

【约翰克利斯朵夫】中英双语对照



《约翰·克利斯朵夫》是法国作家罗曼·罗兰 (Romain Rolland) 的代表作，首次连载于1913年至1912年。这部小说是一部史诗般的作品，详细描绘了一位德国音乐家约翰·克利斯朵夫·克劳德的一生，通过他的经历探讨了... 术、自我实现、以及个人与社会之间的冲突。罗兰以其深刻的人文主义精神和对人类精神的赞美而闻名，他的作品展现了对生命的热爱、对自由的追求以及对理想的坚持。罗曼·罗兰 (1866-1944)，是一位法国小说家、剧作家

罗曼·罗兰 著

唐库学习 译

目 录

- Part PREFACE (前言)
- Part THE DAWN I (黎明 I)
- Part THE DAWN II (黎明 II)
- Part THE DAWN III (黎明 III)
- Part MORNING I The Death of Jean-Michel (早晨 | 让·米歇尔之死)
- Part MORNING II OTTO (早晨 II 奥托)
- Part MORNING III MINNA (早晨 III 明娜)
- Part YOUTH I The House of Euler (青年 I 欧拉之家)
- Part YOUTH II SABINE (青年 II 萨宾)
- Part YOUTH III ADA (青年 III ADA)
- Part REVOLT I SHIFTING SANDS (叛乱 I 移动的沙滩)
- Part REVOLT II ENGULFED (叛乱 II 吞噬)
- Part REVOLT III DELIVERANCE (叛乱 III 解放)

“Jean-Christophe” is the history of the development of a musician of genius. —

“Jean-Christophe” 是一个音乐天才的成长历史。 —

The present volume comprises the first four volumes of the original French, viz.: —

本卷包括了原始法文中的前四卷，即： —

“L’Aube,” “Le Matin,” “L’Adolescent,” and “La Rév&ocacute; —

“黎明”，“早晨”，“青少年”，“启示” —

ite,” which are designated in the translation as Part I—The Dawn; Part II—Morning; —

第一部分——黎明；第二部分——早晨； —

Part III—Youth; Part IV—Revolt. Parts I and II carry Jean-Christophe from the moment of his birth to the day when, after his first encounter with Woman, at the age of fifteen, he falls back upon a Puritan creed. —

第一部分和第二部分描述了让-克里斯托夫从出生时起到15岁与女性初次相遇后退回清教信条的经历。 —

Parts III and IV describe the succeeding five years of his life, when, at the age of twenty, his sincerity, integrity, and unswerving honesty have made existence impossible for him in the little Rhine town of his birth. —

第三部分和第四部分描述了他接下来的五年生活，20岁时，他在出生地的莱茵小镇因真诚、正直和坚定的诚实而无法生存。 —

An act of open revolt against German militarism compels him to cross the frontier and take refuge in Paris, and the remainder of this vast book is devoted to the adventures of Jean-Christophe in France.

对德国军国主义的公开反抗行为迫使他跨越边界，并在巴黎寻求庇护，这本巨著的其余部分描绘了让-克里斯托夫在法国的冒险经历。

His creator has said that he has always conceived and thought of the life of his hero and of the book as a river. —

他的创作者一直将他的主人公和书看作一条河流。 —

So far as the book has a plan, that is its plan. It has no literary artifice, no “plot.” —

就书的计划而言，这就是它的计划。它没有文学艺术手法，没有“情节”。 —

The words of it hang together in defiance of syntax, just as the thoughts of it follow one on the other in defiance of every system of philosophy. —

其中的字句违背语法，思想则违背任何哲学系统。 —

Every phase of the book is pregnant with the next phase. —

书的每个阶段都孕育着下一个阶段。 —

It is as direct and simple as life itself, for life is simple when the truth of it is known, as it was known instinctively by Jean-Christophe. —

它和生活本身一样直接简单，因为当真相被认识时，生活就简单了，正如让-克里斯托夫本能地认识到的那样。 —

The river is explored as though it were absolutely uncharted. —

这条河像是一条完全未被探索的河流。 —

Nothing that has ever been said or thought of life is accepted without being brought to the test of Jean-Christophe's own life. —

任何对生活的说法或想法，都必须经过让-克里斯托夫自己的生活来验证。 —

What is not true for him does not exist; —

对他不真实的东西对他而言就不存在； —

and, as there are very few of the processes of human growth or decay which are not analysed, there is disclosed to the reader the most comprehensive survey of modern life which has appeared in literature in this century.

由于对人类成长或衰退的过程的分析极少遗漏，读者可以看到文学史上本世纪出现过的最全面的现代生活概况。

To leave M. Rolland's simile of the river, and to take another, the book has seemed to me like a mighty bridge leading from the world of ideas of the nineteenth century to the world of ideas of the twentieth. —

离开罗兰先生的比喻，采用另一个比喻，这本书对我来说就像一座伟大的桥，连接着十九世纪的思想世界和二十世纪的思想世界。 —

The whole thought of the nineteenth century seems to be gathered together to make the starting-point for Jean-Christophe's leap into the future. —

整个十九世纪的思想似乎都聚集在一起，为让-克里斯托夫跳向未来而铺路。 —

All that was most religious in that thought seems to be concentrated in Jean-Christophe, and when the history of the book is traced, it appears that M. Rolland has it by direct inheritance.

那种最虔诚的思想似乎都凝聚在让·克里斯托夫身上，当追溯这本书的历史时，可以发现罗兰先生直接继承了这种思想。

M. Rolland was born in 1866 at Clamecy, in the center of France, of a French family of pure descent, and educated in Paris and Rome. At Rome, in 1890, he met Malwida von

Meysenburg, a German lady who had taken refuge in England after the Revolution of 1848, and there knew Kossuth, Mazzini, Herzen, Ledin, Rollin, and Louis Blanc. Later, in Italy, she counted among her friends Wagner, Liszt, Lenbach, Nietzsche, Garibaldi, and Ibsen. She died in 1908. —

罗兰先生1866年出生在法国的克拉穆西，来自一个纯粹的法国血统家族，在巴黎和罗马接受教育。 —

Rolland came to her impregnated with Tolstoyan ideas, and with her wide knowledge of men and movements she helped him to discover his own ideas. —

在1890年的罗马，他遇到了玛尔维达·冯·迈森堡，一位在1848年革命后逃往英国的德国贵妇，她熟悉科苏斯、马兹尼、赫尔岑、勒当和路易·布朗。 —

In her “Mémoires d’une Idéaliste” she wrote of him: —

她在《理想主义者回忆录》中写道: —

“In this young Frenchman I discovered the same idealism, the same lofty aspiration, the same profound grasp of every great intellectual manifestation that I had already found in the greatest men of other nationalities.”

“在这位年轻的法国人身上，我发现了同其他国家最伟大的人物身上一样的理想主义、高尚志向和对每一次重大思想表现的深刻把握。”

The germ of “Jean-Christophe” was conceived during this period—the “Wanderjahre”—of M. Rolland’s life. —

《让·克里斯托夫》的种子就在这一时期—罗兰先生生命中的“流浪年”。 —

On his return to Paris he became associated with a movement towards the renaissance of the theater as a social machine, and wrote several plays. —

在回到巴黎后，他参与了一个旨在复兴戏剧作为社会机器的运动，并写了几部剧本。 —

He has since been a musical critic and a lecturer on music and art at the Sorbonne. —

他后来成为索邦大学的音乐和艺术讲师。 —

He has written Lives of Beethoven, Michael Angelo, and Hugo Wolf. Always his endeavor has been the pursuit of the heroic. —

他写了贝多芬、米开朗基罗和雨果·沃尔夫的传记。他一直在追求英雄主义。 —

To him the great men are the men of absolute truth. —

对他来说，伟大的人就是那些追求绝对真理的人。 —

Jean-Christophe must have the truth and tell the truth, at all costs, in despite of circumstance, in despite of himself, in despite even of life. —

让·克里斯托夫必须有真理并说出真理，不惜一切代价，不顾环境，不顾自己，甚至不惜生命。

—

It is his law. It is M. Rolland's law. The struggle all through the book is between the pure life of Jean-Christophe and the common acceptance of the second-rate and the second-hand by the substitution of civic or social morality, which is only a compromise, for individual morality, which demands that every man should be delivered up to the unswerving judgment of his own soul.

—

这是他的法则，也是罗兰先生的法则。整本书中的斗争都在于让·克里斯托夫生命中的纯洁与普通接受第二流和二手物品，以公民或社会道德取代个人道德，要求每个人将自己交付给他自己灵魂的坚定判断。 —

Everywhere Jean-Christophe is hurled against compromise and untruth, individual and national. —

到处都是让·克里斯托夫对抗妥协和虚伪，无论是个体还是国家层面。 —

He discovers the German lie very quickly; —

他很快就揭穿了德国的谎言; —

the French lie grimaces at him as soon as he sets foot in Paris.

当他踏足巴黎时，法国的谎言立即对他做鬼脸。

The book itself breaks down the frontier between France and Germany. —

这本书本身打破了法国和德国之间的界线。 —

If one frontier is broken, all are broken. —

如果一个界线被打破，所有的界线都会被打破。 —

The truth about anything is universal truth, and the experiences of Jean-Christophe, the adventures of his soul (there are no other adventures), are in a greater or less degree those of every human being who passes through this life from the tyranny of the past to the service of the future.

任何事实的真理都是普遍的真理，Jean-Christophe的经历，他灵魂的冒险（没有其他的冒险），更多或更少地与每个经历从过去的暴政到未来的奉献的人类一样。

The book contains a host of characters who become as friends, or, at least, as interesting neighbors, to the reader. —

这本书包含了一大批人物，他们会变成读者的朋友，或者至少变成有趣的邻居。 —

Jean-Christophe gathers people in his progress, and as they are all brought to the test of his genius, they appear clearly for what they are. —

Jean-Christophe在他的进程中聚集了人们，当他们都接受他天赋的考验时，他们清晰地展现出自己的本质。 —

Even the most unpleasant of them is human, and demands sympathy.

即使是最令人不愉快的人，也是人类，也需要同情。

The recognition of Jean-Christophe as a book which marks a stage in progress was instantaneous in France. —

《让-克里斯托夫》这本书在法国立即被认可为标志着进步的一部作品。 —

It is hardly possible yet to judge it. It is impossible to deny its vitality. It exists. —

至今几乎不可能对它评判。它的生命力是无法否认的。它存在着。 —

Christophe is as real as the gentlemen whose portraits are posted outside the Queen's Hall, and much more real than many of them. —

与放在女王音乐厅外面的绅士们一样真实，甚至比他们中的许多人更为真实。 —

The book clears the air. An open mind coming to it cannot fail to be refreshed and strengthened by its voyage down the river of a man's life, and if the book is followed to its end, the voyager will discover with Christophe that there is joy beneath sorrow, joy through sorrow ("Durch Leiden Freude").

这本书净化了空气。一个怀着开放心态的人来到这本书时，一定会被这部沿着一个人人生河流的旅程所刷新和加强，如果读者将这本书读到底，他们会与克里斯托夫一起发现，在悲哀之下有快乐，在悲哀中有快乐 ("Durch Leiden Freude")。

Those are the last words of M. Rolland's life of Beethoven; —

这是M. Rolland写贝多芬传记的最后一句话； —

they are words of Beethoven himself: "La devise de tout âme héroïque."

这是贝多芬自己的话："La devise de tout âme héroïque."

In his preface, "To the Friends of Christophe," which precedes the seventh volume, "Dans la Maison," M. Rolland writes:

在第七卷"Dans la Maison"之前的序言"给克里斯托夫的朋友们"中，M. Rolland写道：

"I was isolated: like so many others in France I was stifling in a world morally inimical to me: —

"我曾经孤立无援：像法国的很多人一样，我在一个对我有害的道德世界中感到窒息： —

I wanted air: I wanted to react against an unhealthy civilization, against ideas corrupted by a sham élite: —

我渴望空气：我想反击一个有害的文明，反对被虚伪精英腐蚀的思想： —

I wanted to say to them: 'You lie! You do not represent France!' —

我想对他们说：“你们撒谎！你们不代表法国！”。

To do so I needed a hero with a pure heart and unclouded vision, whose soul would be stainless enough for him to have the right to speak; —

为了做到这一点，我需要一个纯洁心灵和清澈视野的英雄，他的灵魂必须是无瑕的，以便他有权利说话； —

one whose voice would be loud enough for him to gain a hearing, I have patiently begotten this hero. —

我耐心地培养出了这位能发出足够响亮声音的英雄。 —

The work was in conception for many years before I set myself to write a word of it. —

这部作品在我开始动笔之前酝酿了很多年。 —

Christophe only set out on his journey when I had been able to see the end of it for him.”

克里斯托夫只有当我已经能够看到他的旅程的终点时，才开始了他的旅程。

If M. Rolland's act of faith in writing Jean-Christophe were only concerned with France, if the polemic of it were not directed against a universal evil, there would be no reason for translation. —

如果罗兰在写作《让-克里斯托夫》时的信仰行为仅仅与法国有关，如果其中的论点并非针对普遍的罪恶，那么就没有翻译的必要。 —

But, like Zarathustra, it is a book for all and none. —

但像查拉图斯特拉一样，这是一本为所有人而写、却也适合任何人的书籍。 —

M. Rolland has written what he believes to be the truth, and as Dr. Johnson observed: —

罗兰先生写下了他认为是真理，正如约翰逊博士所观察的： —

“Every man has a right to utter what he thinks truth, and every other man has a right to knock him down for it...”

“每个人都有权说出自己认为是真理的话，而其他每个人也有权轻蔑他为之摔倒.....”

By its truth and its absolute integrity—since Tolstoy I know of no writing so crystal clear—“Jean-Christophe” is the first great book of the twentieth century. —

凭借其真理和绝对的正直——自托尔斯泰以来，我没见过如此清晰的著作——《让·克里斯朵夫》是二十世纪第一部伟大的著作。 —

In a sense it begins the twentieth century. It bridges transition, and shows us where we stand. —

从某种意义上说，它开启了二十世纪。它跨越了过渡期，并向我们展示了我们所处的位置。 —

It reveals the past and the present, and leaves the future open to us....

它揭示了过去和现在，并将未来留给我们去开拓。

Come, quando i vapori umidi e spessi
当沉重潮湿的水汽开始稀释时，

A diradar cominciansi, la spera
太阳微弱地透过它们的缝隙...

Del sol debilmente entra per essi....
看，简直就像是在驱赶阴霾...

Purgatorio, xvii.

炼狱十七。

From behind the house rises the murmuring of the river. —
屋后传来河流的低声啜泣。 —

All day long the rain has been beating against the window-panes; —
整天雨声敲打着窗户玻璃； —

a stream of water trickles down the window at the corner where it is broken. —
窗角的破裂处水流淌下来。 —

The yellowish light of the day dies down. —
一天里的黄昏逐渐降临。 —

The room is dim and dull.
房间昏暗而沉闷。

The new-born child stirs in his cradle. Although the old man left his sabots at the door when he entered, his footsteps make the floor creak. —
新生的孩子在摇篮中挪动。老人进门时虽然把木屐放在门口，但他走动时地板却发出吱吱作响的声音。 —

The child begins to whine. The mother leans out of her bed to comfort it; —
孩子开始哭泣，母亲躺在床上去安慰它； —

and the grandfather gropes to light the lamp, so that the child shall not be frightened by the night when he awakes. —
爷爷摸索着点亮灯，以免孩子醒来会被黑夜吓到。 —

The flame of the lamp lights up old Jean Michel's red face, with its rough white beard and morose expression and quick eyes. —

灯光照亮了老让·米歇尔的脸，那粗糙的白色胡须、阴郁的表情和敏锐的双眼。 —

He goes near the cradle. His cloak smells wet, and as he walks he drags his large blue list slippers, Louisa signs to him not to go too near. —

他走近摇篮。他的斗篷散发着潮湿的气味，走路时拖着他的大蓝色布拖鞋，路易丝示意他不要走得太近。 —

She is fair, almost white; her features are drawn; —

她白皙几乎如同白纸；她的容颜憔悴； —

her gentle, stupid face is marked with red in patches; —

她温柔而愚蠢的脸上布满了红斑； —

her lips are pale and' swollen, and they are parted in a timid smile; —

她嘴唇苍白而肿胀，微微一笑显得胆怯； —

her eyes devour the child—and her eyes are blue and vague; —

她的眼睛注视着孩子—那双眼睛是蓝色而模糊的； —

the pupils are small, but there is an infinite tenderness in them.

瞳孔很小，但其中蕴藏着无限的温柔。

The child wakes and cries, and his eyes are troubled. Oh! how terrible! —

孩子醒来哭泣，眼中充满困惑。噢！多么可怕！ —

The darkness, the sudden flash of the lamp, the hallucinations of a mind as yet hardly detached from chaos, the stifling, roaring night in which it is enveloped, the illimitable gloom from which, like blinding shafts of light, there emerge acute sensations, sorrows, phantoms—those enormous faces leaning over him, those eyes that pierce through him, penetrating, are beyond his comprehension! —

黑暗，灯光的突然闪现，还有那仍未完全从混沌中摆脱的头脑的幻觉，将他笼罩在压抑、咆哮的夜晚中，那无穷无尽的黑暗中，急猛的感觉、悲伤、幻像涌现出来，巨大的脸庞俯视他，那透过他穿透他，超越他理解力的眼睛！ —

... He has not the strength to cry out; terror holds him motionless, with eyes and mouth wide open and he rattles in his throat. —

... 他没有力量大声呼喊；恐惧让他一动不动，眼睛和嘴巴都大大张开，喉咙里发出嘎嘎声。 —

His large head, that seems to have swollen up, is wrinkled with the grotesque and lamentable grimaces that he makes; —

他那看起来已经肿胀起来的大脑袋满是可笑又悲哀的面部扭曲表情； —

the skin of his face and hands is brown and purple, and spotted with yellow....

脸和手的皮肤黝黑带紫，布满黄色斑点...

“Dear God!” said the old man with conviction: “How ugly he is!”

“天啊!”老人确信地说:“他真是丑陋!”

He put the lamp down on the table.

他把灯放在桌子上。

Louisa pouted like a scolded child. Jean Michel looked at her out of the corner of his eye and laughed.

路易莎撅起嘴像个受责备的孩子。让·米歇尔斜眼看着她笑了。

“You don’t want me to say that he is beautiful? You would not believe it.

“你不想让我说他很漂亮吗？你不会相信的。

Come, it is not your fault. They are all like that.”

来吧，这不是你的错。他们都是这样的。”

The child came out of the stupor and immobility into which he had been thrown by the light of the lamp and the eyes of the old man. —

孩子从灯光和老人的眼睛所带来的麻木和静止中苏醒。 —

He began to cry. Perhaps he instinctively felt in his mother’s eyes a caress which made it possible for him to complain. —

他开始哭了。也许他本能地感到母亲眼中的爱抚，让他能够抱怨。 —

She held out her arms for him and said:

她伸出双臂，说道：

“Give him to me.”

“把他给我。”

The old man began, as usual, to air his theories:

老人开始像往常一样展开他的理论：

“You ought not to give way to children when they cry. You must just let them cry.”

“孩子哭的时候你不应该让他们随心所欲。你必须让他们哭。”

But he came and took the child and grumbled:

但他走过来接过孩子，抱怨道：

“I never saw one quite so ugly.”

“我从来没见过这么丑的一个。”

Louisa took the child feverishly and pressed it to her bosom. —

Louisa 心急地接过孩子，紧紧抱着他。 —

She looked at it with a bashful and delighted smile.

她带着胆怯而开心的微笑看着他。

“Oh, my poor child!” she said shamefacedly. “How ugly you are—how ugly! and how I love you!”

“哦，我可怜的孩子！”她羞愧地说道。“你多么丑啊—多么丑！但我却是多么爱你！”

Jean Michel went back to the fireside. He began to poke the fire in protest, but a smile gave the lie to the moroseness and solemnity of his expression.

Jean Michel 回到火炉前。他开始为了抗议而拨弄火苗，但微笑却证明了他表情中的忧郁和庄严是虚伪的。

“Good girl!” he said. “Don’t worry about it. He has plenty of time to alter. —

“乖孩子！”他说。“不要担心。他还有足够的时间去改变。 —

And even so, what does it matter? Only one thing is asked of him: —

而且，即使如此，又有何关系呢？只要求一个事情： —

that he should grow into an honest man.”

他要成长为一个诚实的人。”

The child was comforted by contact with his mother’s warm body. —

孩子被母亲温暖的身体所安抚。 —

He could be heard sucking her milk and gurgling and snorting. —

他能听到吮吸奶水声、咕噜声和鼻息声。 —

Jean Michel turned in his chair, and said once more, with some emphasis:

让·米歇尔转过椅子，再次强调说：

“There’s nothing finer than an honest man.”

“最好的就是一个诚实的人了。”

He was silent for a moment, pondering whether it would not be proper to elaborate this thought;

—

他沉默了片刻，考虑是否有必要进一步阐述这个想法； —

but he found nothing more to say, and after a silence he said irritably:

但他找不到更多的话要说，沉默片刻后不悦地说道：

“Why isn't your husband here?”

“你丈夫怎么不在这里呢？”

“I think he is at the theater,” said Louisa timidly. “There is a rehearsal.”

“我想他在剧院，”路易莎小声地说道。“有彩排。”

“The theater is closed. I passed it just now. One of his lies.”

“剧院关门了。我刚才经过。又是他的谎言之一。”

“No. Don't be always blaming him. I must have misunderstood. —

“不，不要总是责备他。我一定是弄错了。 —

He must have been kept for one of his lessons.”

他一定是为了教课而耽搁了。”

“He ought to have come back,” said the old man, not satisfied. —

“他应该回来了，”老人说得不满。 —

He stopped for a moment, and then asked, in a rather lower voice and with some shame:

他停顿了一下，然后用更低的声音和一些羞愧地问：

“Has he been ... again?”

“他又……了吗？”

“No, father—no, father,” said Louisa hurriedly.

“不，父亲——不，父亲，”路易莎匆忙说道。

The old man looked at her; she avoided his eyes.

老人看着她，她避开了他的眼睛。

“It's not true. You're lying.”

“这不是真的。你在撒谎。”

She wept in silence.

她默默流泪。

“Dear God!” said the old man, kicking at the fire with his foot. —

“老天！”老人用脚踢了一脚火。 —

The poker fell with a clatter. The mother and the child trembled.

火钳噹地一声掉落。母亲和孩子颤抖着。

“Father, please—please!” said Louisa. “You will make him cry.”

“父亲，请—求求你！”Louisa说道。“你会让他哭的。”

The child hesitated for a second or two whether to cry or to go on with his meal; —

孩子犹豫了一两秒钟，是哭还是继续吃饭； —

but not being able to do both at once, he went on with the meal.

但无法同时做两件事，他选择继续吃饭。

Jean Michel continued in a lower tone, though with outbursts of anger:

Jean Michel继续低声说话，虽然愤怒地爆发：

“What have I done to the good God to have this drunkard for my son? —

“我对上帝做了什么，居然让我生了一个酗酒者作儿子？ —

What is the use of my having lived as I have lived, and of having denied myself everything all my life! —

我这辈子已经这样过了，一直自我约束！ —

But you—you—can't you do anything to stop it? Heavens! —

可是你—你—你难道不能做点什么来制止吗？天哪！ —

That's what you ought to do.... You should keep him at home!...”

你应该这样做.... 你应该把他留在家里！...”

Louisa wept still more.

Louisa哭得更厉害。

“Don't scold me!... I am unhappy enough as it is! I have done everything I could. —

“不要责备我！... 我已经够不幸的了！我已经尽力了。 —

If you knew how terrified I am when I am alone! Always I seem to hear his step on the stairs. —

如果你知道我一个人的时候有多害怕！总觉得听到他上楼梯的脚步声。” —

Then I wait for the door to open, or I ask myself: ‘O God! —

然后我等待门打开，或者我问自己：“哦，上帝！他会是什么样子呢？”...想到这个让我感到恶心！ —

what will he look like?’ ... It makes me ill to think of it!”

“她被抽泣所震撼。老人变得焦虑。

She was shaken by her sobs. The old man grew anxious. —

“她被抽泣所震撼。老人变得焦虑。 —

He went to her and laid the disheveled bedclothes about her trembling shoulders and caressed her head with his hands.

他走到她身边，将凌乱的床单围在她颤抖的肩膀上，并用手轻抚着她的头。

“Come, come, don't be afraid. I am here.”

“来，来，不要害怕。我在这里。”

She calmed herself for the child's sake, and tried to smile.

为了孩子的缘故，她让自己冷静下来，试着微笑起来。

“I was wrong to tell you that.”

“我告诉你那件事是错的。”

The old man shook his head as he looked at her.

老人看着她摇了摇头。

“My poor child, it was not much of a present that I gave you.”

“我可怜的孩子，我给你的礼物不怎么样。”

“It's my own fault,” she said. “He ought not to have married me. He is sorry for what he did.”

“这是我的错，”她说。“他不该娶我。他为自己所做的事感到后悔。”

“What, do you mean that he regrets?...”

“什么，你是说他后悔了？...”

“You know. You were angry yourself because I became his wife.”

“你知道的。你自己也生气，因为我成为了他的妻子。”

“We won't talk about that. It is true I was vexed. —

“我们不谈那个。我确实很生气。 —

A young man like that—I can say so without hurting you—a young man whom I had carefully brought up, a distinguished musician, a real artist—might have looked higher than you, who had nothing and were of a lower class, and not even of the same trade. —

像他这样的年轻人——我可以毫不伤害你的感情地说——我精心培养的一个年轻人，一位杰出的音乐家，一位真正的艺术家——本可以看得更高一些，而不是选择你这样一个一无所有、属于较低阶层的、甚至不是同一行业的人。 —

For more than a hundred years no Krafft has ever married a woman who was not a musician!

—

一百多年来，没有一位克拉夫特家族的人娶过不是音乐家的女人！ —

But, you know, I bear you no grudge, and am fond of you, and have been ever since I learned to know you. —

但是，你知道，我并没有怨恨你，我喜欢你，这样一直以来。 —

Besides, there's no going back on a choice once it's made; —

另外，做出选择后就没有回头的余地； —

there's nothing left but to do one's duty honestly.”

唯一剩下的就是老老实实在地履行自己的责任。”

He went and sat down again, thought for a little, and then said, with the solemnity in which he invested all his aphorisms:

他又坐下来思考了一会儿，然后郑重其事地说道：

“The first thing in life is to do one's duty.”

“人生第一要务就是履行自己的职责。”

He waited for contradiction, and spat on the fire. —

他等待着有人反驳，然后朝火堆吐了口唾沫。 —

Then, as neither mother nor child raised any objection, he was for going on, but relapsed into silence.

既然妈妈和孩子都没有提出异议，他便准备继续讲下去，但最终陷入了沉默。

They said no more. Both Jean Michel, sitting by the fireside, and Louisa, in her bed, dreamed sadly. —

他们不再说话了。坐在火边的让·米歇尔和躺在床上的露易莎都饶有兴致地沉浸在悲伤的梦境中。 —

The old man, in spite of what he had said, had bitter thoughts about his son's marriage, and Louisa was thinking of it also, and blaming herself, although she had nothing wherewith to reproach herself.

老人尽管说过那番话，心里对儿子的婚姻仍有怨念，而露易莎也在思考着，虽然她没有什么可自责的地方。

She had been a servant when, to everybody's surprise, and her own especially, she married Melchior Krafft, Jean Michel's son. —

露易莎在嫁给让·米歇尔的儿子梅尔希奥·克拉夫特时，所有人都感到惊讶，包括她自己。 —

The Kraffts were without fortune, but were considerable people in the little Rhine town in which the old man had settled down more than fifty years before. —

克拉夫特家虽然无财产，但在老人安顿下来的莱茵小镇中是颇有来头的人物。 —

Both father and son were musicians, and known to all the musicians of the country from Cologne to Mannheim. —

父子两人都是音乐家，受到从科隆到曼海姆等地的所有音乐家的认可。 —

Melchior played the violin at the Hof-Theater, and Jean Michel had formerly been director of the grand-ducal concerts. —

梅尔希奥在宫廷剧院拉小提琴，而让·米歇尔曾是大公爵音乐会的指挥。 —

The old man had been profoundly humiliated by his son's marriage, for he had built great hopes upon Melchior; —

老人对儿子的婚姻感到深深羞辱，因为他对梅尔希奥寄予了很大的希望； —

he had wished to make him the distinguished man which he had failed to become himself. —

他曾希望让他成为自己未能成为的杰出人物。 —

This mad freak destroyed all his ambitions. —

这场疯狂的婚事摧毁了他所有的抱负。 —

He had stormed at first, and showered curses upon Melchior and Louisa. —

起初他发了火，痛骂梅尔希奥和露易莎。 —

But, being a good-hearted creature, he forgave his daughter-in-law when he learned to know her better; —

但作为一个心地善良的人，当他更加了解自己的儿媳时，便原谅了她； —

and he even came by a paternal affection for her, which showed itself for the most part in snubs.

甚至，他对她有一种像父亲般的情感，大部分表现为责备。

No one ever understood what it was that drove Melchior to such a marriage—least of all Melchior. —

没有人能理解梅尔基奥为何会选择这样的婚姻，最不理解的是梅尔基奥自己。 —

It was certainly not Louisa's beauty. She had no seductive quality: —

肯定不是因为路易莎的美貌。她没有诱人的魅力： —

she was small, rather pale, and delicate, and she was a striking contrast to Melchior and Jean Michel, who were both big and broad, red-faced giants, heavy-handed, hearty eaters and

drinkers, laughter-loving and noisy. —

她个子矮小，相貌苍白纤细，与身材高大、红润的健·米歇尔和梅尔基奥形成鲜明对比，后者俨然是大个子、健壮、满面红光、喜爱大口吃喝、爱笑闹腾。 —

She seemed to be crushed by them; no one noticed her, and she seemed to wish to escape even what little notice she attracted. —

她仿佛被他们压迫，没有人注意到她，看起来她甚至希望逃避引起的那么一丁点关注。 —

If Melchior had been a kind-hearted man, it would have been credible that he should prefer Louisa's simple goodness to every other advantage; —

如果梅尔基奥是个心地善良的人，他偏爱路易莎的纯真善良胜过其他一切优点就不足为奇； —

but a vainer man never was. It seemed incredible that a young man of his kidney, fairly good-looking, and quite conscious of it, very foolish, but not without talent, and in a position to look for some well-dowered match, and capable even—who knows? —

但他是个更爱自恋的人。很难想象一位这样的年轻男人，相貌尚可、心知自己相貌不错、虽然很愚蠢但并非无才干、可以在城镇上寻找某位嫁妆丰厚的配偶，甚至有可能——谁知道呢？ —

—of turning the head of one of his pupils among the people of the town, should suddenly have chosen a girl of the people—poor, uneducated, without beauty, a girl who could in no way advance his career.

——诱惑他其中一个学生，但他却突然选择了一个平民——贫穷、没有受过教育、不美貌的女孩，一个毫无助于他事业的女孩。

But Melchior was one of those men who always do the opposite of what is expected of them and of what they expect of themselves. —

然而梅尔基奥却是那种总是做出人们所不期待的事，也不符合他们对自己的期望的人。 —

It is not that they are not warned—a man who is warned is worth two men, says the proverb. —

这并不是说他们没受到警告——被警告的人胜过两个人，俗语说得好。 —

They profess never to be the dupe of anything, and that they steer their ship with unerring hand towards a definite point. —

他们声称永远不会被任何事情愚弄，自己驾驶的船朝一个明确的目标稳稳前进。 —

But they reckon without themselves, for they do not know themselves. —

但他们没考虑到自己，因为他们不了解自己。 —

In one of those moments of forgetfulness which are habitual with them they let go the tiller, and, as is natural when things are left to themselves, they take a naughty pleasure in rounding on their masters. —

在他们习惯性的遗忘瞬间，他们松开舵柄，并且，当事情自行其是时，他们会非常愉快地背叛他们的主人。 —

The ship which is released from its course at once strikes a rock, and Melchior, bent upon intrigue, married a cook. —

梅尔基奥，热衷于阴谋，娶了一位厨师。 —

And yet he was neither drunk nor in a stupor on the day when he bound himself to her for life, and he was not under any passionate impulse; —

然而他并非醉酒或迷迷糊糊，当他终生与她绑定时，也并非出于任何激情冲动； —

far from it. But perhaps there are in us forces other than mind and heart, other even than the senses—mysterious forces which take hold of us in the moments when the others are asleep; —

远非如此。但也许在我们身上还存在着除了头脑、心灵以外的力量，甚至比感官更神秘的力量——这些力量会在其他力量沉睡时占据我们； —

and perhaps it was such forces that Melchior had found in the depths of those pale eyes which had looked at him so timidly one evening when he had accosted the girl on the bank of the river, and had sat down beside her in the reeds—without knowing why—and had given her his hand.

也许正是这样的力量让梅尔基奥尔在那一天傍晚的时候发现了那双苍白眼睛深处的神秘，当他走向那名女孩，坐在芦苇丛旁，不知为何伸出手给了她；

Hardly was he married than he was appalled by what he had done, and he did not hide what he felt from poor Louisa, who humbly asked his pardon. —

他刚刚结婚就为自己的所作所为感到震惊，他没有向可怜的路易莎隐瞒自己的内心感受，而她却虚心请求他的原谅； —

He was not a bad fellow, and he willingly granted her that; —

他并不是一个坏人，他乐意接受她的请求； —

but immediately remorse would seize him again when he was with his friends or in the houses of his rich pupils, who were disdainful in their treatment of him, and no longer trembled at the touch of his hand when he corrected the position of their fingers on the keyboard. —

但当他 and 朋友们或者那些富有学生的家中，在他们不把他当回事，当他在键盘上纠正他们手指的位置时再也不会因他的触碰而颤抖时，悔恨便再次袭来； —

Then he would return gloomy of countenance, and Louisa, with a catch at her heart, would read in it with the first glance the customary reproach; —