

Love Among the Haystacks

D. H. Lawrence

Edited with Notes

by

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SANSHUSHA

は し が き

ロレンス (David Herbert Lawrence, 1885—1930) は、Nottinghamshire の炭坑夫である父と、学校教師をしたこともある、教養ある母親との間に生まれた。彼は両親が不和である家庭の中で育ち、家も貧しかったが、13歳のときに奨学金を得て、Nottingham High School に入学し、卒業すると外科医療器具会社に勤めた。会社に勤めること1年にして小学校の助教師になった。正式に免状を得て教師になるために Nottingham University に学び、1908年 Croydon の David Road School の教師になった。すでに学窓にあって文筆をとり始め、詩や論文や短篇を書いていたが、彼の初恋の人 Jessie Chambers が彼の詩の数篇を清書して *The English Review* に送った。当時この雑誌の編者であった Ford Madox Hueffer が、この詩を認めて雑誌にのせ、またロレンスを Edward Garnett に紹介し、その尽力で1911年に処女作 *The White Peacock* が出版され、ロレンスは作家として認められるようになった。病気のために教師の職をやめて、文筆をもって立つことになるが、1912年に大学時代の恩師 Ernest Weekley の夫人であり、3人の子供の母であったドイツ人 Frieda と恋に陥り、故国をすててドイツやイタリアに行った。1914年には英国に帰り、Frieda と正式に結婚したが、その後は波瀾に富んだ生活をするようになる。英国を去り、ヨーロッパ、オーストラリア、アメリカ、メキシコなど各地を流浪し続け、再び故国に永住することがなく、遂に1930年3月2日に Vence において、この世を去った。

ロレンスの作品には、共通した主題がある。それは人間の男女の愛情問題の追求である。例えば、作品の中に戦争が現われても、それは凄じい背景になっているとか作中人物に精神的、肉体的な傷を与えた環境として、とらえているにすぎない。ロレンスの追求してやまぬものは、かかる戦争の中でも、常に起っている人間の男女間の愛情の問題である。しかもロレンスは現代文明の頹廃を見てとった作家である。現代文明の発展は、知性の発展と同義であって、本能や肉体は無視され、その結果、人間の全人的統一は失われ、自然の生命の発露が阻止された。したがって、現代の救済のためには、生命、本能の回復をはからねばならぬというのがロレンスの主張である。ロレンスが性の重要性を主張することは、

生命の可能性を自覚することの必要を、道徳的に主張することである。ロレンスにとっては、性は文明人が自然の、より偉大な宇宙と接触する唯一の機会であるがために重要であった。現代の機械文明は人間を歪め、また性を歪めた。この歪みのために、思考と感情が、知性と本能が分裂を生じ、かくして人間は精神に支配されるようになり、両者を調和のなかで再創造しようとする努力を払おうとしない、というのがロレンスの考えであった。生の道徳的認識は、思考と感情が全体的人間の中で統一されて、はじめて可能であると信じていた。ロレンスが小説の中で描いたのは、まさにそのことであったのである。

次に読者の参考のために、ここにおさめられた作品にふれておきたい。この小説に出てくる人物は、堂々としてスケールの大きい人間のタイプではなくて、すばらしく活気のある、真実な人間のタイプである。初めから2人の兄弟、Maurice と Geoffrey のことが描かれているが、すぐに個性化されて、それぞれの個性が明確に述べられている。23歳である Geoffrey は、彼の弟よりは緩慢な人物である。弟の Maurice は21歳であるが、近くの牧師館にいるポーランド人の女家庭教師と恋を経験することになる。Geoffrey は嫉妬し、不愉快になる。しかし彼は、何の取得もない、つまらない夫と一緒にやってきた放浪者である、彼と同年輩の女性に遭遇する。Lydia と名のるこの女性は、干し草畑に隣接する小屋の中で、Geoffrey と夜をすごすが、お互いに引きつける力、つまり優しさ（ロレンスの言う *tenderness*）のために、これら二人は一体となる。Lydia は自分の夫と別かれて、Geoffrey と結婚する決心をする。一方では、雨の降る夜を、Maurice と Paula は、干し草の山にのぼってそこで、干し草の山をおおっている覆の下ですごす。ちょっとした間違いから端を発して、彼等2人は口論をするが、物語の最後では、この口論は解決されている。兄弟の場合と同様に、二人の女性も、それぞれ個性化されて描かれている。小柄な女性の放浪者である Lydia は、最初はこわい、やつれた顔つきをしていたが、Geoffrey が彼女を愛し、触れ合うようになると、彼女は次第に魅力ある女性らしさをもつようになってくる。Paula は陽気さと憂うつが交互する循環気質をもち、あふれんばかりの力強さをもつ女性として描かれている。さらに、この小説はイングランド中部地方の農場を背景としておいて、自然描写にはロレンス独自の美しさが見られる。

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昭和48年11月

横 田 仲 三

1

THE two large fields lay on a hillside facing south. Being newly cleared of hay, they were golden green, and they shone almost blindingly in the sunlight. Across the hill, half-way up, ran a high hedge, that flung its black shadow finely across the molten glow of the sward. The stack was being built just above the hedge. It was of great size, massive, but so silvery and delicately bright in tone that it seemed not to have weight. It rose dishevelled and radiant among the steady, golden-green glare of the field. A little farther back was another, finished stack.

The empty wagon was just passing through the gap in the hedge. From the far-off corner of the bottom field, where the sward was still striped grey with windrows, the loaded wagon launched forward to climb the hill to the stack. The white dots of the hay-makers showed distinctly among the hay.

The two brothers were having a moment's rest, waiting for the load to come up. They stood wiping their brows with their arms, sighing from the heat and the labour of placing the last load. The stack they rode was high, lifting them up above the hedge-tops, and very broad, a great slightly-hollowed vessel into which

the sunlight poured, in which the hot, sweet scent of hay was suffocating. Small and inefficacious the brothers looked, half-submerged in the loose, great trough, lifted high up as if on an altar reared to the sun.

5 Maurice, the younger brother, was a handsome young fellow of twenty-one, careless and debonair, and full of vigour. His grey eyes, as he taunted his brother, were bright and baffled with a strong emotion. His swarthy face had the same peculiar smile, expectant and glad
10 and nervous, of a young man roused for the first time in passion.

‘Tha sees,’ he said, as he leaned on the pommel of his fork, ‘tha thowt as tha’d done me one, didna ter?’ He smiled as he spoke, then fell again into his pleasant
15 torment of musing.

‘I thought nowt — tha knows so much,’ retorted Geoffrey, with the touch of a sneer. His brother had the better of him. Geoffrey was a very heavy, hulking fellow, a year older than Maurice. His blue eyes were
20 unsteady, they glanced away quickly; his mouth was morbidly sensitive. One felt him wince away, through the whole of his great body. His inflamed self-consciousness was a disease in him.

‘Ah, but though, I know tha did,’ mocked Maurice.
25 ‘Tha went slinkin’ off’ — Geoffrey winced convulsively — ‘thinking as that wor the last night as any of us ’ud ha’e ter stop here, an’ so tha’d leave me to sleep out,

though it wor thy turn — ’

He smiled to himself, thinking of the result of Geoffrey’s ruse.

‘I didna go slinkin’ off neither,’ retorted Geoffrey, in his heavy, clumsy manner, wincing at the phrase. 5
‘Didna my feyther send me to fetch some coal—’

‘Oh yes, oh yes. — we know all about it. But tha sees what tha missed, my lad.’

Maurice, chuckling, threw himself on his back in the bed of hay. There was absolutely nothing in his world, 10
then, except the shallow ramparts of the stack, and the blazing sky. He clenched his fists tight, threw his arms across his face, and braced his muscles again. He was evidently very much moved, so acutely that it was hardly pleasant, though he still smiled. Geoffrey, stand- 15
ing behind him, could just see his red mouth, with the young moustache like black fur, curling back and showing the teeth in a smile. The elder brother leaned his chin on the pommel of his fork, looking out across the country. 20

Far away was the faint blue heap of Nottingham. Between, the country lay under a haze of heat, with here and there a flag of colliery smoke waving. But near at hand, at the foot of the hill, across the deep-hedged high road, was only the silence of the old church 25
and the castle farm, among their trees. The large view only made Geoffrey more sick. He looked away, to the

wagons crossing the field below him, the empty cart like a big insect moving down-hill, the load coming up, rocking like a ship, the brown head of the horse ducking, the brown knees lifted and planted strenuously.

5 Geoffrey wished it would be quick.

‘Tha didna think —’

Geoffrey started, coiled within himself, and looked down at the handsome lips moving in speech below the brown arms of his brother.

10 ‘Tha didna think ’er’d be thur wi’ me — or tha wouldna ha’ left me to it,’ Maurice said, ending with a little laugh of excited memory. Geoffrey flushed with hate, and had an impulse to set his foot on that moving, taunting mouth, which was there below him. There
15 was silence for a time, then, in a peculiar tone of delight, Maurice’s voice came again, spelling out the words, as it were:

*‘Ich bin klein, mein Herz ist rein,
Ist niemand d’rin als Christ allein.’*

20 Maurice chuckled, then, convulsed at a twinge of recollection, keen as pain, he twisted over, pressed himself into the hay.

‘Can thee say thy prayers in German?’ came his muffled voice.

25 ‘I non want,’ growled Geoffrey.

Maurice chuckled. His face was quite hidden, and in the dark he was going over again his last night’s

experiences.

'What about kissing 'er under th' ear, Sonny,' he said, in a curious, uneasy tone. He writhed, still startled and inflamed by his first contact with love.

Geoffrey's heart swelled within him, and things went 5
dark. He could not see the landscape.

'An' there's just a nice two-handful of her bosom,' came the low, provocative tones of Maurice, who seemed to be talking to himself.

The two brothers were both fiercely shy of women, 10
and until this hay harvest, the whole feminine sex had been represented by their mother and in presence of any other women they were dumb louts. Moreover, brought up by a proud mother, a stranger in the country, they held the common girls as beneath them, 15
because beneath their mother, who spoke pure English, and was very quiet. Loud-mouthed and broad-tongued the common girls were. So these two young men had grown up virgin but tormented.

Now again Maurice had the start of Geoffrey, and 20
the elder brother was deeply mortified. There was a danger of his sinking into a morbid state, from sheer lack of living, lack of interest. The foreign governess at the Vicarage, whose garden lay beside the top field, had talked to the lads through the hedge, 25
and had fascinated them. There was a great elder bush, with its broad creamy flowers crumbling on

to the garden path, and into the field. Geoffrey never smelled elder-flower without starting and wincing, thinking of the strange foreign voice that had so startled him as he mowed out with the scythe in the hedge
5 bottom. A baby had run through the gap, and the Fräulein, calling in German, had come brushing down the flowers in pursuit. She had started so on seeing a man standing there in the shade, that for a moment she could not move: and then she had blundered into
10 the rake which was lying by his side. Geoffrey, forgetting she was a woman when he saw her pitch forward, had picked her up carefully, asking: 'Have you hurt you?'

Then she had broken into a laugh, and answered in
15 German, showing him her arms, and knitting her brows. She was nettled rather badly.

'You want a dock leaf,' he said. She frowned in a puzzled fashion.

'A dock leaf?' she repeated. He had rubbed her
20 arms with the green leaf.

And now, she had taken to Maurice. She had seemed to prefer himself at first. Now she had sat with Maurice in the moonlight, and had let him kiss her. Geoffrey sullenly suffered, making no fight.

25 Unconsciously, he was looking at the Vicarage garden. There she was, in a golden-brown dress. He took off his hat, and held up his right hand in greeting to her.

She, a small, golden figure, waved her hand negligently from among the potato rows. He remained, arrested, in the same posture, his hat in his left hand, his right arm upraised, thinking. He could tell by the negligence of her greeting that she was waiting for Maurice. 5
What did she think of himself? Why wouldn't she have him?

Hearing the voice of the wagoner leading the load, Maurice rose. Geoffrey still stood in the same way, but his face was sullen, and his upraised hand was slack 10
with brooding. Maurice faced up-hill. His eyes lit up and he laughed. Geoffrey dropped his own arm, watching.

'Lad!' chuckled Maurice. 'I non knowed 'er wor there.' He waved his hand clumsily. In these matters 15
Geoffrey did better. The elder brother watched the girl. She ran to the end of the path, behind the bushes, so that she was screened from the house. Then she waved her handkerchief wildly. Maurice did not notice the manoeuvre. There was the cry of a child. The girl's 20
figure vanished, reappeared holding up a white childish bundle, and came down the path. There she put down her charge, sped up-hill to a great ash tree, climbed quickly to a large horizontal bar that formed the fence there, and, standing poised, blew kisses with both her 25
hands, in a foreign fashion that excited the brothers. Maurice laughed aloud, as he waved his red handker-

chief.

‘Well, what’s the danger?’ shouted a mocking voice from below. Maurice collapsed, blushing furiously.

‘Nowt!’ he called.

5 There was a hearty laugh from below.

The load rode up, sheered with a hiss against the stack, then sank back again upon the scotches. The brothers ploughed across the mass of hay, taking the forks. Presently a big burly man, red and glistening, 10 climbed to the top of the load. Then he turned round, scrutinized the hillside from under his shaggy brows. He caught sight of the girl under the ash tree.

‘Oh, that’s who it is,’ he laughed. ‘I thought it was some such bird, but I couldn’t see her.’

15 The father laughed in a hearty, chaffing way, then began to teem the load. Geoffrey, on the stack above, received his great forkfuls, and swang them over to Maurice, who took them, placed them, building the stack. In the intense sunlight, the three worked in 20 silence, knit together in a brief passion of work. The father stirred slowly for a moment, getting the hay from under his feet. Geoffrey waited, the blue tines of his fork glittering in expectation: the mass rose, his fork swung beneath it, there was a light clash of blades, 25 then the hay was swept on to the stack, caught by Maurice, who placed it judiciously. One after another, the shoulders of the three men bowed and braced them-

selves. All wore light blue, bleached shirts, that stuck close to their backs. The father moved mechanically, his thick, rounded shoulders bending and lifting dully: he worked monotonously. Geoffrey flung away his strength. His massive shoulders swept and flung the hay 5 extravagantly.

‘Dost want to knock me ower?’ asked Maurice angrily. He had to brace himself against the impact. The three men worked intensely, as if some will urged them. Maurice was light and swift at the work, but he had 10 to use his judgement. Also, when he had to place the hay along the far ends, he had some distance to carry it. So he was too slow for Geoffrey. Ordinarily, the elder would have placed the hay as far as possible where his brother wanted it. Now, however, he pitched his 15 forkfuls into the middle of the stack. Maurice strode swiftly and handsomely across the bed, but the work was too much for him. The other two men, clenched in their receive and deliver, kept up a high pitch of labour. Geoffrey still flung the hay at random. Maurice 20 was perspiring heavily with heat and exertion, and was getting worried. Now and again, Geoffrey wiped his arm across his brow, mechanically, like an animal. Then he glanced with satisfaction at Maurice’s moiled condition, and caught the next forkful. 25

‘Wheer dost think thou’rt hollin’ it, fool!’ panted Maurice, as his brother flung a forkful out of reach.

‘Wheer I’ve a mind,’ answered Geoffrey.

Maurice toiled on, now very angry. He felt the sweat trickling down his body: drops fell into his long black lashes, blinding him, so that he had to stop and angrily
5 dash his eyes clear. The veins stood out in his swarthy neck. He felt he would burst, or drop, if the work did not soon slacken off. He heard his father’s fork dully scrape the cart bottom.

‘There, the last,’ the father panted. Geoffrey tossed
10 the last light lot at random, took off his hat, and, steaming in the sunshine as he wiped himself, stood complacently watching Maurice struggle with clearing the bed.

‘Don’t you think you’ve got your bottom corner a
15 bit far out?’ came the father’s voice from below. ‘You’d better be drawing in now, hadn’t you?’

‘I thought you said next load,’ Maurice called sulkily.

‘Aye! All right. But isn’t this bottom corner —?’

Maurice, impatient, took no notice.

20 Geoffrey strode over the stack, and stuck his fork in the offending corner. ‘What — here?’ he bawled in his great voice.

‘Aye — isn’t it a bit loose?’ came the irritating voice.

Geoffrey pushed his fork in the jutting corner, and,
25 leaning his weight on the handle, shoved. He thought it shook. He thrust again with all his power. The mass swayed.

‘What art up to, tha fool!’ cried Maurice, in a high voice.

‘Mind who tha’rt callin’ a fool,’ said Geoffrey, and he prepared to push again. Maurice sprang across, and 5
elbowed his brother aside. On the yielding, swaying bed of hay, Geoffrey lost his foothold and fell grovelling. Maurice tried the corner.

‘It’s solid enough,’ he shouted angrily.

‘Aye — all right,’ came the conciliatory voice of the father; ‘you do get bit of rest now there’s such a 10
long way to cart it,’ he added reflectively.

Geoffrey had got to his feet.

‘Tha’ll mind who tha’rt nudging, I can tell thee,’ he threatened heavily; adding, as Maurice continued to work, ‘an’ tha non ca’s him a fool again, dost hear?’ 15

‘Not till next time,’ sneered Maurice.

As he worked silently round the stack, he neared where his brother stood like a sullen statue, leaning on his fork-handle, looking out over the countryside. Maurice’s heart quickened in its beat. He worked 20
forward, until a point of his fork caught in the leather of Geoffrey’s boot, and the metal rang sharply.

‘Are ter going ta shift thysen?’ asked Maurice threateningly. There was no reply from the great block. Maurice lifted his upper lip like a dog. Then he put 25
out his elbow and tried to push his brother into the stack, clear of his way.

'Who are ter shovin'?' came the deep, dangerous voice.

'Thaigh,' replied Maurice, with a sneer, and straightway the two brothers set themselves against each other, like opposing bulls, Maurice trying his hardest to shift Geoffrey from his footing, Geoffrey leaning all his weight in resistance. Maurice, insecure in his footing, staggered a little, and Geoffrey's weight followed him. He went slithering over the edge of the stack.

10 Geoffrey turned white to the lips, and remained standing, listening. He heard the fall. Then a flush of darkness came over him, and he remained standing only because he was planted. He had not strength to move. He could hear no sound from below, was only faintly
15 aware of a sharp shriek from a long way off. He listened again. Then he filled with sudden panic.

'Feyther!' he roared, in his tremendous voice: 'Feyther! Feyther!'

The valley re-echoed with the sound. Small cattle on
20 the hillside looked up. Men's figures came running from the bottom field, and much nearer a woman's figure was racing across the upper field. Geoffrey waited in terrible suspense.

'Ah-h!' he heard the strange, wild voice of the girl cry out. 'Ah-h!' — and then some foreign wailing speech. Then: 'Ah-h! Are you dea-ed!'

He stood sullenly erect on the stack, not daring to

go down, longing to hide in the hay, but too sullen to stoop out of sight. He heard his eldest brother come up, panting:

‘Whatever’s amiss!’ and then the labourer, and then his father. 5

‘Whatever have you been doing?’ he heard his father ask, while yet he had not come round the corner of the stack. And then, in a low, bitter tone:

‘Eh, he’s done for! I’d no business to ha’ put it all on that stack.’ 10

There was a moment or two of silence, then the voice of Henry, the eldest brother, said crisply:

‘He’s not dead — he’s coming round.’

Geoffrey heard, but was not glad. He had as lief Maurice were dead. At least that would be final: better 15 than meeting his brother’s charges, and of seeing his mother pass to the sick-room. If Maurice was killed, he himself would not explain, no, not a word, and they could hang him if they liked. If Maurice were only hurt, then everybody would know, and Geoffrey could 20 never lift his face again. What added torture, to pass along, everybody knowing. He wanted something that he could stand back to, something definite, if it were only the knowledge that he had killed his brother. He *must* have something firm to back up to, or he would go 25 mad. He was so lonely, he who above all needed the support of sympathy.

'No, he's commin' to; I tell you he is,' said the labourer.

'He's not dea-ed, he's not dea-ed,' came the passionate, strange sing-song of the foreign girl. 'He's not
5 dead — no-o.'

'He wants some brandy — look at the colour of his lips,' said the crisp, cold voice of Henry. 'Can you fetch some?'

'Wha-at? Fetch?' Fräulein did not understand.

10 'Brandy,' said Henry, very distinct.

'Brrandy!' she re-echoed.

'You go, Bill,' groaned the father.

'Aye, I'll go,' replied Bill, and he ran across the field.

15 Maurice was not dead, nor going to die. This Geoffrey now realized. He was glad after all that the extreme penalty was revoked. But he hated to think of himself going on. He would always shrink now. He had hoped and hoped for the time when he would be careless,
20 bold as Maurice, when he would not wince and shrink. Now he would always be the same, coiling up in himself like a tortoise with no shell.

'Ah-h! He's getting better!' came the wild voice of the Fräulein, and she began to cry, a strange sound,
25 that startled the men, made the animal bristle within them. Geoffrey shuddered as he heard, between her sobbing, the impatient moaning of his brother as the

breath came back.

The labourer returned at a run, followed by the Vicar. After the brandy, Maurice made more moaning, hiccuping noise. Geoffrey listened in torture. He heard the Vicar asking for explanations. All the united, 5
anxious voices replied in brief phrases.

‘It was that other,’ cried the Fräulein. ‘He knocked him over — Ha!’

She was shrill and vindictive.

‘I don’t think so,’ said the father to the Vicar, in 10
a quite audible but private tone, speaking as if the Fräulein did not understand his English.

The Vicar addressed his children’s governess in bad German. She replied in a torrent which he would not confess was too much for him. Maurice was making 15
little moaning, sighing noises.

‘Where’s your pain, boy, eh?’ the father asked pathetically.

‘Leave him alone a bit,’ came the cool voice of Henry. 20
‘He’s winded, if no more.’

‘You’d better see that no bones are broken,’ said the anxious Vicar.

‘It wor a blessing as he should a dropped on that heap of hay just there,’ said the labourer. ‘If he’d happened to ha’ catched hissself on this nog o’ wood 25
,e wouldna ha’ stood much chance.’

Geoffrey wondered when he would have courage to

venture down. He had wild notions of pitching himself head foremost from the stack: if he could only extinguish himself, he would be safe. Quite frantically, he longed not to be. The idea of going through life thus
5 coiled up within himself in morbid self-consciousness, always lonely, surly, and a misery, was enough to make him cry out. What would they all think when they knew he had knocked Maurice off that high stack?

They were talking to Maurice down below. The lad
10 had recovered in great measure, and was able to answer faintly.

‘Whatever was you doin’?’ the father asked gently. ‘Was you playing about with our Geoffrey? — Aye, and where is he?’

15 Geoffrey’s heart stood still.

‘I dunno,’ said Henry, in a curious, ironic tone.

‘Go an’ have a look,’ pleaded the father, infinitely relieved over one son, anxious now concerning the other. Geoffrey could not bear that his eldest brother
20 should climb up and question him in his high-pitched drawl of curiosity. The culprit doggedly set his feet on the ladder. His nailed boots slipped a rung.

‘Mind yourself,’ shouted the over-wrought father.

Geoffrey stood like a criminal at the foot of the
25 ladder, glancing furtively at the group. Maurice was lying, pale and slightly convulsed, upon a heap of hay. The Fräulein was kneeling beside his head. The Vicar

NOTES

1

- Page* *Line*
1 3 **blindingly in the sunlight** 「日光をうけて目のくらむように」
5 **the molten glow of the sward** 「とけて燃えるような草原」
8 **tone** 「色合い」
9 **It rose dishevelled and radiant** 「それは、ぼさぼさとたれ下ったり、またきらきら輝いて、もり上っていた」
12 **the gap in the hedge** 「いけがきの切れ目」
14 **the sward was still striped grey with windrows** 「草原は、まだ干し草の列で、灰色の縞をなしていた」
16 **The white dots of the hay-makers** 「白く点々と見える、干し草を作る人たち」
20 **sighing from the heat and the labour of placing the last load** 「暑さと、今きた荷を積み上げた骨折りのために、溜息をついたりして」
2 2 **inefficacious** 「無力に」「頼りなげに」
4 **as if on an altar reared to the sun** 「まるで、太陽を拜むために、建てられた祭壇にいるように」
5 **Maurice** [móris]
6 **debonair** [dèbənɛə] 「あいそのよい」「愉快的な」
8 **with a strong emotion** 「激しい興奮で」
10 **a young man roused for the first time in passion** 「はじめて、情熱に目覚めた若者」
12 **Tha sees** = You see
13 **tha thowt as tha'd done me one, didna ter?** = you thought you had done me one, didn't you? 「僕を一本やつけたつもりだったのではないの」 as=that
14 **then fell again into his pleasant torment of musing** 「それから、またうれしくも、苦しい物思いに陥った」

- 2 16 **I thought nowt—tha knows so much** 「そんなつもりはなかったよ——それくらいのことは、君だってわかるだろう」 nowt=naught, or nought tha knows=you know
- 17 **Geoffrey** [dʒɛfri]
- 17 **with the touch of a sneer** 「あざ笑うような気味で」
- 17 **had the better of** 「～のうわ手に出た」
- 21 **One felt him wince away** 「人は、彼がたじろぐようなところがあるのを感じた」
- 22 **inflamed self-consciousness** 「ひどく人前を気にすること」
- 25 **Tha went slinkin' off** =You went slinking off
- 26 **thinking as that wor the last night as any of us 'ud ha'e ter stop here, an' so tha'd leave me to sleep out, though it wor thy turn—** =thinking that that was the last night that any of us would have to stop here, and so you would leave me to sleep out, though it was your turn—.
- 3 4 **didna=didn't**
- 4 **neither** 前に I thought nowt と言ったので, neither を用いている。
- 6 **feyther** =father
- 7 **tha sees what tha missed** =you see what you missed 「君は当てが, はずれたことは, わかっているだろう」
- 9 **threw himself on his back in the bed of hay** 「干し草の床に, あおむけになった」
- 17 **curling back and showing the teeth in a smile** 「にっこり笑うと, ゆがんで歯が見える」
- 21 **heap of Nottingham** 「(積み重ねた) 山のように見えるノッテンガム」 Nottingham はイングランド中部の州。
- 22 **with here and there a flag of colliery smoke waving** 「あちらこちらに, 旗のように炭坑の煙を, たなびかせて」
- 4 4 **the brown knees lifted and planted strenuously** 「茶色のひざを, 激しく上げたり, 踏みしめたりして」
- 7 **coiled** =recoiled

- 4 8 **handsome lips moving in speech** 「話をするたびに動く形のいい唇」
- 10 **Tha didna think 'er'd be thur wi' me—or tha wouldna ha' left me to it** =You didn't think she would be there with me—or you would not have left me to it. 「あの女が僕と一緒に、あそこにいるとは思わなかったろうね。そうでなければ、僕をあのままほうっておくことはなかったらうからね」 'er=her しかし、ここでは she と解すべきである。
- 13 **had an impulse to set his foot on** 「～を足で踏みつけてやりたい衝動にかられた」
- 16 **spelling out** =explaining or stating explicitly 「はっきり述べて」
- 18 **'Ich bin klein, mein Herz ist rein, Ist niemand d'rin als Christ allein.'**
=I am insignificant, my heart is pure,
Nobody is there except Christ alone.
「僕はつまらぬものだが、心は清純だ。
そこにはキリスト以外に誰もいない。」
- 20 **convulsed at a twinge of recollection** 「思い出の苦しみに身もたえして」
- 23 **Can thee say thy prayers in German?** =Can you say your prayers in German?
- 24 **muffled voice** 「口をおおわれて、よく聞えない声」
- 25 **I non want** =I don't want
- 27 **he was going over again his last night's experiences**
「彼は、彼の前の晩の経験を再び思い出していた」
- 5 2 **What about kissing 'er under th' ear** =What about kissing her under the ear.
- 7 **An' there's** =And there is
- 14 **a proud mother, a stranger in the country** 「その地方では、よそ者である、誇り高き母親」
- 15 **held the common girls as beneath them** 「普通の娘達を、彼等より劣っていると思っていた」

- 5 17 **loud-mouthed** [láudmauð] =blatant 「騒々しい」「大声の」
 17 **broad-tongued** 「国なまり丸出しの」
 20 **had the start of** 「～の機先を制した」
 24 **Vicarage** =vicar's residence 「牧師館」
 26 **elder bush** 「にわとこの繁み」
- 6 6 **Fräulein** [frúilain] 「婦人家庭教師」
 6 **brushing down the flowers in pursuit** 「追いかけて、花を払い落しながら」
 11 **her pitch forward** 「彼女が前にのめったのを」
 14 **had broken into a laugh** 「急に笑い出した」
 15 **knitting her brows** 「顔をしかめて」
 17 **dock** 「すかんぼ (植)」
 21 **had taken to Maurice** 「モリスを好きになっていた」 *cf.*
 We took to each other instantaneously. 「われわれは、すぐにお互いに好きになった」
- 7 14 **I non knowed 'er wor there** =I didn't know she was there. 'er=her ここではsheと解すべきである。
 24 **a large horizontal bar** 「大きな横木」
 25 **standing poised, blew kisses with both her hands** 「体のつり合いを保って立ちながら、彼女の両手で投げキッスをした」
- 8 4 **Nowt** =Naught, Nothing
 10 **turned round** 「振り向いた」
 12 **caught sight of** 「～を見つけた」
 13 **oh, that's who it is** 「はあ、あれがその人なんだね」
 13 **I thought it was some such bird** 「なんか、そんな女だと思っていた」 *bird=girl*
 17 **forkfuls** 「くま手一杯の草」
 20 **knit together in a brief passion of work** 「しばらくの間、仕事に熱中して協力しあって」
 22 **tines** 「(くま手の) 歯」
 23 **the mass rose, his fork swung beneath it, there was a light clash of blades** 「草のかたまりが持ち上げられ、彼の

- くま手が振られて、さっとその下に入れられると、刃がちよ
とちかち合う音がした」
- 8 26 **one after another** 「(三つ以上のものについて) 次々に」
cf. One after another all his plans have failed. 「次々と彼の
の計画は、すべて失敗した」
- 9 4 **flung away his strength** 「彼の力を振りしぼった」「精一
杯彼の力を出した」
- 7 **Dost want to knock me over?** =Do you want to knock
me over? 「僕をやり倒すつもりか」
- 8 **brace himself against the impact** 「(干し草の) 衝撃に対
して、力を入れてふんばる」 *cf.* brace oneself against the
crowd 「群衆に押されないように、体に力を入れて、ふんばる」
- 12 **had some distance to carry it** 「それをもって、少し歩か
ねばならなかった」
- 14 **placed the hay as far as possible where his brother
wanted it** 「弟が望むところまで、できるだけ遠くに干し草
を置いた」
- 18 **too much** 「たまらない」「かなわない」 *cf.* This was too
much for him. 「これには、彼もたまらなかつた」
- 18 **clenched in their receive and deliver** 「彼等の受け渡しが、
しっくりいっていて」
- 19 **kept up a high pitch of labour** 「急速に仕事を続けてい
た」
- 22 **Now and again** 「ときどき」
- 26 **Where dost think thou'rt hollin' it,** =Where do you
think you are hurling it,
- 27 **his brother flung a forkful out of reach** 「彼の兄が、く
ま手一杯の干し草を、手の届かないところに投げた」
- 10 1 **Where I've a mind** 「投げたいと思っているところにだよ」
- 5 **stood out** 「浮き出して見えた」
- 6 **He felt he would burst, or drop** 「彼は自分が張り裂ける
か、倒れてしまうと思った」
- 10 **the last light lot** 「最後の軽い一山」

- 10 18 **Aye** [ai] =Yes
 21 **the offending corner** 「気にかかる角」
 26 **with all his power** 「全力をつくして」
- 11 1 **What art up to, tha fool!** =What are you up to, you fool! *cf.* He's up to no good. 「彼は何かよからぬ事(悪戯など)をやっている」
 3 **Mind who tha'rt callin' a fool** =Mind whom you are calling a fool.
 9 **conciliatory** [kənsiliətəri] 「なだめるような」
 12 **had got to his feet** 「立ち上がっていた」
 13 **Tha'll mind who tha'rt nudging, I can tell thee,** =You will mind whom you are nudging, I can tell you, 「誰をひじで小突いたりするんだ, 気をつけろよ, 本当に」
 15 **an' tha non ca's him a fool again, dost hear?** =and you don't call me a fool again, do you hear? 「そして, 僕のことを馬鹿だなんて二度と言うんじゃないよ」
 21 **caught in** 「～にひっかかった」 *cf.* The kite caught in a tree. 「紙だこが木にひっかかった」
 23 **Are ter going ta shift thysen?** =Are you going to shift yourself?
 25 **put out his elbow** 「ひじを突き出した」
- 12 1 **Who are ter shovin'?** =Whom are you shoving?
 3 **Thaigh** [θeii] =Thee=You
 4 **set themselves against each other** 「お互いに強硬に反抗しあった」
 5 **trying his hardest to** 「～しようと全力を尽くし」 *cf.* I tried my hardest to save him. 「彼を救うために私は全力を尽くした」
 25 **some foreign wailing speech** 「何か外国語の泣き叫ぶ言葉」
 26 **dea-ed** =dead
- 13 1 **too sullen to stoop out of sight** 「あまり腹だたしくて, かがみこんで見られないようにもせず」
 4 **Whatever's amiss!** 「一体どうしたんだ」