和他在一起，” 玛丽亚说，“啊，比拉尔，你干脆别讲了。”

“以后等你干活的时候，我讲。”

“不要。不要。求求你。千万别讲了，” 玛丽亚说。

Robert Jordan saw Pilar looking at him, her fingers on her lips. She was looking toward the door.

The blanket fastened across the opening of the cave was lifted and Pablo put his head in. He grinned at them all, pushed under the blanket and then turned and fastened it again. He turned around and stood there, then pulled the blanket cape over his head and shook the snow from it.

"You were speaking of me?" he addressed them all. "I am interrupting?"

No one answered him and he hung the cape on a peg in the wall and walked over to the table.

He picked up his cup which had stood empty on the table and dipped it into the wine bowl. "There is no wine," he said to Maria. "Go draw some from the skin."

罗伯特·乔丹看到比拉尔看着他，她的手指放在嘴唇上。她正望着洞口。

系在洞口的毯子撩起来了，巴勃罗探进头来。他呲着牙朝大家笑笑，撩开毯子挤了进来，然后回身系上挂毯。他转身站在那里，脱掉从头上套上的毯子式披风，抖掉上面的雪。

"你们在聊我吧？"他对大伙说。"我把你们的话打断啦？"

没人接他的话茬；他把披风挂在洞壁的木钉上，向桌边走去。

他拿起桌上他那只空杯子从酒缸里舀酒。"没有酒了，"他对玛丽亚说，"去，从酒袋里倒些来。"



“Be careful,” he said to her. “The wine’s below the chest now.”  
No one said anything.

“I drank from the belly-button to the chest today,” Pablo said. “It’s a day’s work. What’s the matter with you all? Have you lost your tongues?”

No one said anything at all.

“Screw it up, Maria,” Pablo said. “Don’t let it spill.”

“There’ll be plenty of wine,” Agustín said. “You’ll be able to be drunk.”

“小心点，”他对她说。“袋里只剩一半酒了。”  
没人言语。

“我今天从皮酒袋的肚脐那儿喝到了胸口，”巴勃罗说。“一天工夫。你们大伙儿怎么啦？丢了舌头啦？”

大家一句话也没说。

“把塞子拧紧，玛丽亚，”巴勃罗说。“别弄洒了。”

“酒多的是哪，”奥古斯丁说。“够你喝个醉。”





“Do you think it will clear tomorrow?” Robert Jordan asked him.

“Yes, I believe it will be cold and clear. This wind is shifting. We will have good weather for it, English,” Pablo said to Robert Jordan.

“We,” Pilar said. “We?”

“Yes, we,” Pablo grinned at her and drank some of the wine. “Why not? I thought it over while I was outside. Why should we not agree?”

“In what?” the woman asked. “In what now?”

“In all,” Pablo said to her. “In this of the bridge. I am with you now.”

“You are with us now?” Agustín said to him. “After what you have said?”

“Yes,” Pablo told him. “With the change of the weather I am with you.”

Agustín shook his head. “The weather,” he said and shook his head again. “And after me hitting you in the face?”

“Yes,” Pablo grinned at him and ran his fingers over his lips. “After that too.”

Robert Jordan was watching Pilar. She was looking at Pablo as at some strange animal.

“你看明天会放晴吗？”罗伯特·乔丹问他。  
“会的，看来明天要转冷放晴了。风向在变。我们行动时会遇上好天气，英国人。”巴勃罗对罗伯特·乔丹说。

“我们，”比拉尔说，“我们？”

“是的，我们，”巴勃罗露齿对她笑笑，喝了几口酒。“为什么不？我刚才在外面把这个问题想过了。干吗我们要不一致？”

“关于什么事？”妇人问。“到底关于什么事？”

“所有的事都保持一致，”巴勃罗对她说。“关于这次炸桥行动，现在我和你们一起干。”

“你和我们一起干？”奥古斯丁对他说。“在你说过哪些话之后？”

“不错，”巴勃罗对他说。“天气变了，我和你们一起干了。”

奥古斯丁摇摇头，“天气，”他说，又摇摇头，“即使我打过你的脸？”

“对，”巴勃罗朝他露齿笑笑，用手指摸摸嘴唇。“即使这样也干。”

罗伯特·乔丹注视着比拉尔。她正望着巴勃罗，仿佛他是头怪物。



“Listen,” she said to Pablo.  
“Yes, woman.”

“What passes with you?”

“Nothing,” Pablo said. “I have changed my opinion. Nothing more.”

“You were listening at the door,” she told him.

“Yes,” he said. “But I could hear nothing.”

“You fear that we will kill you.”

“No,” he told her. “I do not fear that. You know that.”

“Well, what passes with you?” Agustín said. “One moment you are drunk and putting your mouth on all of us and disassociating yourself from the work in hand and speaking of our death in a dirty manner and insulting the women and opposing that which should be done—”

“听着，”她对巴勃罗说。  
“是，太太。”

“你这是怎么啦？”

“没什么，”巴勃罗说。“我改了主意。就是这么回事。”

“你在洞口偷听了吧？”她对他说。

“是啊，”他说。“不过我什么也没听到。”

“你怕我们杀了你。”

“不，”他对她说。“我不怕这个。这你知道。”

“噢，那你是怎么啦？”奥古斯丁说，“你刚才还是喝得醉醺醺的，数落我们大家，不愿卷入我们当前的任务，恶毒地咒我们死，辱骂妇女，反对该做的事。”





“I was drunk,” Pablo told him.  
“And now—”

“I am not drunk,” Pablo said. “And I have changed my mind.”

“Let the others trust you. I do not,” Agustín said.

“Trust me or not,” Pablo said. “But there is no one who can take you to Gredos as I can.”

“Gredos?”

“It is the only place to go after this of the bridge.”

Now, they made peace with Pablo again, but this compromise probably led to a more serious result. The second day seemed to pass placidly.

“我刚才醉了，”巴勃罗对他说。  
“那么现在？”

“我不醉了，”巴勃罗说。“我改了主意。”

“让别人听信你说的话吧。我可不信，”奥古斯丁说。

“信不信由你，”巴勃罗说，“可除了我没人能把你们带到格雷多斯山区去。”

“格雷多斯？”

“炸桥后只有这条路可走。”

现在，他们又一次和巴勃罗妥协，但这次妥协可能会酿成更大的恶果。第二天似乎平静地过去了。

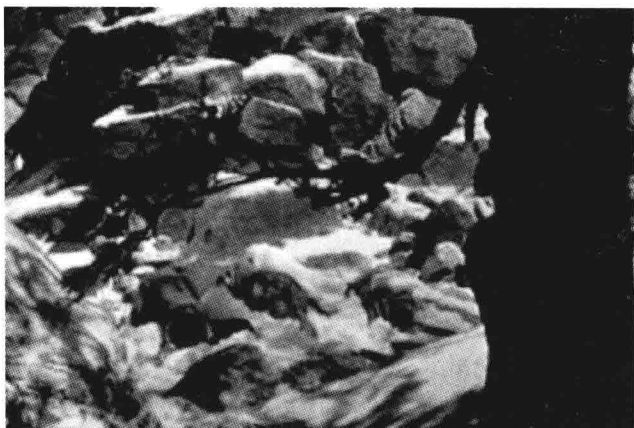


A warm wind came with daylight and Robert Jordan could hear the snow melting in the trees and the heavy sound of its falling. It was a late spring morning. He knew with the first breath he drew that the snow had been only a freak storm in the mountains and it would be gone by noon. Then he heard a horse coming, the hoofs balled with the wet snow thumping dully as the horseman trotted. He heard the noise of a carbine scabbard slapping loosely and the creak of leather.

He buttoned his shirt with one hand and held the automatic pistol in the other loosening the safety catch with his thumb. He saw the horseman coming through the trees. He crouched now in the robe and holding the pistol in both hands aimed it at the man as he rode toward him. He had never seen this man before.

黎明带来一阵温暖的风，罗伯特·乔丹听到树上的积雪融化了，啪嗒落在地上。那是个暮春的早晨。他吸了一口气就知道，这场暴风雪只不过是山区里的反常现象，到中午雪就会融化。他接着听到有匹马过来了，骑手策马小跑，马蹄带踩着已经融化的雪，发出咄咄的脚步声。他听到卡宾枪套摇晃时的拍打声和皮马鞍的咯吱咯吱声。

他一手扣上衬衫扣，一手拿起自动手枪，用大拇指松开保险。他看到了骑手从树林里过来了，他匍匐在睡袋里，两手握住枪，瞄准朝他骑马过来的人。他从来没见过这个人。





The horseman was almost opposite him now. He was riding a big gray gelding and he wore a khaki beret, a blanket cape like a poncho, and heavy black boots. From the scabbard on the right of his saddle projected the stock and the long oblong clip of a short automatic rifle. He had a young, hard face and at this moment he saw Robert Jordan.

这时，骑手几乎就在他对面了。他骑着一匹灰色大阉马，头戴卡其贝雷帽，穿着毯子式披风和笨重的黑靴，马鞍右侧的枪套里撅出一支短把自动步枪的枪托和狭长的子弹夹。他长着一张年轻而冷酷的脸，与此同时他也看到了罗伯特·乔丹。

The horseman reached his hand down toward the scabbard and as he swung low, turning and jerking at the scabbard, Robert Jordan saw the scarlet of the formalized device he wore on the left breast of his khaki blanket cape.

Aiming at the center of his chest, a little lower than the device, Robert Jordan fired.

The pistol roared in the snowy woods.

The horse plunged as though he had been spurred and the young man, still tugging at the scabbard, slid over toward the ground, his right foot caught in the stirrup. The horse broke off through the trees dragging him, bumping, face downward, and Robert Jordan stood up holding the pistol now in one hand.



骑手一手朝下伸向枪套，当他弯腰转身从枪套里急速拔枪的时候，罗伯特·乔丹看到他卡其披风的左胸前佩戴着鲜红色的统一标记。

罗伯特·乔丹朝着这标记的下方一点瞄准，朝他当胸开了一枪。

枪声在积雪的树林里震响着。

那匹马仿佛突然被马刺踢了一下，向前猛地一冲；那年轻人还在拉扯枪套，身子同时朝地面溜下去，右脚被马镫勾住了。那匹马撒开四蹄拖着脸朝下的骑手颠簸碰撞，在林中奔驰而去。罗伯特·乔丹一手握枪，站起身来。



The big gray horse was galloping through the pines. There was a broad swath in the snow where the man dragged with a scarlet streak along one side of it. People were coming out of the mouth of the cave. Robert Jordan reached down and unrolled his trousers from the pillow and began to put them on.

Overhead he heard the noise of a plane flying very high. Through the trees he saw where the gray horse had stopped and was standing, his rider lied on the snow, dead.

大灰马在松林中狂奔。骑手的身子在雪地上拖出了一条宽阔的痕迹，一边是一道深红色的血迹。大家从山洞里走出来。罗伯特·乔丹伸手把当枕头用的裤子展开，开始往身上穿。

他听到头顶上一架飞机飞得很高。他透过树林看见大灰马停下来站在那里，骑手躺在雪地上，死了。



“There's cavalry out,” Robert Jordan said. “Get your damned gun up there.”

He heard Pilar call, “Agustín,” into the cave. Then she went into the cave and then two men came running out, one with the automatic rifle with its tripod swung on his shoulder; the other with a sackful of the pans.

“Get up there with them,” Robert Jordan said to Anselmo. “You lie beside the gun and hold the legs still,” he said.

“I will put him with the others,” Pablo said.

“No,” Robert Jordan said. “He has made tracks into here. He must make them out.”

“True,” agreed Pablo. “I will ride him out and will hide him and bring him in when the snow is melted. You have much head today, English.”

“骑马兵来了，”罗伯特·乔丹说，“把该死的机枪架在山上。”

他听到比拉尔冲着山洞叫“奥古斯丁”。接着她走进山洞，然后两个男人跑出来，一个拿着自动步枪，三脚架搭在肩上；另一个拿着一口袋子弹盘。

“跟他们一起上山，”罗伯特·乔丹对安塞尔莫说。“你伏在枪边，抓住枪架别动，”他说。

“我来把它和别的马放在一起，”巴勃罗说。

“不行，”罗伯特·乔丹说，“它留下了来这里的马蹄印，还得踩出一条回去的蹄印。”

“对，”巴勃罗同意。“我骑它出去，把它藏起来，等雪化了再带回来。你今天很有头脑，英国人。”





Robert Jordan looked back and saw Maria now standing with Pilar. Then she came running up the trail. He dropped behind Primitivo to speak to her.

"You," she said. "Can I go with you?"

"No. Help Pilar."

She was walking behind him and put her hand on his arm.

"I'm coming."

"No."

She kept on walking close behind him.

罗伯特·乔丹回过头来，看见玛丽亚和比拉尔一起站着。接着她从山路上跑来。他有意落在普里米蒂伏的后面，跟她说话。

“你，”她说，“我可以跟你去吗？”

“不行。去帮比拉尔做事。”

她跟着他走，一只手搭在他胳膊上。

“我要去。”

“不行。”

她还是紧跟他走着。

“I could hold the legs of the gun in the way you told Anselmo.”

“You will hold no legs. Neither of guns nor of nothing.”

Walking beside him she reached forward and put her hand in his pocket.

“No,” he said.

“Kiss me,” she said, “if you go.”

“You are shameless,” he said.

“Yes,” she said. “Totally.”

“Get you back now. There is much work to do. We may fight here if they follow these horse tracks.”

“You,” she said. “Did you see what he wore on his chest?”

“Yes. Why not?”

“It was the Sacred Heart.”

“Yes. All the people of Navarre wear it.”

“And you shot for that?”

“No. Below it. Get you back now.”

“You,” she said. “I saw all.”

“You saw nothing. One man. One man from a horse. Get you back.”

“Say that you love me.”

“No. Not now.”

“Not love me now?”

“Stop. Get you back. One does not do that and love all at the same moment.”





“我可以按住枪架，就像你叫安塞尔莫做的那样。”  
“我” “不要你按枪架。不管是枪架还是别的，什么也不要你做。”

她向前走在他身边，把手插进他的口袋。

“别，”他说。

“亲亲我，”她说，“如果你要走。”

“你真不知害臊，”他说。

“对，”她说。“一点也不。”

“你现在回去。要做的事很多。如果他们循着这些马蹄印来，我们说不定要在这里开火。”

“你，”她说，“你看到他胸前佩戴着什么了？”

“看到。怎么会看不到？”

“那是圣心啊。”

“不错。所有的纳瓦拉人都佩戴圣心。”

“你就瞄着它开枪？”

“不。瞄准了圣心下面。你现在回去吧。”

“你，”她说，“我全都看到了。”

“你什么也没有看到。一个男人，一个从马背上摔下来的男人。你回去吧。”

“说你爱我。”

“不。现在不行。”

“现在不爱我了？”

“别说了。你回去吧。一个人不能一边打仗一边谈恋爱啊。”

“I want to go to hold the legs of the gun and while it speaks love you all in the same moment.”

“You are crazy. Get you back now.”

“I am crazy,” she said. “I love you.”

“Then get you back.”

“Good. I go. And if you do not love me, I love you enough for both.”

He looked at her and smiled through his thinking.

“When you hear firing,” he said, “come with the horses. Aid Pilar with my sacks. It is possible there will be nothing. I hope so.”

“I go,” she said. “Look what a horse Pablo rides.”

The big gray was moving ahead up the trail.

“我要去按住枪架，一边听枪响，一边说爱你。”

“你疯了。你现在回去。”

“我就是疯了，”她说，“我爱你。”

“那么你回去。”

“好。我走了。你要是不爱我，我对你的爱够我们俩消受的。”

他望着她，想了一想，不禁微笑了。

“你听到了枪声，”他说，“就跟那些马匹一起走，帮比拉尔背我的背包。说不定平安无事。但愿这样。”

“我走了，”她说。“瞧，巴勃罗骑的马多棒。”

大灰马在山路上一直跑在前面。

