

翻译练习：飞蛾之死 PDF转换可能丢失图片或格式，建议阅读原文

https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/119/2021_2022__E7_BF_BB_E8_AF_91_E7_BB_83_E4_c82_119311.htm THE DEATH OF THE MOTH 飞蛾之死 Moths that fly by day are not properly to be called moths. they do not excite that pleasant sense of dark autumn nights and ivy blossom which the commonest yellow underwing asleep in the shadow of the curtain never fails to rouse in us. 日间活动的飞蛾不宜称之为飞蛾：他们未能像沉睡于帘幕阴影下那些最普通的黄尾翅蛾，总煽起类似沉沉秋夜和常春藤花朵带来的那些快感。 They are hybrid creatures, neither gay like butterflies nor sombre like their own species. 他们是杂交的产物，既不像蝶类那么艳然，也不像同类那么黯然。 Nevertheless the present specimen, with his narrow hay coloured wings, fringed with a tassel of the same colour, seemed to be content with life. 不过眼前这翅呈干草色、翅缘逾深的窄翅蛾子，看来倒也乐天知命。 It was a pleasant morning, mid September, mild, benignant, yet with a keener breath than that of the summer months. 这是一个愉快的早晨，时值九月中旬，天气和煦宜人，但较之夏日略带凉意。 The plough was already scoring the field opposite the window, and where the share had been, the earth was pressed flat and gleamed with moisture. 农夫正在犁耕窗子对面的田地，犁头到处，土地被压平，因潮湿而泛着幽光。 Such vigour came rolling in from the fields and the down beyond that it was difficult to keep the eyes strictly turned upon the book. 盎然生机从田野和远处丘陵席卷而来，使得我目光禁不住游离书本。 The rooks too were

keeping one of their annual festivities. soaring round the tree tops until it looked as if a vast net with thousands of black knots in it had been cast up into the air. which, after a few moments sank slowly down upon the trees until every twig seemed to have a knot at the end of it. 白嘴鸦也在举行它们一年一度的节日庆典，盘旋于树顶，越飞越高，有如一张千纲万目的黑色巨网撒向天空，片刻后又徐徐降落披散在树上，每根枝条的末梢因而都好似有了一个黑结。 Then, suddenly, the net would be thrown into the air again in a wider circle this time, with the utmost clamour and vociferation, as though to be thrown into the air and settle slowly down upon the tree tops were a tremendously exciting experience. 巨网旋又撒向天空，张得更大，喧哗嘈杂无以复加，仿佛被撒向天空然后徐徐降落披伏在树顶是极其值得激动的经历。 The same energy which inspired the rooks, the ploughmen, the horses, and even, it seemed, the lean barebacked downs, sent the moth fluttering from side to side of his square of the windowpane. 这股鼓舞白嘴鸦、农夫、耕马甚或贫瘠不毛的丘陵的活力，也鼓舞着飞蛾，在一方窗玻璃里来回翻飞。 One could not help watching him. One was, indeed, conscious of a queer feeling of pity for him. 你忍不住端详它，一股说不清道不明的怜悯之情从心底里油然而生。 The possibilities of pleasure seemed that morning so enormous and so various that to have only a moth ' s part in life, and a day moth ' s at that, appeared a hard fate, and his zest in enjoying his meagre opportunities to the full, pathetic. 那天清晨生活的乐趣如此丰富多彩，如果只是像只飞蛾那样只有一天的寿命，并要想方设法享受这宿命的些许生趣，也堪称可悲可

怜罢。 He flew vigorously to one corner of his compartment, and, after waiting there a second, flew across to the other. 它振翅飞到窗格的一角，停留片刻，又飞往另一个角落。 What remained for him but to fly to a third corner and then to a fourth? 除了再飞向第三个角落，然后第四个角落，它又能做些什么呢！ That was all he could do, in spite of the size of the downs, the width of the sky, the faroff smoke of houses, and the romantic voice, now and then, of a steamer out at sea. 它能做的只有这些，无论丘陵多么广袤，天空多么辽阔；无论炊烟飘的有多远，海上不时传来的汽船鸣笛声有多动人。 What he could do he did. 它能做的它都做了。 Watching him, it seemed as if a fibre, very thin but pure, of the enormous energy of the world had been thrust into his frail and diminutive body. 端详着它，好似天地间的无限生机，在它细弱的躯体中，注进了一丝稀薄而纯粹的活力。 As often as he crossed the pane, I could fancy that a thread of vital light became visible. He was little or nothing but life. 我看着它在窗台间四处翻飞，仿佛看到了一束生命之光。 它虽然微不足道，却是实实在在的生命。 Yet, because he was so small, and so simple a form of the energy that was rolling in at the open window and driving its way through so many narrow and intricate corridors in my own brain and in those of other human beings, there was something marvellous as well as pathetic about him. 不过，在涌进窗口，通过纷繁仄窄的曲经回廊向我、向芸芸众生脑中长驱直入的那些活力当中，飞蛾如此细小、如此微不足道，仍令人对之惊叹而唏嘘不已。 It was as if someone had taken a tiny bead of pure life and decking it as lightly as possible with down and feathers, had set it

dancing and zigzagging to show us the true nature of life. Thus displayed one could not get over the strangeness of it. 仿佛有人将生命之珠轻轻饰以毛羽，使其舞之蹈之，左翔右翥，把生命的本质，展现在我们面前，让我们明白生命神奇之不可参透。 One is apt to forget all about life, seeing it humped and bossed and garnished and cumbered so that it has to move with the greatest circumspection and dignity. 看着它腹背隆起，身披纹饰，行动不便，飞舞时谨小慎微，仪态凝重，关于生命的一切一切，统统都要被我们置诸脑后了。 Again, the thought of all that life might have been had he been born in any other shape caused one to view his simple activities with a kind of pity. 然而一想到倘若飞蛾生来是另一副模样，它的命运该如何不同，又令人对其碌碌无为生出一丝怜悯来。 After a time, tired by his dancing apparently, he settled on the window ledge in the sun, and, the queer spectacle being at an end, I forgot about him. 飞舞片刻之后，飞蛾已然疲惫，歇息于阳光下的窗沿上；不寻常的一幕既已告终，我也就把它忘了。 Then, looking up, my eye was caught by him. 后来，偶一抬头，它又引起了我的注意。 He was trying to resume his dancing, but seemed either so stiff or so awkward that he could only flutter to the bottom of the windowpane. and when he tried to fly across it he failed. 它正试着再飞起来，但不知是由于费劲还是笨拙，只能拍翅飞到窗格底部；当试图飞到顶部时却没有成功。 Being intent on other matters I watched these futile attempts for a time without thinking, unconsciously waiting for him to resume his flight, as one waits for a machine, that has stopped momentarily, to start again without considering the reason of its

failure. 我心不在焉，看着它徒然的努力，下意识地期待它重新飞起来，就像机器偶尔发生故障，期待它重新运转而不查究故障原因一样。过了片刻，After perhaps a seventh attempt he slipped from the wooden ledge and fell, fluttering his wings, on to his back on the window sill. 飞蛾在大约第七次尝试飞上窗格顶部时从木窗沿上滑落下来，扑扇着翅膀，仰面朝天地掉落在窗台上。The helplessness of his attitude roused me. 它无助的样子使我回过神来。It flashed upon me that he was in difficulties. he could no longer raise himself. his legs struggled vainly. 我这才明白它陷入了困境，飞不起来，只是还在徒劳地蹬腿。But, as I stretched out a pencil, meaning to help him to right himself, it came over me that the failure and awkwardness were the approach of death. I laid the pencil down again. 我正要伸出铅笔，帮它翻转身来，突然意识到它这是在作垂死的挣扎，就把铅笔搁下了。100Test 下载频道开通，各类考试题目直接下载。详细请访问 www.100test.com