

# 英语 经典

365

编著 王文明

湖北长江出版集团  
湖北教育出版社

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# 序 言

## 1 PREFACE

陈德彰教授编译的《英汉幽默词典》收录了西方关于 classic (经典著作) 的四种调侃:

- ① a book that you like to pretend to like  
一本书, 你喜欢假装自己喜欢
- ② a book everyone wants to have read, but no one wants to read  
一本书, 谁都希望自己读过, 但谁也不想读
- ③ a dry book that satisfies the thirst for knowledge  
一本书, 能解人知识之渴, 但却索然寡味
- ④ a book people who haven't read it begin to say that they have  
一本书, 没有看过的人都开始说看过

这四种说法都很俏皮, 很耐人寻味, 但也很有偏见, 至少是误解。其一, 不是所有经典都索然寡味; 其二, 不是所有人都在装模作样, 附庸风雅。其实附庸风雅也没有什么不好, 至少说明真有风雅才会去“附庸”。只是这很不够, 也不值得, 而且太累, 干嘛不直接亲近经典那真正的风雅呢?

经典不是忙就没时间看, 而是越忙越需要抽时间亲近的东西。它极有耐心地给你警醒、鼓励和安慰。你会从内心深处感受到经典对你精神的抚慰, 就像感受母亲慈爱的抚摸。

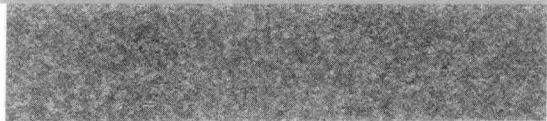
浮躁的时代, 经典是一剂上好的解毒败火的清凉之药。心灵的月白风清, 让你能把生命的底色看得更真, 再在生活中打拼时也多一份底气。经典阅读, 成就经典人生。

本书所收文章, 按“童年记忆”、“爱意绵绵”、“言犹在耳”、“海边拾贝”、“余音绕梁”、“那边风景”、“圣经智慧”大致归了一下类, 英文标题也帮助点明其中内容。需要多说一点的是, “言犹在耳”基

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Childhood Memories

童年记忆



## 1 The Blind Boy

O say what is that thing called Light,  
Which I must never enjoy;  
What are the blessings<sup>①</sup> of the sight,  
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous<sup>②</sup> things you see,  
You say the sun shines bright;  
I feel it warm, but how can he,  
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,  
Whenever I sleep or play;  
And could I ever keep awake,  
With me 'twere<sup>③</sup> always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear,  
You mourn my hapless woe<sup>④</sup>;  
But sure with patience I can bear,  
A loss I never can know.

Then let not what I cannot have,  
My cheer of mind destroy;  
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,  
Although a poor blind boy.

—Colley Cibber<sup>⑤</sup>





# 盲 童

(王文明 译)

噢告诉我什么东西是光，  
那东西我怕永远没法欣赏；  
看得见都有哪些好处，  
噢就告诉你可怜的瞎眼孩子吧！

你们谈论见到的各种奇妙，  
说灿烂的阳光把大地照耀；  
我感到温暖，但这是咋回事，  
它怎样变白昼又变夜晚？

我的昼夜我自己来造，  
想睡是夜晚，想玩是白天；  
如果我老是睡不着，  
那我的白昼就没完没了。

我常听你们大声叹息，  
可怜我不幸的遭遇；  
但是耐心点儿我也受得了，  
反正看得见的好处我又不知道。

那就别让我没得到的东西，  
把我头脑里的高兴劲儿给毁了；  
虽然我是个可怜的瞎眼孩子，  
只要我还能这样唱，我就是国王。

## 注释：

①blessing['blesɪŋ] *n.* [复]幸事，福份

②wondrous['wʌndrəs] *adj.* =wonderful

③'twere=it were

④为我不幸的命运悲叹。

mourn[mɔ:n] *v.* 哀叹

hapless['hæplɪs] *adj.* 不幸的

woe[wəʊ] *n.* 悲哀

⑤Colley Cibber (1671—1757) 当过43年的演员，写过几个剧本，一度还当过剧院经理。这些经历有些像莎士比亚。虽然剧本没有莎翁出名，但有一样是后者没有的：1730年，他成为英国桂冠诗人。这首小诗是一个盲童自己的口吻。小家伙遭遇可怜，但并不自怜，倒有些苦中作乐的意思。他的坚强让你除了欣慰，还有佩服。

——科雷·西柏





## 2 The Bully Asleep<sup>①</sup>

One afternoon, when grassy  
Scents<sup>②</sup> through the classroom crept<sup>③</sup>,  
Bill Craddock laid his head  
Down on his desk, and slept.

The children came round him,  
Jimmy, Roger, and Jane,  
They lifted his head timidly,  
And let it sink again.

"Look, he's gone sound asleep, Miss."  
Said Jimmy Adair,  
"He stays up all the night, you see,  
His mother doesn't care."

"Stand away from him, children."  
Miss Andrew stooped<sup>④</sup> to see,  
"Yes, he's asleep; go on  
With your writing, and let him be."

"Now's a good chance!" whispered Jimmy.  
And he snatched Bill's pen and hid it.  
"Kick him under the desk hard,  
He won't know who did it."

"Fill all his pockets with rubbish—

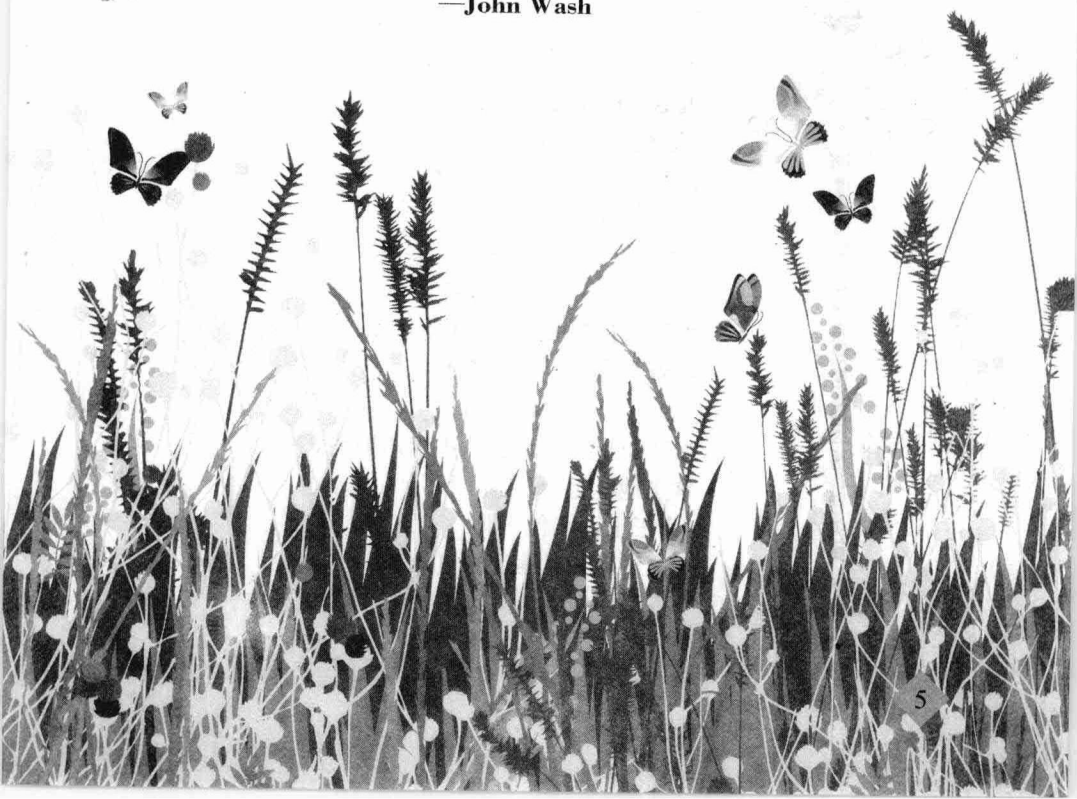


Paper, apple-cores, chalk."  
So they plotted, while Jane,  
Sat wide-eyed at their talk.

Not caring, not hearing,  
Bill Craddock he slept on.  
Lips parted, eyes closed—  
Their cruelty gone.

"Stick him with pins!" muttered Roger.  
"Ink down his neck!" said Jim.  
But Jane, tearful and foolish,  
Wanted to comfort him.

—John Wash





## 小霸王睡着了

(王文明 译)

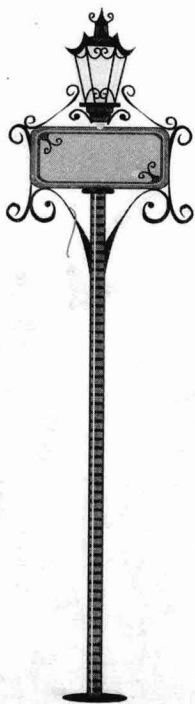
一天下午,在一所学校里,  
教室里飘进青草的气息。  
比尔·克莱道头一埋  
趴在课桌上睡着了。

一群孩子围过来,  
有罗杰,简,还有杰米,  
他们把他的头搬起来,  
有点儿胆怯,又放了回去。

“老师,你看,他睡得多熟。”  
说这话的是杰米。  
“他晚上不睡玩通宵,  
他妈好像不介意。”

“孩子们,归位去。”  
老师安德鲁小姐俯身瞧,  
“是啊,他是睡着了。你们  
接着写作业。不要管他。”

“这可是个好机会!”杰米语悄悄。  
拿走他的笔,藏起不见了。  
“桌子下面踢他一脚,  
反正谁干的他也不会知道。”



“往他口袋里塞垃圾——  
废纸，苹果核，还有粉笔。”  
他们想着馊主意，简在一旁，  
听着很吃惊，眼睛瞪得大大的。

一点不介意，一句没听见，  
比尔·克莱道依然睡得香。  
咧着嘴，闭着眼，  
全不见平日凶巴巴的样儿。

“拿大头钉扎他！”罗杰嘀咕道。  
“往脖子里倒墨水！”杰米出损招。  
但是简，泪汪汪，傻兮兮，  
一心只想安慰比尔·克莱道。

——约翰·沃什

### 注释：

①bully [ˈbuli] *n.* 恶霸；恃强欺弱的学生。这首小叙事诗能唤起我们许多童年的回忆。童年是游戏的天堂，这游戏也包括一些恶作剧。平时大家都怕小霸王，可他下午自习课上睡着了，所以大伙儿报复的时机到了。告状的、出损招的都有，可唯独有个女孩子，眼泪巴巴地护着他。诗中透露了许多信息：女老师并没叫醒他训他一顿或罚站；平时怕他的人也不是省油的灯；简这么护着他，这小霸王捣蛋归捣蛋，肯定也有可爱之处……

②scent [sent] *n.* 香味；气味

③crept [krept] (*creep*) *v.* 悄悄地走；溜

④stoop [stu:p] *v.* 弯腰；俯身

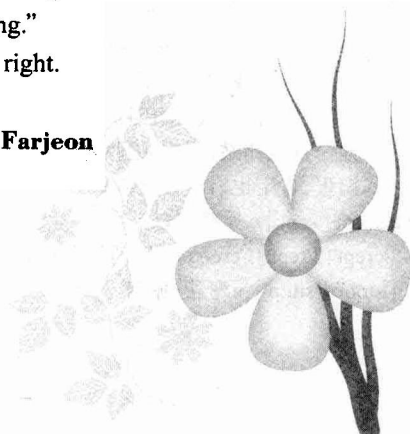


### 3 The Quarrel<sup>①</sup>

I quarreled with my brother,  
 I don't know what about,  
 One thing led to another,  
 And somehow we fell out.  
 The start of it was slight,  
 The end of it was strong.  
 He said he was right,  
 I knew he was wrong!

We hated one another.  
 The afternoon turned black.  
 Then suddenly my brother,  
 Thumped<sup>②</sup> me on the back,  
 And said, "Oh, come along!  
 We can't go on all night—  
 I was in the wrong."  
 So he was in the right.

—Eleanor Farjeon





## 吵架

(王文明 译)

我和哥哥吵了架，  
我也不知为的啥，  
反正事出总有因，  
结果我们闹翻啦。  
开始有点小意见，  
后来气得不讲话。  
他说理在他那边，  
我说事情全怪他。

两人恨得只咬牙。  
下午过去天黑啦。  
突然哥哥拍拍我，  
“好啦好啦别气了，  
刚才全是我的错，  
可别一夜都难过。”  
对的还是我哥哥。

——依尼洛·法吉思



### 注释：

①俗话说：一个锅里吃饭，锅铲儿碰锅沿儿，常有的事。瞧这兄妹俩儿，拌嘴生场闲气，连怎么吵起来的都不清楚。哥哥当然得让着妹妹点儿，要不怎么是哥哥呢？妹妹心里也在想，就算哥哥不对，哄我开心就对了。

②thump[θʌmp] v.重击



## 4 Swimming<sup>①</sup>

When all the days are hot and long  
And robin<sup>②</sup> bird has ceased his song,  
I go swimming every day  
And have the finest kind of play.

I've learned to dive and I can float  
As easily as does a boat;  
I splash<sup>③</sup> and plunge<sup>④</sup> and laugh and shout  
Till Daddy tells me to come out.

It's much too soon; I'd like to cry  
For I can see the ducks go by,  
And Daddy Duck—how I love him—  
He lets his children swim and swim!

I feel that I would be in luck  
If I could only be a duck!

—Clinton Scollard



## 游 泳

(王文明 译)

夏日炎炎长又长，  
知更鸟也懒得唱。  
我每天下水去游泳，  
别提玩得多么欢畅。

已经学会扎猛子，  
浮着能像船一样，  
扑腾——扑通——哈哈——噢——  
偏偏爹爹叫我把岸上！

这才玩了多一会儿，  
想来真想哭一场。  
小鸭嘎嘎游过去，  
人家的老爹不一样：  
由着孩子尽情游，  
这样的老爹我爱得慌！

只要能做鸭宝宝，  
要多好就有多好！

## 注释：

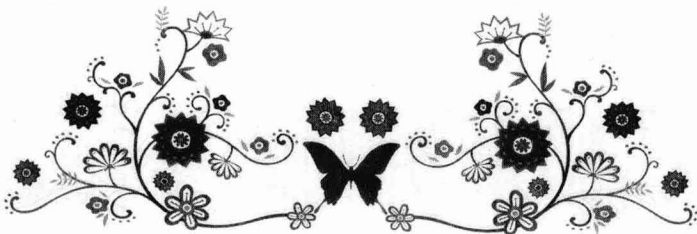
①这首诗浅显得拒绝任何注释和评论，却美得令人感叹不已。有人说，世上最残酷的莫过于不像童年的童年。这首小诗中跟爹爹赌气要当鸭宝宝的孩子是有福的，所有愉快地游戏、学习着的孩子们是有福的！

②robin[ˈrɒbɪn] *n.* 知更鸟

③splash[splæʃ] *v.* 使(水等)飞溅

④plunge[plʌndʒ] *v.* 跳, 跃

——克林顿·斯各勒德







## 5 On the Seashore of Endless Worlds Children Meet

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. The infinite sky is motionless overhead and the restless water is boisterous<sup>①</sup>. On the seashore of endless worlds children meet with shouts and dances.

They build their houses with sand and they play with empty shells. With withered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep. Children have their play on the seashore of worlds.

They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets. Pearl fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships, while children gather pebbles<sup>②</sup> and scatter them again. They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.

The sea surges<sup>③</sup> up with laughter and pale gleams<sup>④</sup> the smile of the sea beach. Death dealing waves sing meaningless ballads<sup>⑤</sup> to the children, even like a mother while rocking her baby's cradle. The sea plays with children, and pale gleams the smile of the sea beach.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest<sup>⑥</sup> roams in the pathless sky, ships get wrecked<sup>⑦</sup> in the trackless water, death is abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.

—Tagore