

# 【尤利西斯】中英双语 对照



《尤利西斯》是爱尔兰作家詹姆斯·乔伊斯（James Joyce）的代表作，首次出版于1922年。这部小说以其革命性的叙事技巧和深刻的主题探索，被广泛认为是20世纪最伟大的文学...

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唐库学习 译

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STATELY, PLUMP BUCK  
MULLIGAN CAME FROM  
THE STAIRHEAD, bearing  
a bowl of lather on which a  
mirror and a razor lay  
crossed. —

肥硕的巴克·马利根从楼梯头  
走了出来，手持一碗泡沫，  
镜子和刀交叉放在上面。 —

A yellow dressing gown,  
ungirdled, was sustained  
gently-behind him by the  
mild morning air. —

他身后随和的晨风轻轻地撑

着一件未系腰带的黄色睡袍。 —

He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

他高举着碗，高声吟唱道：

– Introibo ad altare Dei.

– 我要到神的祭坛前去。

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely:

他停住脚步，凝视着黑暗蜿蜒的楼梯，粗声喊道：

– Come up, Kinch. Come up, you fearful jesuit.

– 上来吧，金奇。上来吧，你那胆怯的耶稣会士。

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. —

他庄严地走到前方，登上了圆形的炮架。 —

He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding country and the awaking mountains. —

他转身向四周的国家和苏醒的群山庄严地祝福三次。 —

Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and shaking his head. —

然后，他看见了史蒂芬·德达拉斯，俯身向他靠近，迅速在空气中划十字，喉间发出咕咕声，摇着头。 —

Stephen Dedalus,  
displeased and sleepy,

leaned his arms on the top  
of the staircase and looked  
coldly at the shaking  
gurgling face that blessed  
him, equine in its length,  
and at the light untensured  
hair, grained and hued like  
pale oak.

不悦而困倦的史蒂芬·德达拉斯用手肘撑在楼梯顶端，冷冷地看着那个摇摆咕哝着祝福他的脸，宽长如马，头发如淡色橡木一样纹理分明。



Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

巴克·马利根悄悄瞥了一眼镜子下面，然后迅速盖住了碗。

– Back to barracks, he said sternly.

– 返回军营，他严厉地说。

He added in a preacher's tone:

他以传教士的语气补充道：

– For this, O dearly beloved,  
is the genuine Christine:  
body and soul and blood  
and ouns. —

– 亲爱的人啊，这就是地道的  
的基督：肉体 and 灵魂、血肉  
和名词。 —

Slow music, please. Shut  
your eyes, gents. One  
moment. —

请慢节奏的音乐。闭上眼睛  
睛，先生们。片刻。 —

A little trouble about those  
white corpuscles. Silence,

all.

关于那些白细胞有点麻烦。

安静，都别说话。

He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points.

—

他斜视向上，吹了一个长长的低音口哨，然后一时半刻专注地停下来，他那一排洁

白的牙齿上偶尔闪烁着金色的点。 —

Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

克里索斯托莫斯。两声响亮的尖叫口哨回答着宁静。

– Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

– 谢谢，老兄，他轻快地叫道。这样就够好了。可以关掉电流吗？

He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher, gathering about his legs the loose folds of his gown. —

他跳下炮架，严肃地看着他的看守者，同时将长袍的松散褶边集拢在腿上。 —

The plump shadowed face and sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate, patron of arts in the middle ages. —

丰满的阴暗脸庞和愁郁的椭

圆下巴让人想起中世纪的艺术赞助人。 —

A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips.

他脸上静静地泛起了愉悦的微笑。

– The mockery of it, he said gaily. Your absurd name, an ancient Greek.

– 愚弄呢，他欢快地说。你那荒谬的名字，古希腊名字。

He pointed his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet, laughing to himself. —

他友好地用手指指着，走到城垛边，在自己笑着走去。

—

Stephen Dedalus stepped up, followed him wearily half way and sat down on the edge of the gunrest, watching him still as he propped his mirror on the parapet, dipped the brush in

the bowl and lathered  
cheeks and neck.

史蒂芬·德达拉斯走近了他，  
疲倦地跟在他身后坐在炮架  
边缘，继续看着他，他把镜  
子靠在城垛上，把刷子浸入  
碗中，搓起脸颊和脖子的泡  
沫。

Buck Mulligan's gay voice  
went on.

巴克·穆里根开怀大笑着说  
道。

– My name is absurd too:  
Malachi Mulligan, two



dactyls. But it has a Hellenic ring, hasn't it? —

— 我的名字也很荒谬：马拉基·穆里根，两个长音节。但这个名字带有希腊风情，不是吗？ —

Tripping and sunny like the buck himself. We must go to Athens. —

行动迅速而阳光灿烂，就像那只公羊本身。我们必须去雅典。 —

Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out twenty

quid?

如果我能让姨妈掏出二十英镑，你愿意来吗？

He laid the brush aside and, laughing with delight, cried:  
他放下刷子，高兴地笑着说：

– Will he come? The jejune jesuit.

– 他会来吗？那位单调无味的耶稣会士。

Ceasing, he began to shave with care.

停下来，他开始仔细地刮脸。

– Tell me, Mulligan, Stephen said quietly.

–告诉我，穆里根，史蒂芬轻声说。

– Yes, my love?

–是的，亲爱的？

– How long is Haines going to stay in this tower?

–海恩斯会在这座塔里待多久？

Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder.

巴克·穆里根在右肩上露出一个刮得干净的脸颊。

— God, isn't he dreadful? he said frankly. A ponderous Saxon. He thinks you're not a gentleman. —

—天哪，他真恐怖，他坦率地说。一个沉重的撒克逊人。他认为你不是绅士。 —

God, these bloody English. Bursting with money and