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afternoon set in misty and cold. I had half a mind to spend it by my study fire, instead of wading through heath and mud to Wuthering Heights. On coming up from dinner, however, (N.B. - I dine between twelve and one o'clock. the housekeeper, a matronly lady, taken as a fixture along with the house, could not, or would not, comprehend my request that I might be served at five) - on mounting the stairs with this lazy intention, and stepping into the room, I saw a servant-girl on her knees surrounded by brushes and coal-scuttles, and raising an infernal dust as she extinguished the flames with heaps of cinders. This spectacle drove me back immediately. I took my hat, and, after a four-miles walk, arrived at Heathcliffs garden-gate just in time to escape the first feathery flakes of a snow-shower.昨天下午又湿又冷。我有点想就在火炉旁看看书什么的，而不是踩着泥泞，穿过石楠树丛去呼啸山庄。当吃过晚饭上来，（注意：我的吃饭时间是在一点钟和两点钟之间；房东是个管家太太，把这个时间视作这个房子所固有的习惯，她不能，也不愿意去理解我可以在五点钟吃饭的要求），我无所事事的爬上楼梯，走进房间，恰巧看见一个女佣正跪在地上，周围堆着刷子和煤斗，当她用大量的煤渣来灭火的时候，灰尘如恶魔般的灰尘。一见这情形，我赶紧退了出来。我拿了我的帽子，走了四英里的路，刚刚到希斯克利夫先生家的花园门口，天上也飘起了雪花。On that bleak

hill-top the earth was hard with a black frost, and the air made me shiver through every limb. Being unable to remove the chain, I jumped over, and, running up the flagged causeway bordered with straggling gooseberry-bushes, knocked vainly for admittance, till my knuckles tingled and the dogs howled. 在这个荒凉的山头，土上都结了黑漆漆的霜，变得特别硬。风一吹，我的手脚都在哆嗦。由于打不开链子，我跳了过去，跑向插着旗、两侧都是稀落的醋栗树丛的堤道，敲到我的关节都疼了，狗不停的嚎叫，也没有人开门。 Wretched inmates! I ejaculated, mentally, you deserve perpetual isolation from your species for your churlish inhospitality. At least, I would not keep my doors barred in the day-time. I dont care - I will get in! So resolved, I grasped the latch and shook it vehemently. Vinegar-faced Joseph projected his head from a round window of the barn. “卑鄙的家伙，”我突然在心里骂道，“就冲你的无礼和冷漠，你就应该同你的同类永远隔绝。至少，我是不会在白天把我的门锁起来的。管不了啦，我要进去。”于是，我抓住门上的插销猛烈的晃动。一脸不高兴的约瑟夫从谷仓上的一个圆形窗户上探出头来。 What are ye for? he shouted. T maisters down i t fowld. Go round by th end o t laith, if ye went to spake to him. “你要干什么？”他喊道，“主人不在羊栏那边，绕过谷仓去找他，如果你有事找他的话。 Is there nobody inside to open the door? I hallooed, responsively. “里面没有人可以开门吗？”我大声回喊道。 Theres nobbut t missis. and shooll not oppen t an ye mak yer flaysome dins till neeght. “没有人，只有太太在家，就算你吵到晚上，她也不会开门的。” Why? Cannot you tell her whom I

am, eh, Joseph? “ 为什么？你就不能告诉她我是谁吗？啊，约瑟夫？” Nor-ne me! Ill hae no hend wit, muttered the head, vanishing. “ 我不会，这事和我没有关系。” 他缩回头，不见了。 The snow began to drive thickly. I seized the handle to essay another trial. when a young man without coat, and shouldering a pitchfork, appeared in the yard behind. He hailed me to follow him, and, after marching through a wash-house, and a paved area containing a coal-shed, pump, and pigeon-cot, we at length arrived in the huge, warm, cheerful apartment where I was formerly received. It glowed delightfully in the radiance of an immense fire, compounded of coal, peat, and wood. and near the table, laid for a plentiful evening meal, I was pleased to observe the missis, an individual whose existence I had never previously suspected. I bowed and waited, thinking she would bid me take a seat. She looked at me, leaning back in her chair, and remained motionless and mute.

雪开始下大了。我抓住插销，企图再来一次。这时一个没有穿外套，肩上抗着干草叉的年青人出现在后面的院子里。他招呼我跟他走。再穿过了一个洗衣房，和一个堆着煤皮，水泵，还有鸽子笼的区域后，最后我们进到了宽敞的、暖和的，舒适的房间里，我曾经再这里被接待过，在煤、泥煤和木头混合燃烧产生的极大的火焰的烘烤之下，房间里非常的温暖。桌子旁边摆放着非常丰盛的晚餐。我非常高兴见到所谓的“太太”，我海从来没有看见过她呢。我鞠躬施礼，以为她会请我坐下。然而，她看着我，靠在她的椅子的后背上，仍然面无表情，沉默无语。

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