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https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/473/2021_2022__E8_8B_B1_E8_AF_AD_E4_B8_93_E4_c67_473212.htm The old lady had always been proud of the great rose-tree in her garden, and was fond of telling how it had grown from a cutting she had brought years before from Italy, when she was first married. She and her husband had been travelling back in their carriage from Rome (it was before the time of railways) and on a bad piece of road south of Siena they had broken down, and had been forced to pass the night in a little house by the road-side. The accommodation was wretched of course. she had spent a sleepless night, and rising early had stood, wrapped up, at her window, with the cool air blowing on her face, to watch the dawn. She could still, after all these years, remember the blue mountains with the bright moon above them, and how a far-off town on one of the peaks had gradually grown whiter and whiter, till the moon faded, the mountains were touched with the pink of the rising sun, and suddenly the town was lit as by an illumination, one window after another catching and reflecting the suns beam, till at last the whole little city twinkled and sparkled up in the sky like a nest of stars. That morning, finding they would have to wait while their carriage was being repaired, they had driven in a local conveyance up to the city on the mountain, where they had been told they would find better quarters. and there they had stayed two or three days. It was one of the miniature Italian cities with a high church, a pretentious piazza, a few narrow streets and little palaces, perched, all

compact and complete, on the top of a mountain, within and enclosure of walls hardly larger than an English kitchen garden. But it was full of life and noise, echoing all day and all night with the sounds of feet and voices. The Cafe of the simple inn where they stayed was the meeting place of the notabilities of the little city. the Sindaco, the avvocato, the doctor, and a few others. and among them they noticed a beautiful, slim, talkative old man, with bright black eyes and snow-white hair tall and straight and still with the figure of a youth, although the waiter told them with pride that the Conte was molto vecchio would in fact be eighty in the following year. He was the last of his family, the waiter added they had once been great and rich people but he had no descendants. in fact the waiter mentioned with complacency, as if it were a story on which the locality prided itself, that the Conte had been unfortunate in love, and had never married. The old gentleman, however, seemed cheerful enough. and it was plain that he took an interest in the strangers, and wished to make their acquaintance. This was soon effected by the friendly waiter. and after a little talk the old man invited them to visit his villa and garden which were just outside the walls of the town. So the next afternoon, when the sun began to descend, and they saw in glimpses through door-ways and windows, blue shadows beginning to spread over the brown mountains, they went to pay their visit. It was not much of a place, a small, modernized, stucco villa, with a hot pebbly garden, and in it a stone basin with torpid gold-fish, and a statue of Diana and her hounds against the wall. But what gave a glory to it was a gigantic rose-tree which clambered over the house, almost

smothering the windows, and filling the air with the perfume of its sweetness. Yes, it was a fine rose, the Conte said proudly when they praised it, and he would tell the Signora about it. And as they sat there, drinking the wine he offered them, he alluded with the cheerful indifference of old age to his love-affair, as though he took for granted that they had heard of it already. "The lady lived across the valley there beyond that hill. I was a young man then, for it was many years ago. I used to ride over to see her. it was a long way, but I rode fast, for young men, as no doubt the Signora knows, are impatient. But the lady was not kind, she would keep me waiting, oh, for hours. and one day when I had waited very long I grew very angry, and as I walked up and down in the garden where she had told me she would see me, I broke one of her roses, broke a branch from it . and when I saw what I had done, I hid it inside my coat so . and when I came home I planted it, and the Signora sees how it has grown. If the Signora admires it, I must give her a cutting to plant also in her garden. I am told the English have beautiful gardens that are green, and not burnt with the sun like ours."The next day, when their mended carriage had come up to fetch them, and they were just starting to drive away from the inn, the Contes old servant appeared with the rose-cutting neatly wrapped up, and the compliments and wishes for a buon viaggio from her master. The town collected to see them depart, and the children ran after their carriage through the gate of the little city. They heard a rush of feet behind them for a few moments, but soon they were far down towards the valley. the little town with all its noise and life was high above them on its mountain

peak. She had planted the rose at home, where it had grown and flourished in a wonderful manner. and every June the great mass of leaves and shoots still broke out into a passionate splendour of scent and crimson colour, as if in its root and fibres there still burnt the anger and thwarted desire of that Italian lover. Of course the old Conte must have died many years ago. she had forgotten his name, and had even forgotten the name of the mountain city that she had stayed in, after first seeing it twinkling at dawn in the sky, like a nest of stars. 参考译文:老太太总以自家花园里那棵高大的玫瑰树为荣.她非常喜欢告诉别人,数年前她刚结婚时从罗马带回来的枝条,是如何长成如今这般高大的.那时,她与丈夫乘马车从罗马旅行归来(那时还没有火车),途经锡耶那南部的崎岖路段时,马车坏了,他们被迫就宿于路边的小屋里.住宿条件当然非常差.她一夜未能安眠,一早便起身穿好衣服,立于窗前,感受着扑面而来的席席凉风,等待着黎明的到来.事隔多年,她仍然记得那情景.明月高悬在青山群峦之上.远处山峰上的小镇逐渐明亮起来,月亮慢慢消退,晨曦把群山涂得粉红.突然之间,一束阳光照亮了城镇.城里的窗户相继明亮起来,反射出耀眼的光芒.最后,整个小城宛若繁星,在天空中不停闪烁.早上,得知须等些时日马车才能修好,他们便搭乘当地车辆去了山顶小城.有人告诉他们在那可以找到更好的住处.他们在那逗留了两三天.那是一座意大利风格的小城,教堂高高耸立,有一气派浮华的广场,几条狭窄的小街,还有几座小巧的宫殿.所有这些,紧凑而完美地排列在山顶之上.四周筑有城墙,城墙之内方园不比英国人的菜园大多少.但是,它喧哗热闹,生气勃勃,昼夜回响着脚步声与话语声.他们住进一家简陋的旅馆.旅馆的餐厅是小城名流云聚

之地.有市长,律师,医生,还有其他的一些人.在这些人之中,有一位英俊健谈的高个老人引起了他们的注意.他有一双乌黑的眼睛,头发雪白,高大挺直的身板,像年轻人一样.然而,餐厅的服务生却有些自豪地告诉他们,这位伯爵年事已高,来年就有八十高龄了.服务生还说,他们是他们家族最后一员,也曾是豪门巨富,然而他却没有子嗣.这位服务生还得意地提到,他爱情失意,终身未娶,好像这是一件本地值得炫耀的事情.然而,这位老先生看起来心情非常愉快;显然他对这两位陌生人很感兴趣,并愿意与他们结交.在热心的服务生的帮助下,他们很快相识了;短暂的交谈之后,老人便邀请他们去他城墙外不远的别墅与花园做客.于是次日下午,夕阳西落,从开启的门窗轻轻瞥去,他们看到,兰色暗影已渐渐笼罩棕褐的山峦,他们便欣然动身.那里很平常,矗立着一座现代化小型别墅座,表面粉刷了一层灰泥.还有一座铺满鹅卵石的花园,园里石砌水池中有几尾金鱼慵懒地游动.靠墙的地方有一尊守猎女神及其猎犬的雕像.但是使这小园生辉的是一颗巨大的玫瑰树.树已长过屋顶,几乎完全遮住了窗户.空气中满是玫瑰的芳香.这株玫瑰的确不错,听了客人夸奖,伯爵得意地说.他还表示非常乐意把树的来历讲给夫人听.于是他们坐在那里,一边饮酒,一边听他以老年人满不在乎神情,愉快地提及他的那一段往日爱情,仿佛他相信他们对此一定早有耳闻.那位小姐住在山后峡谷的对面.那是好多年以前了,当时我还年轻,常常骑马去看她.路虽然很长,但是我骑得很快.夫人一定知道,年轻人都没有耐心.而且,那位小姐非常不友好,总是让我等,一等就是好几个小时.有一天,等了很久她也没来,我非常生气,在我们约定见面的花园里走来走去.一气之下便折了她的一棵玫瑰,只是

从上面折了一根枝条下来.当我意识到自己做的事情之后,立马把它藏在了外套里.在回家之后,我便把它栽了起来.夫人都已看到了,它长成了现在这个样子.如果夫人喜欢,我一定送你一枝栽在花园里.我听说英国的花园非常漂亮,总是绿幽幽的,不像我们这里的园子,都快被太阳烤焦了.次日,他们的马车修好了,上山来接他们。在就要离开旅馆之际,伯爵的老仆赶来了,送来一根包扎整齐的玫瑰枝条,并转达了伯爵旅途愉快的祝福。小城中的居民都赶来目送他们离去,孩童们也追随在车子后面,一直跟到小城门外。开始他们还能听到身后散乱的脚步声,但不久车子便驶入山谷,而这座喧闹的小城依然高高耸立于他们头顶的山颠.她把玫瑰种在家中.玫瑰的长势非常好,枝繁叶茂;每年六月,在片片绿叶与新芽之中,绽放出绚丽的红花,散发出浓郁的香味,仿佛它的根须之间依旧燃烧着那位意大利情人的愤怒与没能实现的渴望。当然老伯爵肯定早已去世多年;而她也记不起他的名字了,甚至连她所住过的那座小城的名字也忘记了,虽然她曾经在拂晓之时看它犹如满天的繁星在空中闪烁。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