

中英对照  
全译本

Andersen's Fairy Tales



ANDERSEN'S

FAIRY TALES

# 安徒生童话选集

(丹麦)安徒生

Hans Christian Andersen

世界图书出版公司

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# 安徒生童话选集

(丹麦)安徒生

Hans Christian Andersen

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(丹麦) 安徒生 著

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译

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# 前 言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握外语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的外语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书（注：《小王子》一书还附有法文版本），未改编改写、未删节削减，书中配有精美手绘插图，图文并茂，值得珍藏。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了五十年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的外文版本，是根据原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



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## The Emperor's New Clothes

Many years ago, there was an Emperor, who was so excessively fond of new clothes, that he spent all his money in dress. He did not trouble himself in the least about his soldiers; nor did he care to go either to the theatre or the chase, except for the opportunities then afforded him for displaying his new clothes. He had a different suit for each hour of the day; and as of any other king or emperor, one is accustomed to say, "he is sitting in council," it was always said of him, "The Emperor is sitting in his wardrobe."

Time passed merrily in the large town which was his capital; strangers arrived every day at the court. One day, two rogues, calling themselves weavers, made their appearance. They gave out that they knew how to weave stuffs of the most beautiful colors and elaborate patterns, the clothes manufactured from which should have the wonderful property of remaining invisible to everyone who was unfit for the office he held, or who was extraordinarily simple in character.

"These must, indeed, be splendid clothes!" thought the Emperor. "Had I such a suit, I might at once find out what men in my realms are unfit for their office, and also be able to distinguish the wise from the foolish! This stuff must be woven for me immediately." And he caused large sums of money to be given to both the weavers in order that they might begin their work directly.

So the two pretended weavers set up two looms, and affected to work very busily, though in reality they did nothing at all. They asked for the



most delicate silk and the purest gold thread; put both into their own knapsacks; and then continued their pretended work at the empty looms until late at night.

“I should like to know how the weavers are getting on with my cloth,” said the Emperor to himself, after some little time had elapsed; he was, however, rather embarrassed, when he remembered that a simpleton, or one unfit for his office, would be unable to see the manufacture. To be sure, he thought he had nothing to risk in his own person; but yet, he would prefer sending somebody else, to bring him intelligence about the weavers, and their work, before he troubled himself in the affair. All the people throughout the city had heard of the wonderful property the cloth was to possess; and all were anxious to learn how wise, or how ignorant, their neighbors might prove to be.

“I will send my faithful old minister to the weavers,” said the Emperor at last, after some deliberation, “he will be best able to see how the cloth looks; for he is a man of sense, and no one can be more suitable for his office than he is.” So the faithful old minister went into the hall, where the knaves were working with all their might, at their empty looms. “What can be the meaning of this?” thought the old man, opening his eyes very wide. “I cannot discover the least bit of thread on the looms.” However, he did not express his thoughts aloud.

The impostors requested him very courteously to be so good as to come nearer their looms; and then asked him whether the design pleased him, and whether the colors were not very beautiful; at the same time pointing to the empty frames. The poor old minister looked and looked, he could not discover anything on the looms, for a very good reason, viz: there was nothing there. “What!” thought he again. “Is it possible that I am a simpleton? I have never thought so myself; and no one must know it now if I am so. Can it be, that I am unfit for my office? No, that must not be said either. I will never confess that I could not see the stuff.”

“Well, Sir Minister!” said one of the knaves, still pretending to work.

"You do not say whether the stuff pleases you."

"Oh, it is excellent!" replied the old minister, looking at the loom through his spectacles. "This pattern, and the colors, yes, I will tell the Emperor without delay, how very beautiful I think them."

"We shall be much obliged to you," said the impostors, and then they named the different colors and described the pattern of the pretended stuff. The old minister listened attentively to their words, in order that he might repeat them to the Emperor; and then the knaves asked for more silk and gold, saying that it was necessary to complete what they had begun. However, they put all that was given them into their knapsacks; and continued to work with as much apparent diligence as before at their empty looms.

The Emperor now sent another officer of his court to see how the men were getting on, and to ascertain whether the cloth would soon be ready. It was just the same with this gentleman as with the minister; he surveyed the looms on all sides, but could see nothing at all but the empty frames.

"Does not the stuff appear as beautiful to you, as it did to my lord the minister?" asked the impostors of the Emperor's second ambassador; at the same time making the same gestures as before, and talking of the design and colors which were not there.

"I certainly am not stupid!" thought the messenger. "It must be, that I am not fit for my good, profitable office! That is very odd; however, no one shall know anything about it." And accordingly he praised the stuff he could not see, and declared that he was delighted with both colors and patterns. "Indeed, please your Imperial Majesty," said he to his sovereign when he returned, "the cloth which the weavers are preparing is extraordinarily magnificent."

The whole city was talking of the splendid cloth which the Emperor had ordered to be woven at his own expense.

And now the Emperor himself wished to see the costly manufacture, while it was still in the loom. Accompanied by a select number of officers

of the court, among whom were the two honest men who had already admired the cloth, he went to the crafty impostors, who, as soon as they were aware of the Emperor's approach, went on working more diligently than ever; although they still did not pass a single thread through the looms.

"Is not the work absolutely magnificent?" said the two officers of the crown, already mentioned. "If your Majesty will only be pleased to look at it! What a splendid design! What glorious colors!" and at the same time they pointed to the empty frames; for they imagined that everyone else could see this exquisite piece of workmanship.

"How is this?" said the Emperor to himself. "I can see nothing! This is indeed a terrible affair! Am I a simpleton, or am I unfit to be an Emperor? That would be the worst thing that could happen – Oh! the cloth is charming," said he, aloud. "It has my complete approbation." And he smiled most graciously, and looked closely at the empty looms; for on no account would he say that he could not see what two of the officers of his court had praised so much. All his retinue now strained their eyes, hoping to discover something on the looms, but they could see no more than the others; nevertheless, they all exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful!" and advised his majesty to have some new clothes made from this splendid material, for the approaching procession. "Magnificent! Charming! Excellent!" resounded on all sides; and everyone was uncommonly gay. The Emperor shared in the general satisfaction; and presented the impostors with the riband of an order of knighthood, to be worn in their button-holes, and the title of "Gentlemen Weavers."

The rogues sat up the whole of the night before the day on which the procession was to take place, and had sixteen lights burning, so that everyone might see how anxious they were to finish the Emperor's new suit. They pretended to roll the cloth off the looms; cut the air with their scissors; and sewed with needles without any thread in them. "See!" cried they, at last. "The Emperor's new clothes are ready!"



And now the Emperor, with all the grandees of his court, came to the weavers; and the rogues raised their arms, as if in the act of holding something up, saying, "Here are your Majesty's trousers! Here is the scarf! Here is the mantle! The whole suit is as light as a cobweb; one might fancy one has nothing at all on, when dressed in it; that, however, is the great virtue of this delicate cloth."

"Yes indeed!" said all the courtiers, although not one of them could see anything of this exquisite manufacture.

"If your Imperial Majesty will be graciously pleased to take off your clothes, we will fit on the new suit, in front of the looking glass."

The Emperor was accordingly undressed, and the rogues pretended to array him in his new suit; the Emperor turning round, from side to side, before the looking glass.

"How splendid his Majesty looks in his new clothes, and how well they fit!" everyone cried out. "What a design! What colors! These are indeed

royal robes!”

“The canopy which is to be borne over your Majesty, in the procession, is waiting,” announced the chief master of the ceremonies.

“I am quite ready,” answered the Emperor. “Do my new clothes fit well?” asked he, turning himself round again before the looking glass, in order that he might appear to be examining his handsome suit.

The lords of the bedchamber, who were to carry his Majesty’s train felt about on the ground, as if they were lifting up the ends of the mantle; and pretended to be carrying something; for they would by no means betray anything like simplicity, or unfitness for their office.

So now the Emperor walked under his high canopy in the midst of the procession, through the streets of his capital; and all the people standing by, and those at the windows, cried out, “Oh! How beautiful are our Emperor’s new clothes! What a magnificent train there is to the mantle; and how gracefully the scarf hangs!” in short, no one would allow that he could not see these much-admired clothes; because, in doing so, he would have declared himself either a simpleton or unfit for his office. Certainly, none of the Emperor’s various suits, had ever made so great an impression, as these invisible ones.

“But the Emperor has nothing at all on!” said a little child.

“Listen to the voice of innocence!” exclaimed his father; and what the child had said was whispered from one to another.

“But he has nothing at all on!” at last cried out all the people. The Emperor was vexed, for he knew that the people were right; but he thought the procession must go on now! And the lords of the bedchamber took greater pains than ever, to appear holding up a train, although, in reality, there was no train to hold.

## 皇帝的新装

许多年前有一位国王，他非常喜欢穿新衣服，因此把所有的钱都花在了衣服上。他从不会让自己为军队的事务劳神费心，也不会想要去看戏或是打猎，除非有机会可以让他炫耀一下他的新衣服。他每天每个钟头都要换一套新衣服。人们一提到国王时总是习惯地说：“皇上在会议室里。”但是提到他时，人们总是说：“皇上在更衣室里。”

在国王居住的首府里，人们的生活过得轻松愉快。每天都有很多外国人到王宫里来。有一天，来了两个自称是织布工的骗子。他们声称自己知道如何织出一块奇特无比的布。这种布不但色彩艳丽、图案精致，而且用它缝制出来的衣服还有一种令人惊讶的特点：凡是不称职或者愚蠢的人，都看不见这件衣服。

“这绝对会是一件华丽的衣服！”国王心里想着。“如果我穿了这样一件衣服，就可以立马看出在我的王国之中，谁是不称职的人；就可以辨别出哪些是智者，哪些是白痴。一定要让他们马上为我织出这种布来！”因此国王给了那两个织布工很多钱，以便让他们立刻开始工作。

这两个所谓的织布工架起两台织布机，假装在非常忙碌地工作，可事实上他们什么也没做。他们向国王要来最精致的蚕丝和纯金的丝线，把这些东西统统装进自己的腰包，然后继续在那两架空荡荡的织布机前假装忙碌地工作着，直到深夜。

过了好些时间之后，国王对自己说道：“我应该去看看这布到底织得怎样了。”不过，当他想起愚蠢和渎职的人看不见这块布的时候，他变得有点局促不安。当然，他自认为没什么好害怕的。话虽如此，但在亲自前往之前，他觉得还是先派一个人去探探织布工的情况比较妥当。全城的百姓都听说了这种布料所具有的神奇特性，因此大家都急切地想要看看他们的邻居究竟有多聪明，或是有多无知。

“我要派我那忠实的老大臣去织布工那儿看看，”经过深思熟虑之后，国王说道，“只有他能看出这布长什么样子，因为他这人很有头脑，而且没有人能像他这样忠于职守。”

因此这位忠实的老大臣就来到大厅，那两个骗子就在那里，他们

正在空空如也的织布机前忙碌地工作着。“这到底是怎么一回事儿啊？”老大臣睁大了眼睛想道，“这织布机上什么东西也没有啊！”但是他并没有把这念头说出来。

那两个骗子彬彬有礼地请他再靠近一点，然后指着那两架空荡荡的织布机，问他，这布的图案是不是令他满意，色彩是不是非常艳丽。这可怜的老大臣看了又看，看了又看，可还是看不见任何东西，因为这上面的的确确什么也没有。“什么！”他心想。“难道我是一个笨蛋吗？我可从来没有如此怀疑过自己，绝不能让人知道我是傻子。会不会是我不够称职呢？不行，这也不能让别人知道。我决不能承认自己看不见这块布。”

“那么，大臣阁下，”一个仍在假装工作的织布工说道，“您还没说自己满不满意呢？”

“啊，真是漂亮极了！”老大臣戴着眼镜看着织布机，回答说。“看这图案！看这色彩！是的，我要马上向皇上禀报，这布真是漂亮极了。”

“那我们真应该感谢您呢。”这两个骗子说道。接着他们在这块虚假的布上指出这些多样的色彩，描述一番其中的图案。这位老大臣留心听着他们的话，以便能向国王重述一遍。然后这两个骗子又要了更多的蚕丝和金线，说是为了织布的需要。可他们却把这些东西全装进自己腰包里，接着继续假装在空荡荡的织布机前勤奋地工作。

国王很快又派了另一位王宫大臣去看看那两个人的进展如何，确定一下布是不是很快就可以织完。他的情况跟前一位大臣如出一辙：他上下左右、前前后后仔细地检查了织布机，但除了那两架空空的织布机，依旧什么也看不到。

“难道你没有像老大臣那样觉得这块布很漂亮吗？”两个骗子一边问着国王的第二位大使，一边做着跟之前一样的动作，说一番那些根本不存在的颜色与图案。

“我绝对不是笨蛋！”这位使者想，“或许是因为我没有胜任现在这个好官职吧？这真是出人意料啊，不过我绝不会让任何人知道这件事的！”因此他就称赞了一番这块完全看不到的布，还说这布的颜色和样式他都非常喜欢。“是的，尊敬的陛下，”等他回到皇宫时，对

他的君主说，“那两个织布工织的布将会格外光鲜亮丽。”

全城的人都在谈论这块由国王下令花钱编织的豪华布料。

当这块昂贵的布还在织布机上织的时候，皇帝很想要亲自去看一看。在一群精挑细选的王宫大臣的陪同下——其中包括那两位已经称赞过那块布料的忠实大臣——国王去拜访了那两个诡计多端的骗子。很快这两个家伙便得知国王驾临，于是继续工作，而且比之前更加勤奋，尽管他们依旧没在那架织布机上穿过一根线。“陛下，您看这布漂亮吗？”那两位前面提及的大臣问道。“陛下，您看看这豪华的图案！壮丽的色彩！是不是看着就很满意呢！”同时他们还指着那架空空的织布机，因为他们以为每个人都看得到这块精美绝伦的布料。

“这是怎么回事儿？”国王心里想，“我什么也没看到啊！这真是太可怕了！难道我是个愚蠢的人吗？难道我不配做国王吗？这可真是糟糕透了。”

“哦，这布料真是漂亮极了！”国王大声说道，“这完全能得到嘉许！”

他极尽优雅地微笑着，凑近织布机仔细观察着，因为他绝对不会说自己什么也没有看见，而他那两位大臣可是赞美过这块布料的。此时所有的随行人员也睁大了眼睛看了又看，希望能在织布机上看些什么名堂来，但结果他们什么也没看到。不过，他们都呼喊：“啊，好漂亮啊！”他们还建议国王用这种豪华的布料做几件新衣服，以备在日益临近的游行庆典上穿着。“真华丽！真迷人！真是漂亮极了！”赞美之声此起彼伏。每个人都极其高兴。国王与众人分享着这份满意，赐予两位骗子爵士头衔以及一条挂在纽扣上的丝带，并封他们为“皇家织工”。

第二天游行庆典就要举行了。头天晚上，这两个骗子彻夜未眠，特意点起十六根蜡烛，以便让所有人看到他们是如此急切地想要完成国王的新衣。他们假装把布料从织布机上取下来，用剪刀在空中挥舞着裁剪空气，同时还用没穿线的针缝补一阵。最后，他们叫道：“看！国王的新衣服做好了！”

国王带着王宫里所有的贵族大臣们来到织布工那里。这两个骗子举起他们的双手，就好像拿着什么东西似的。他们说：“这是国王陛



下的裤子，这是上衣！这是披风！这一整套衣服就像蜘蛛丝一样轻柔：穿上它的人会觉得身上什么东西都没有一样，而这也正是这衣服绝妙的优点。”

“确实是这样啊，”所有的大臣都拍着马屁，尽管他们谁也看不到这件完美无缺的衣服。

“请国王陛下宽衣，我们要在这大镜子面前为陛下换上新衣。”

于是国王脱下身上的衣服，这两个骗子假装替他穿上新衣。国王在镜子面前来回转了转身子。

“穿上这身新衣后，陛下显得多么雍容华贵啊，这衣服真是太合身了！”所有人都呼喊着重。“多么美的图案！多么艳丽的色彩！这真是一套优质的礼服！”

“陛下，游行庆典用的华盖已经准备就绪！”典礼官说。

“我也穿好了，”国王说，“我这套新衣服合身吗？”他一边问着，一边又在镜子面前转了转身子，以便让大家知道他在认真地欣赏他那气派的衣服。那些准备托裙裾的宫廷侍从们，在地上摸了摸，好像正在托起裙裾一样，然后煞有介事的抬起什么东西上来，因为他们绝不敢让别人知道他们很愚蠢或是不够称职。

就这样，国王在那个富丽的华盖下行走着，在游行队伍的簇拥下穿过城市的大街小巷。所有站在街边、窗前的人都叫喊着：“哎呀，我们皇上的新装可真是漂亮啊！那披风下面的裙裾是多么华丽啊！那上衣可真得体！”总而言之，没人愿意承认自己看不见这套备受赞誉的新装，因为这样就会让别人知道自己太愚蠢，或是不称职。事实上，国王的所有衣服从来都没有像这件隐形的新装那样让人印象深刻。

“可是国王什么衣服也没有穿啊！”一个小孩子说。

“听听这个单纯的声音吧！”孩子的爸爸大声叫道。这孩子讲的话也在人群中低声地传播开来。

“他真的是什么衣服也没有穿呀！”最后所有的百姓都大声喊道。

国王有点儿焦急，因为他知道百姓讲的话是对的，但他自己心里却觉得，现在游行庆典必须继续进行。而那些侍从们却变得更加痛苦了，因为他们必须托着这个并不存在的裙裾。