

# 【到灯塔去】中英双语 对照



《到灯塔去》（To the Lighthouse）是弗吉尼亚·伍尔夫（Virginia Woolf）的代表作之一，首次出版于1927年。这部小说被认为是现代主义文学的经典之作，以其革新的叙事技巧...

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“Yes, of course, if it’s fine tomorrow,” said Mrs Ramsay. —

“是的，当然，如果明天天气好的话，”拉姆齐夫人说。

—

“But you’ll have to be up with the lark,” she added.

“不过你得跟上黎明的脚步，”她补充道。

To her son these words conveyed an extraordinary joy, as if it were settled, the expedition were bound to

take place, and the wonder  
to which he had looked  
forward, for years and years  
it seemed, was, after  
anight's darkness and a  
day's sail, within touch. —  
对她的儿子来说，这些话传达出一种特别的喜悦，仿佛一切已经决定好了，这次远行注定会发生，而他多年多年来一直期待的奇迹，在一夜的黑暗和一天的航行之后，将近在咫尺。 —



Since he belonged, even at the age of six, to that great clan which cannot keep this feeling separate from that, but must let future prospects, with their joys and sorrows, cloud what is actually at hand, since to such people even in earliest childhood any turn in the wheel of sensation has the power to crystallise and transfix the moment upon which its gloom or radiance

rests, James Ramsay, sitting on the floor cutting out pictures from the illustrated catalogue of the Army and Navy stores, endowed the picture of a refrigerator, as his mother spoke, with heavenly bliss. —

因为即使在六岁时，他也属于那个无法将情感分离的伟大家族，将未来的展望，其中包含着喜怒哀乐，混淆现实所在的感受，因此，对这类人来说，即使在最幼小的

童年时期，感觉的一丝变化也足以将此刻的光环或光辉定格在他们所给予的情境上。 —

It was fringed with joy.  
The wheelbarrow, the  
lawnmower, the sound of  
poplar trees, leaves  
whitening before rain, rooks  
cawing, brooms knocking,  
dresses rustling—all these  
were so coloured and  
distinguished in his mind  
that he had already his

private code, his secret language, though he appeared the image of stark and uncompromising severity, with his high forehead and his fierce blue eyes, impeccably candid and pure, frowning slightly at the sight of human frailty, so that his mother, watching him guide his scissors neatly round the refrigerator, imagined him all red and ermine on the Bench or

directing a stern and momentous enterprise in some crisis of public affairs. 它边缘上充满了喜悦。手推车、割草机、白云在雨前变白的罗汉松树叶，乌鸦啼鸣声，扫帚碰击声，裙摆沙沙声——这一切在他脑海中都有了独特的色彩和特点，以至于他已经拥有了自己的私人密码，自己的秘密语言，尽管外表上看起来像是一尊刻薄严厉的形象，高高的额头和凶猛的蓝眼睛，纯洁无

暇，微微皱眉看着人类的脆弱之处，所以他的母亲看着他  
用剪刀轻巧地围绕冰箱剪造时，  
能想象他穿着红袍和貂裘坐在法庭上，  
或者在某场公共事务的危机中领导严肃且重要的企业。

“But,” said his father,  
stopping in front of the  
drawing-room window, “it  
won’t be fine.” —

“可是，”他的父亲在客厅的  
窗前停下脚步说，“天气不会好。” —

Had there been an axe handy, a poker, or any weapon that would have gashed a hole in his father's breast and killed him, there and then, James would have seized it. —

如果周围有一把斧头、一根火钳或任何能在他父亲胸口开出一道伤口并杀死他的武器，詹姆斯会立即抓住。 —

Such were the extremes of emotion that Mr Ramsay excited in his children's

breasts by his mere  
presence; —

在孩子们的心中，坐在那里的  
拉姆齐先生激发出了极端的  
情感， —

standing, as now, lean as a  
knife, narrow as the blade of  
one, grinning sarcastically,  
现在站着，骨瘦如刀，窄如  
刀刃，嘲笑地笑着，

not only with the pleasure of  
disillusioning his son and  
casting ridicule upon his  
wife, who was ten thousand



times better in every way than he was (James thought), but also with some secret conceit at his own accuracy of judgement. —  
不仅是因为他以使儿子幻想破灭并嘲讽比他好上万倍的妻子（詹姆斯心想）为乐，而且还暗自自负他自己对判断精准的一丝自满。 —

What he said was true. It was always true. —  
他所说的都是真的。总是真的。 —

He was incapable of untruth;  
never tampered with a fact;  
—

他没有说谎；永远不会篡改  
事实； —

never altered a  
disagreeable word to suit the  
pleasure or convenience of  
any mortal being, least of all  
of his own children, who,  
sprung from his loins,  
should be aware from  
childhood that life is difficult;  
—

也不会为了任何一个凡人的  
愉悦或便利而修改一个令人  
不愉快的词，更不用说他自  
己的孩子们，他们源自他的  
血脉，需要从小就意识到生  
活是困难的； —

facts uncompromising; and  
the passageto that fabled  
land where our brightest  
hopes are extinguished,  
ourfrail barks founder in  
darkness (here Mr Ramsay  
would straighten hisback  
and narrow his little blue

eyes upon the horizon), one that needs, above all, courage, truth, and the power to endure.

无法妥协的事实；通往我们终极希望的那片神秘土地的道路，那里我们最明亮的梦想被扑灭，我们脆弱的小舟在黑暗中沉没（在这里拉姆齐先生会挺直背脊，瞪着他那双小小的蓝眼睛注视着地平线），这需要，最重要的是勇气、真理和忍耐。