

英语专业八级翻译练习天天练（三十五）PDF转换可能丢失图片或格式，建议阅读原文

https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/476/2021_2022_E8_8B_B1_E8_AF_AD_E4_B8_93_E4_c67_476135.htm What a walk is this to me! I have no need of book or companion the days, the hours, the thoughts of my youth are at my side, and blend with the air that fans my cheek. Here I can saunter for hours, bending my eyes forward, supposing and turning to look back, thinking to strike off into some less trodden path, yet hesitating to quit the one I am in, afraid to snap the brittle threads of memory. I remark the shining trunks and slender branches of the birch trees, waving in the idle breeze. or a pheasant springs up on whirling wing. or I recall the spot where I once found a wood-pigeon at the foot of a tree, weltering in its gore, and think how many seasons have flown since “ it left its little life in the air ” . Dates, names, faces come back to what purpose? Or why think of them now? or rather why not think of them oftener? We walk through life, as though a narrow path, with a thin curtain drawn around it. behind are ranged rich portraits, airy harps are strung---- yet we will not stretch forth our hand and lift aside the veil, to catch glimpses of the one, or sweep the chords of the other. As in a theater when the old-fashioned green curtain drew up, groups of figures, fantastic dresses, laughing faces, rich banquets, stately columns, gleaming vistas appeared beyond. so we have only at any time to “ peep though the blanket of the past, ” to possess ourselves at once of all that has regaled our senses, that is stored up in our memory, that has struck our fancy, that has pierced our hearts: yet to all this we are

indifferent, insensible, and seem intent only on the present vexation, the future disappointment. 参考译文：散步 对我来说,这是多么惬意的散步啊!我无需书籍,也无需陪伴-----青春的时光,年轻的思绪都一一浮现眼前,消融在拂面的轻风里.我可以漫步数小时,极目远眺,不断思索,转身回望.我想步入一条鲜有人走的小道,却又迟迟不能离开所在的道路,唯恐扯断记忆的丝线.眼前的白桦树干闪闪发光,纤细的枝条在徐徐微风中轻轻摇曳.或看到一只山鸡扑闪着翅膀飞起.或突然想起曾在一棵树下,看到一只斑鸠在血泊中翻滚,便不禁想从"那小小生命随风而去"到现在已经流逝了多少个岁月?日期,名字,面容都一涌而至--但这些都有何用意?或者为何现在想起它们?为何不更经常地记起?人这一生,就像走在薄幕围住的狭路上.其后排列着幅幅画像,竖琴悠扬,然而我们都不愿伸出手,挑开幕帘,瞥一眼后面,抚一下琴弦.就像在剧院里,当古色古香的绿色大幕缓缓拉开,一群群的人物,光怪陆离的服饰,一张张笑脸,一场场丰盛的宴会,庄严肃穆的柱栏,闪闪发光的远景都会展现舞台上.任何时候,只要我们"透过幕帘稍稍窥视过去",一切感官上的愉悦,那些深埋在心底的记忆,激发想像的事物,还有刺痛心扉的所有,都会立刻占据我们的心房:然而我们对这些都麻木不觉,无动于衷,似乎一心只沉浸于现在的烦恼与将来的无望之中.

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