

# 【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和深刻的主题探索而著称。小说通过对拉姆...一家及其朋友们在苏格兰的一次度假的描述，展现了家庭关系的复杂性、人类存在的孤独感以及时间流逝的主题。弗吉尼亚·伍尔夫（1882-1941），是20世纪英国最重要的现代主义作家之一。她的作品以深刻的心理描写、对传

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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 a night’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 passage to that fabled land where our brightest hopes are extinguished, our frail barks founder in darkness (here Mr Ramsay would straighten his back 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。

"But it may be fine—I expect it will be fine," said Mrs Ramsay, making some little twist of the reddish brown stocking she was knitting, impatiently.

“但也许会好吧—我觉得会好的，”拉姆齐太太有些不耐烦地说着，边织着她那根棕红色的袜子。

If she finished it tonight, if they did go to the Lighthouse after all, it was to be given to the Lighthouse keeper for his little boy, who was threatened with a tuberculous hip; —  
如果她今晚织完了，如果他们最终还是去灯塔，那袜子就会被送给灯塔管理员的小儿子，他患有结核性髋病； —

together with a pile of old magazines, and some tobacco, indeed, whatever she could find lying about, not really wanted, but only littering the room, to give those poor fellows, who must be bored to death sitting all day with nothing to do but polish the lamp and trim the wick and rake about on their scrap of garden, something to amuse them. —

还有一堆旧杂志，一些烟草，实际上，她能找到的任何东西，不是真的需要，只是乱七八糟地散落在屋里，给那些坐了整天，除了擦灯、修剪灯芯和在小花园里捣鼓之外毫无事可做的可怜家伙一些消遣。 —

For how would you like to be shut up for a whole month at a time, and possibly more in stormy weather, upon a rock the size of a tennis lawn? —

“你会喜欢被关在一个网球场大小的石头上整整一个月时间吗？”她会问；“而且在暴风雨天气里可能要待更久？” —

she would ask; and to have no letters or newspapers, and to see nobody; —

“没有信件或报纸，见不到任何人； —

if you were married, not to see your wife, not to know how your children were, — if they were ill, if they had fallen down and broken their legs or arms; —

如果你已婚，见不到你的妻子，不知道你的孩子们怎么样，——他们生病了吗，摔断了腿或胳膊了吗； —

to see the same dreary waves breaking week after week, and then a dreadful storm coming, and the windows covered with spray, and birds dashed against the lamp, and the whole place rocking, and not be able to put your nose out of doors for fear of being swept into the sea? —

“看着同样乏味的波浪每周被打破，然后又来了一场可怕的风暴，窗户上覆满了飞沫，鸟撞在灯上，整个地方摇晃起来，而你连鼻子也不能往外探一下，害怕被卷入大海？” —

How would you like that? she asked, addressing herself particularly to her daughters. —

“你们想要怎样？”她问道，特别是对她的女儿们说。 —

So she added, rather differently, one must take them whatever comforts one can.

因此她又补充道，一个人必须接受能给予的一切安慰。

“It's due west,” said the atheist Tansley, holding his bony fingers spread so that the wind blew through them, for he was sharing Mr Ramsay's evening walk up and down, up and down the terrace. —

“它是向西边的，”无神论者坦斯利说着，他的瘦骨嶙峋的手指伸开，让风从中穿过，因为他在与拉姆齐先生一起来回走动在阳台上。 —

That isto say, the wind blew from the worst possible direction for landing at theLighthouse. —  
也就是说，风从登上灯塔的最糟糕的方向吹来。 —

Yes, he did say disagreeable things, Mrs Ramsay admitted; —  
是的，他说了一些令人不悦的话，拉姆齐夫人承认； —

itwas odious of him to rub this in, and make James still more disappointed; —  
他这样做是讨厌的，强调这一点，让詹姆斯感到更失望； —

but at the same time, she would not let them laugh at him. “The  
但同时，她不会让他们嘲笑他。“这很不堪，”她说。

atheist,” they called him; “the little atheist.” Rose mocked him; Pruemoocked him; —  
他们称他为“小无神论者。”罗斯嘲笑他；普鲁嘲笑他； —

Andrew, Jasper, Roger mocked him; even old Badgerwithout a tooth in his head had bit him, for being (as Nancy put it) thehundred and tenth young man to chase them all the way up to theHebrides when it was ever so much nicer to be alone.

Andrew, Jasper, Roger嘲笑他；即使老獾（Badger）也咬他，虽然他嘴里没牙，因为他是（如南希所说）追着他们一路来到赫布里底群岛的第110位年轻人，虽然独自一人会更美好。

“Nonsense,” said Mrs Ramsay, with great severity. —  
“胡说八道，”拉姆赛夫人说得非常严厉。 —

Apart from thehabit of exaggeration which they had from her, and from the implication(which was true) that she asked too many people to stay, and had to lodge some in the town, she could not bear incivility to her guests, toyoung men in particular, who were poor as churchmice, “exceptionallyable,” her husband said, his great admirers, and come there for a holiday.  
除了他们从她那里继承的夸张习惯，以及他们询问她是否接待了太多客人，不得不把一些人安排在城里住宿，她无法容忍对她的客人，尤其是那些穷得跟小老鼠一样的年轻男人的无礼，“尤其有才华的”她丈夫说，他们的忠实爱慕者们，他们会去那里度假。

Indeed, she had the whole of the other sex under her protection; —  
事实上，她保护了整个另一性别； —

for reasons she could not explain, for their chivalry and valour, for the fact thatthey negotiated treaties, ruled India, controlled finance; —

由于一些她无法解释的原因，出于他们的侠义和勇气，因为他们谈判条约，统治印度，控制金融； —

finally for an attitude towards herself which no woman could fail to feel or to find agreeable, something trustful, childlike, reverential; —

最后是因为他们对待她的态度，没有一个女人会不感到、或者说不觉得讨人喜欢，一种信任、孩子般的、尊敬的态度； —

which an old woman could take from a young man without loss of dignity, and woe betide the girl — pray Heaven it was none of her daughters! —

这种态度老女人可以从年轻男人身上接受，而不失尊严，为少女，愿天堂保佑，如果是她的女儿中没有一个！ —

— who did not feel the worth of it, and all that it implied, to the marrow of her bones!

——那些不理解、并且不感受到它的价值，以及它所蕴含的一切的女孩，不管她们深到骨髓！

She turned with severity upon Nancy. He had not chased them, she said. He had been asked.

她严厉地转向南希。她没有被追赶，她说。他是受邀的。

They must find a way out of it all. —

他们必须想出一个解决办法。 —

There might be some simpler way, some less laborious way, she sighed. —

可能有一种更简单的方式，更少劳累的方式，她叹息道。 —

When she looked in the glass and saw her hair grey, her cheek sunk, at fifty, she thought, possibly she might have managed things better—her husband; —

当她照镜子看到自己头发变灰，脸颊凹陷，在五十岁时，她想，也许她可以更好地处理事情——她的丈夫； —

money; his books. But for her own part she would never for a single second regret her decision, evade difficulties, or slur over duties. —

钱；他的书。但就她自己而言，她永远不会为一秒钟悔恨她的决定，规避困难，或搪塞责任。 —

She was now formidable to behold, and it was only in silence, looking up from their plates, after she had spoken so severely about Charles Tansley, that her daughters, Prue, Nancy, Rose— could sport with infidel ideas which they had brewed for themselves of a life different from hers; —

现在她威严可畏，只有在她严厉批评查尔斯·坦斯利后，她的女儿普鲁、南希、罗斯——才能不假思索地在他们的餐盘上，默默认同她们自己所酿制的异端思想，这些思想与她的生活不同； —



in Paris, perhaps; a wilder life; not always taking care of some man or other; —  
或许在巴黎，一个更狂野的生活；不总是照顾某位男人； —

for there was in all their minds a mute questioning of deference and chivalry, of the Bank of England and the Indian Empire, of ringed fingers and lace, though to them all there was something in this of the essence of beauty, which called out the manliness in their girlish hearts, and made them, as they sat at table beneath their mother's eyes, honour her strange severity, her extreme courtesy, like a queen's raising from the mud to wash a beggar's dirty foot, when she admonished them so very severely about that wretched

因为在所有人的思想中，有一种无言的质疑，关于尊重和骑士精神，关于英格兰银行和印度帝国，关于戴戒指的手指和花边。尽管对她们来说，其中有一些本质上的美，召唤出她们少女心中的男子气概。所以当她们坐在桌子旁，在母亲的眼睛下，尊重她奇异的严肃、极端的礼貌，像一位皇后将乞丐的脏脚从泥中提起洗净的时候，她们也尊敬她对那个讨厌的无神论者说了那么严肃的话。

atheist who had chased them—or, speaking accurately, been invited to stay with them—in the Isle of Skye.

在斯凯岛追逐她们（准确地说，被邀请留在他们家）的无神论者。

“There'll be no landing at the Lighthouse tomorrow,” said Charles Tansley, clapping his hands together as he stood at the window with her husband. —

“明天将无法在灯塔降落，”查尔斯·坦斯利站在窗前跟她丈夫拍手说。 —

Surely, he had said enough. She wished they would both leave her and James alone and go on talking. —

她希望他们俩离开她和詹姆斯独自待着继续谈话。 —

She looked at him. He was such a miserable specimen, the children said, all humps and hollows. —

她看着他。孩子们说他是一个可怜的本体，满身曲线和凹陷。 —

He couldn't play cricket; he poked; he shuffled. He was a sarcastic brute, Andrew said. —

他打不好板球；他戳；他拖着脚。安德鲁说他是一个讽刺性的畜生。 —

They knew what he liked best—to be for ever walking up and down, up and down, with Mr Ramsay, and saying who had won this, who had won that, who was a “first rate man” at Latin verses, who was “brilliant but I think fundamentally unsound,” who was undoubtedly the “ablest fellow in Balliol,” who had buried his light temporarily at Bristol or Bedford, but was bound to be heard of later when his Prolegomena, of which Mr Tansley had the first pages in proof with him if Mr Ramsay would like to see them, to some branch of mathematics or philosophy saw the light

of day. —

他们知道他最喜欢的是，永远地和拉姆齐先生一起上下走动，说谁赢了这个，谁赢了那个，谁在拉丁诗中是“第一流人才”，谁是“杰出但我认为基本上不稳健的”，谁毫无疑问是“贝利奥尔学院最杰出的家伙”，谁暂时将他的光芒埋在了布里斯托尔或贝德福德，但不久在数学或哲学的某个分支领域必定会被人注意到，他们要是愿意，坦斯利先生随身携带了一些启示的前几页，他们想看的话，拉姆齐就能看到。 —

That was what they talked about.

这就是他们谈论的内容。

She could not help laughing herself sometimes. —

她有时候也控制不住自己笑出声来。 —

She said, the otherday, something about “waves mountains high.” —

她说，前几天提到了什么“波涛汹涌”。 —

Yes, said Charles Tansley, it was a little rough. —

是的，查尔斯·坦斯利说，有点粗糙。 —

“Aren't you drenched to the skin?” she had said.

“你浑身湿透了吗？”她曾经问过。

“Damp, not wet through,” said Mr Tansley, pinching his sleeve, feeling his socks.

“有点潮湿，没湿透，”坦斯利先生说，掐了掐袖子，摸了摸袜子。

But it was not that they minded, the children said. It was not his face; —

孩子们说，他们不在意这些。并不是他的脸孔； —

it was not his manners. It was him—his point of view. —

也不是他的举止。而是他本人—他的观点。 —

When they talked about something interesting, people, music, history, anything, even said it was a fine evening so why not sit out of doors, then what they complained of about Charles Tansley was that until he had turned the whole thing round and made it somehow reflect himself and disparage them—he was not satisfied. —

当他们谈论有趣的事情时，人们、音乐、历史，任何事情，甚至说天气晴朗为什么不在户外坐坐，那时他们对查尔斯·坦斯利的抱怨就是，他总是要把所有东西都围绕着自己转，把它变成反映自己并贬低他人—他才会满意。 —

And he would go to picture galleries they said, and he would ask one, did one like his tie? —

他们说，他会去画廊，然后问一个人，他的领带喜欢吗？ —

God knows, said Rose, one did not.

天知道，罗斯说，人们并不喜欢。

Disappearing as stealthily as stags from the dinner-table directly the meal was over, the eight sons and daughters of Mr and Mrs Ramsay sought their bedrooms, their fastness in a house where there was no other privacy to debate anything, everything; —

饭后就像雄鹿一样悄无声息地消失，拉姆赛先生和夫人的八个儿女走向自己的卧室，在这个没有隐私的房子里寻找自己的庇护所，讨论任何事情，一切事情； —

Tansley's tie; the passing of the Reform Bill; sea birds and butterflies; people; —

坦斯利的领带；通过改革法案；海鸟和蝴蝶；人们； —

while the sun poured into those attics, which a plank alone separated from each other so that every footstep could be plainly heard and the Swiss girl sobbing for her father who was dying of cancer in a valley of the Grisons, and lit up bats,

而太阳灼烧进入这些阁楼，只有一块木板隔开彼此，因此每一步脚印都能清楚地听到，瑞士女孩因为父亲在格里森州的山谷里患癌症而哭泣，还有被海草长条别在墙上，从中飘出了一股咸味和海草味，毛巾上也带着沙砾，因为从海滩回来后沙子。

flannels, straw hats, ink-pots, paint-pots, beetles, and the skulls of small birds, while it drew from the long frilled strips of seaweed pinned to the wall a smell of salt and weeds, which was in the towels too, gritty with sand from bathing.

法兰绒、草帽、墨水瓶、颜料罐、甲虫和小鸟的头骨，都被阳光照亮，而长着飘带般海草的墙壁传来一股咸味和海草味，连置于墙上的长长海藻条也散发着这种味道。

Strife, divisions, difference of opinion, prejudices twisted into the very fibre of being, oh, that they should begin so early, Mrs Ramsay deplored.

分歧、纷争、意见不合、偏见深植于生命之中，哦，为什么他们会这么早开始呢，拉姆赛夫人悲叹。

They were so critical, her children. They talked such nonsense. —

她的孩子们太挑剔了。他们说的一些废话。 —

She went from the dining-room, holding James by the hand, since he would not go with the others. —

她牵着詹姆斯的手走出餐厅，因为他不愿意跟其他人一起走。 —

It seemed to her such nonsense—inventing differences, when people, heaven knows, were different enough without that. —

她觉得这些都是废话——虚构出差异，而人们，老天爷知道，本来就有足够多的不同了。 —

Thereal differences, she thought, standing by the drawing-room window,are enough, quite enough. —

她站在客厅窗前想着，真正的差异足够多了，足够多了。 —

She had in mind at the moment, rich andpoor, high and low; —

她当时心里想着，贫富、高低； —

the great in birth receiving from her, half grudging,some respect, for had she not in her veins the blood of that very noble, ifslightly mythical, Italian house, whose daughters, scattered aboutEnglish drawing-rooms in the nineteenth century, had lisped so charmingly,had stormed so wildly, and all her wit and her bearing and her temper came from them, and not from the sluggish English, or the coldScotch; —

出生高贵的人从她那里得到了一些尊重，虽然带着些许怨念，因为她的血液里流淌着那个非常尊贵，尽管略带传奇色彩的意大利贵族家族的血脉，那些家族的女儿们在19世纪的英国客厅里风靡一时，那些女儿们可是那么迷人地轻声细语，那么狂热地引起轰动，她所有的机智、风度和脾气都来自她们，而不是那些迟缓的英国人，或者冷漠的苏格兰人。 —

but more profoundly, she ruminated the other problem, of richand poor, and the things she saw with her own eyes, weekly, daily, hereor in London, when she visited this widow, or that struggling wife inperson with a bag on her arm, and a note-book and pencil with whichshe wrote down in columns carefully ruled for the purpose wages andspendings, employment and unemployment, in the hope that thus shewould cease to be a private woman whose charity was half a sop to herown indignation, half a relief to her own curiosity, and become whatwith her untrained mind she greatly admired, an investigator, elucidatingthe social problem.

但更深刻的是，她思考起另一个问题，即贫富之间的问题，她亲眼所见的事情，每周，每天，在这里或伦敦，当她亲自拜访这位寡妇或那位艰难度生的妻子时，她手提着一个包，一个笔记本和铅笔，仔细划定的列，以记录工资和支出，就业和失业，希望通过这样做，她将不再是一个私人女人，其慈善行为一半是安慰自己的愤怒，一半是满足自己的好奇心，而成为她欣赏的那种人，一个调查员，阐明社会问题。

Insoluble questions they were, it seemed to her, standing there, holdingJames by the hand. —

这些看似无解的问题，在她看来，站在那里，牵着詹姆斯的手。 —

He had followed her into the drawing-room, thatyoung man they laughed at; —

他跟进她进入客厅，那个他们嘲笑的年轻人； —

he was standing by the table, fidgeting withsomething, awkwardly, feeling himself out of things, as she knewwithout looking round. —

他站在桌边，拿着什么东西磨蹭着，笨拙地感觉自己掉队了，她在不用回头就知道。 —

They had all gone—the children; Minta Doyle and Paul Rayley; —  
他们都走了——孩子们；明塔·多伊尔和保罗·瑞利； —

Augustus Carmichael; her husband—they had all gone.  
奥古斯塔斯·卡迈克尔；她的丈夫——他们都走了。

So she turned with a sigh and said, “Would it bore you to come with me, Mr Tansley?” —  
所以她叹了口气，说：“你愿意跟我一起去吗，坦斯利先生？” —

She had a dull errand in the town; she had a letter or two to write; —  
她在城里有一个无聊的差事；她有一两封信要写； —

she would be ten minutes perhaps; she would put on her hat. —  
她可能需要十分钟；她会戴上帽子。 —

And, with her basket and her parasol, there she was again, ten minutes later, giving out a sense of being ready, of being equipped for a jaunt, which, however,  
然后，带着她的篮子和她的阳伞，十分钟后，她又在那里，散发着一一种准备好的感觉，准备好去参观了，尽管，

she must interrupt for a moment, as they passed the tennis lawn, to ask Mr Carmichael, who was basking with his yellow cat's eyes ajar, so that like a cat's they seemed to reflect the branches moving or the clouds passing, but to give no inkling of any inner thoughts or emotion whatsoever, if he wanted anything.

当他们经过网球场时，她必须中断一会，向卡迈克尔先生询问是否需要什么。他正躺在那里，眼睛半闭，仿佛他想亲切地回应这些甜言蜜语(她很有魅力，但有点紧张)，但无法，因为他陷入了一种灰绿色的昏昏欲睡中，宽容地包容着他们所有人，无需言语，用一种广阔而仁慈的昏睡给所有人带来祝福；

For they were making the great expedition, she said, laughing. They were going to the town. —  
整个房子；整个世界；其中所有的人，因为在午餐时他往玻璃杯中倒了几滴什么东西，使得孩子们认为，他胡须和胡子上那条活泼的金黄色条纹，除了否决外其他都是乳白色的。 —

“Stamps, writing-paper, tobacco?” she suggested, stopping by his side. But no, he wanted nothing. —

“邮票，信纸，烟草？”她建议，停在他身边。但是，他不需要任何东西。 —

His hands clasped themselves over his capacious paunch, his eyes blinked, as if he would have liked to reply kindly to these blandishments (she was seductive but a little nervous) but could not, sunk as he was in a grey-green somnolence which embraced them all, without need of words, in a vast and benevolent lethargy of well-wishing; —

他双手交叉在他宽敞的肚子上，眼睛眨了眨，仿佛他想友好地回应这些甜言蜜语(她很有魅力，但有点紧张)，但不能，因为他陷入了一种灰绿色的昏昏欲睡中，该状包含了他们所有人，不需要言辞，在一种深深的、广泛而仁慈的昏睡中给予祝福； —

all the house; all the world; all the people in it, for he had slipped into his glass at lunch a few drops of something, which accounted, the children thought, for the vivid streak of canary-yellow in moustache and beard that were otherwise milk white.

所有的房子；整个世界；其中所有的人，因为在午餐时，他往玻璃杯中倒了几滴什么东西，使得孩子们认为，他胡须和胡子上那条活泼的金黄色条纹，除了否决外其他都是乳白色的。

No, nothing, he murmured.

不，什么也没有，他低声说道。

He should have been a great philosopher, said Mrs Ramsay, as they went down the road to the fishing village, but he had made an unfortunate marriage. —

拉姆赛夫人说，他本应该是一位伟大的哲学家，但不幸的是他结了个不好的婚。 —

Holding her black parasol very erect, and moving with an indescribable air of expectation, as if she were going to meet some one round the corner, she told the story; —

托着她的黑色阳伞，昂首阔步，带着一种无法描述的期待之气，仿佛她即将在拐角处遇到某人，她讲述了那个故事； —

an affair at Oxford with some girl; an early marriage; poverty; going to India; —

在牛津与某女子的一段外遇；早期的婚姻；贫困；前往印度。 —

translating a little poetry"very beautifully, I believe," being willing to teach the boys Persian or Hindustanee, but what really was the use of that? —

“非常美丽，我相信。”他愿意教男孩们波斯语或印度斯坦语，但真正有用吗？ —

—and then lying, as they saw him, on the lawn.

——然后躺在草坪上。

It flattered him; snubbed as he had been, it soothed him that Mrs Ramsay should tell him this.

—

这让他感到受宠若惊；虽然曾经受过冷落，但拉姆齐夫人这样对他说让他感到心满意足。 —

Charles Tansley revived. —

查尔斯·坦斯利复活了。 —

Insinuating, too, as she did the greatness of man's intellect, even in its decay, the subjection of all wives—not that she blamed the girl, and the marriage had been happy enough, she believed—to their husband's labours, she made him feel better pleased with himself than he had done

yet, and he would have liked, had they taken a cab, for example, to have paid the fare. —

她暗示了人类智慧的伟大，即使在衰败中，所有妻子对丈夫劳动的附庸性——她并不责怪那个女孩，她相信那段婚姻是幸福的——这让他对自己感到比先前更满意，如果他们例如搭乘了计程车，他会希望付车费。 —

As for her little bag, might he not carry that? No, no, she said, she always carried THAT herself. —

至于她的小包，他可以不可以帮忙拿？不行，不行，她说，她总是自己拿那个。 —

She did too. Yes, he felt that in her. He felt many things, something in particular that excited him and disturbed him for reasons which he could not give. —

她确实如此。是的，他在她身上感觉到了。他感觉到很多事情，尤其是激发了他并使他感到困扰的某些事情，但他却无法给出理由。 —

He would like her to see him, gowned and hooded, walking in a procession. —

他希望她能看到他穿着长袍和兜帽，参加一场游行。 —

A fellowship, a professorship, he felt capable of anything and saw himself—but what was she looking at? —

一个研究团队，一个教授职位，他觉得自己无所不能，自己成就非凡——但她在看什么呢？ —

At a man pasting a bill. The vast flapping sheet flattened itself out, and each saw a person pasting an advertisement. The vast flapping sheet flattened itself out, and each

看到一个人贴广告。巨大的拍动的布片变平了，每个刷子推开，露出新鲜的腿，蝴蝶结，马匹，闪闪发光的红色和蓝色，光滑漂亮，直到一半的墙面被马戏团的广告覆盖； —

shove of the brush revealed fresh legs, hoops, horses, glistening reds and blues, beautifully smooth, until half the wall was covered with the advertisement of a circus; —

a hundred horsemen, twenty performing seals, lions, tigers... Craning forwards, for she was short-sighted, she read it out... "will visit this town," she read. —

一百骑士，二十只表演海豹，狮子，老虎... 伸长脖子，因为她近视，她看了看...“将访问这个城镇，”她读到。 —

It was terribly dangerous work for a one-armed man, she exclaimed, to stand on top of a ladder like that—his left arm had been cut off in a reaping machine two years ago.

对于一个只有一只胳膊的人来说，这是非常危险的工作，她惊叹道，像那样站在梯子的顶端-他的左胳膊两年前在收割机上被砍断了。

"Let us all go!" she cried, moving on, as if all those riders and horses had filled her with childlike exultation and made her forget her pity.

“让我们都去！”她喊道，像是所有那些骑手和马匹让她充满了孩童般的欢欣，并让她忘记了她的怜悯。

“Let’s go,” he said, repeating her words, clicking them out, however, with a self-consciousness that made her wince. —

“让我们去，”他重复她的话，用一种让她心痛的自觉模式点击出来。 —

“Let us all go to the circus.” “No. He could not say it right. He could not feel it right. —

“我们所有人都去马戏团。” “不行。他说不对。他感觉不对。 —

But why not? she wondered. What was wrong with him then? She liked him warmly, at the moment. —

但为什么不呢？她想知道。那么他到底哪里不对呢？她当时很暖和地喜欢他。 —

Had they not been taken, she asked, to circuses when they were children? —

那么他们小时候没有去过马戏团吗？ —

Never, he answered, as if she asked the very thing he wanted; —

从来没有，他回答，好像她问中了他最想说的事情一样； —

had been longing all these days to say, how they did not go to circuses. —

这些天来一直渴望说的话，他们没有去过马戏团。 —

It was a large family, nine brothers and sisters, and his father was a working man. —

那是一个大家庭，有九个兄弟姐妹，他的父亲是一个工人。 —

“My father is a chemist, Mrs Ramsay. He keeps a shop.” —

“我的父亲是一名药剂师，拉姆齐夫人。他开了一家商店。” —

He himself had paid his own way since he was thirteen.

他自己从13岁起就自付学费。

Often he went without a greatcoat in winter. —

冬天他经常没有大衣穿。 —

He could never “return hospitality” (those were his parched stiff words) at college. —

他无法在大学“回报款待”（那些干涸僵硬的词语）。 —

He had to make things last twice the time other people did; he smoked the cheapest tobacco; shag; —

他必须让事情持续两倍于其他人所花的时间；他抽着最便宜的烟草；碎草烟； —



the same the old men did in the quays. He worked hard—seven hours a day; —  
就像码头上的老人们一样。他工作很努力——一天七个小时； —

his subject was now the influence of something upon somebody—they were walking on and Mrs Ramsay did not quite catch the meaning, only the words, here and there... dissertation... fellowship... readership... lectureship. —

现在他的研究课题是某事物对某人的影响——他们正在走着，拉姆齐夫人没有完全听懂意思，只是零星地听到一些词汇……论文……研究奖学金……读者奖学金……讲座奖学金。 —

She could not follow the ugly academic jargon, that rattled itself off so glibly, but said to herself that she saw now why going to the circus had knocked him off his perch, poor little man, and why he came out, instantly, with all that about his father and mother and brothers and sisters, and she would see to it that they didn't laugh at him any more; —  
她听不懂那些丑陋的学术术语，那些讲起来如此流利，但她对自己说，她现在明白为什么去马戏团让他掉下了高峰，可怜的小人，为什么他随即就说起了他的父母兄弟姐妹，她要确保他们不再笑话他； —

she would tell Prue about it. What he would have liked, she supposed, would have been to say how he had gone not to the circus but to Ibsen with the Ramsays. —  
她会告诉普鲁这件事。她猜想，他想要说的是他不是去马戏团，而是和拉姆齐一起去看易卜生的戏。 —

He was an awful prig—oh yes, an insufferable bore. —  
他真是个虚伪的道学家——哦是的，一个令人讨厌的聒噪者。 —

For, though they had reached the town now and were in the main street, with carts grinding past on the cobbles, still he went on talking, about settlements, and teaching, and working men, and helping our own class, and lectures, till she gathered that he had got back entire self-confidence, had recovered from the circus, and was about (and now again she liked him warmly) to tell

因为，虽然他们现在已经到达了镇子，走在主街上，路面的石子被推过的车辆碾碎，他仍然继续说着，关于定居、教育、工人们、帮助我们自己的阶级以及讲座，直到她知道他已经完全恢复了自信，从马戏团中走出来了，而她又开始喜欢他了。

her—but here, the houses falling away on both sides, they came out on the quay, and the whole bay spread before them and Mrs Ramsay could not help exclaiming, “Oh, how beautiful!” —  
但在这里，两边的房子渐渐散开，他们走出码头，整个海湾展现在他们眼前，拉姆齐夫人情不自禁地惊叹道，“哦，多么美丽啊！” —

For the great plateful of bluewater was before her; —  
在她面前是一大片蓝色的海水； —

the hoary Lighthouse, distant, austere, in themidst; —  
在远处，庄严、苍老的灯塔屹立在其中央； —

and on the right, as far as the eye could see, fading and falling, insoft low pleats, the green sand dunes with the wild flowing grasses onthem, which always seemed to be running away into some moon country, uninhabited of men.

而在右边，眼前所及尽头处，柔软的绿色沙丘渐渐消退，草地上生长着狂野绵延的草，看起来总是在逃向一个无人居住的月球国度。

That was the view, she said, stopping, growing greyer-eyed, that herhusband loved.  
这是她说过的景象，她停下来，眼睛变得灰白，她的丈夫热爱这里。

She paused a moment. But now, she said, artists had come here. —  
她停顿了一会儿。但她说，艺术家们来到这里了。 —

Thereindeed, only a few paces off, stood one of them, in Panama hat and yellowboots, seriously, softly, absorbedly, for all that he was watched by ten little boys, with an air of profound contentment on his round red facegazing, and then, when he had gazed, dipping; —  
确实，离他们只有几步远的地方，站着一个人穿着巴拿马帽和黄色靴子的艺术家，他认真地、柔和地、专注地，虽然被十个小男孩盯着看，他圆润的红脸上带着深深的满足，注视着，然后，当他凝视着时，点点画笔在柔软的绿色或粉色堆上蘸上颜料。 —

imbuing the tip of hisbrush in some soft mound of green or pink. —  
沾染。 —

Since Mr Paunceforte hadbeen there, three years before, all the pictures were like that, she said, green and grey, with lemon-coloured sailing-boats, and pink women onthe beach.  
自从三年前庞斯福特先生来过这里，她说，所有的画都是那样的，绿色和灰色，带着柠檬色的帆船，粉红色的海滩上的女人。

But her grandmother's friends, she said, glancing discreetly as theypassed, took the greatest pains; —  
但她说，她祖母的朋友们，她望着那些谨慎经过的人，费尽了心思； —

first they mixed their own colours, andthen they ground them, and then they put damp cloths to keep themmoist.  
首先他们自己混合颜料，然后他们把颜料磨碎，然后他们用湿布保持颜料湿润。

So Mr Tansley supposed she meant him to see that that man's picture was skimpy, was that what one said? —

所以坦斯利先生推测她是要他看到那个男人的画面很匮乏，这是什么意思？ —

The colours weren't solid? Was that what one said? —

颜色不饱满？这是什么意思？ —

Under the influence of that extraordinary emotion which had been growing all the walk, had begun in the garden when he had wanted to take her bag, had increased in the town when he had wanted to tell her everything about himself, he was coming to see himself, and everything he had ever known gone crooked a little. —

在整个散步过程中增长的那种非凡的情感的影响下，从他想要拿她的包开始的花园，逐渐增长的在镇上想要告诉她关于自己的一切，他开始看到自己，以及他所了解的一切都变得有点扭曲。

It was awfully strange.

这太奇怪了。

There he stood in the parlour of the poky little house where she had taken him, waiting for her, while she went upstairs a moment to see a woman. —

他站在那个狭小房子的客厅里，她带他来这里，等着她，而她上楼去看一个女人。 —

He heard her quick step above; heard her voice cheerful, then low; —

他听到她急促的步伐在楼上；听到她声音开心，然后低沉； —

looked at the mats, tea-caddies, glass shades; waited quite impatiently; —

看着垫子，茶叶盒，玻璃罩；非常不耐烦地等待着； —

looked forward eagerly to the walk home; determined to carry her bag; then heard her come out; —

急切地期待着回家的路上漫步；决定帮她拿包；然后听到她出来； —

shut a door; say they must keep the windows open and the doors shut, ask at the house for anything they wanted (she must be talking to a child) when, suddenly, in she came, 关上一扇门；说他们必须开窗户关门；在屋里想要什么就找人要（她一定在和一个孩子说话）突然，她进来了，

stood for a moment silent (as if she had been pretending up there, and for a moment let herself be now), stood quite motionless for a moment against a picture of Queen Victoria wearing the blue ribbon of the Garter; —

站了一会儿沉默（好像她刚才在那里假装，现在又让自己做了一会儿）站在有维多利亚女王画像的一幅画前面一动不动； —

when all at once he realised that it was this: it was this: —

突然，他意识到了，原来这就是：这就是： —

—she was the most beautiful person he had ever seen.

——她是他见过的最美丽的人。

With stars in her eyes and veils in her hair, with cyclamen and wild violets—what nonsense was he thinking? —

眼中有星星，头发上有面纱，有马兰花和野堇菜——他在想什么胡说八道呢？ —

She was fifty at least; she had eight children. —

她至少五十岁了；她有八个孩子。 —

Stepping through fields of flowers and taking to her breast buds that had broken and lambs that had fallen; —

踩着鲜花田间，将已开芽的芽儿，掉下来的小羊羔抱起放在胸前； —

with the stars in her eyes and the wind in her hair—He had hold of her bag.

眼中有星星，头发中有风声——他拿着她的包。

“Good-bye, Elsie,” she said, and they walked up the street, she holding her parasol erect and walking as if she expected to meet some one round the corner, while for the first time in his life Charles Tansley felt an extraordinary pride; —

“再见，埃尔西，”她说，他们一起走上街，她挺着阳伞笔直地走着，仿佛期待着转角会遇到某人，而查尔斯·坦斯利这一生第一次感到了一种非同寻常的自豪； —

a man digging in a drain stopped digging and looked at her, let his arm fall down and looked at her; —

一个在排水沟里挖东西的人停下了手中工具，看着她，放下手臂，看着她； —

for the first time in his life Charles Tansley felt an extraordinary pride; —

查尔斯·坦斯利这一生第一次感到了一种非同寻常的自豪； —

felt the wind and the cyclamen and the violets for he was walking with a beautiful woman. —

他感受到了风和番红花还有紫罗兰，因为他和一位美丽的女士一起散步。 —

He had hold of her bag.

他拿着她的包。