

# THE LITTLE PRINCESS 小公主

【美】弗朗西斯·霍奇森·伯内特 原著  
心远轩工作室 编  
壹东设计 蔚蓝小加 插画



经典名著中英对照  
典藏**插画版**

放松心情、远离尘嚣  
暖暖地翻阅流传已久的英文故事



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PRINCESS  
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故事 180 篇



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## 内 容 提 要

《小公主》出自美国著名女作家弗朗西斯·霍奇森·伯内特(Burnett, F. H.)之手,是一部灰姑娘式的儿童小说。主人公莎拉·克鲁只是一个孩子,但她戏剧性的生活却比一个成年人的还要曲折。从小公主般的位置上重重落下并失去一切,这即使是一个正常的成年人也无法心平气和地去面对。但是,小莎拉做到了,因为她始终把自己看成是一位公主。真正的公主即使在最艰难的时候也不会丢掉尊严,更不会忘记她身边的臣民们。所以,小莎拉是一个最成功、最美丽、当之无愧的公主。

本书适合所有想提高英语阅读水平且能用心感悟美丽童话的读者阅读、欣赏之用。

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## 序言

本书《小公主》出自美国著名女作家伯内特 (Burnett.F.H.) 之手，是一部灰姑娘式的儿童小说。主人公莎拉·克鲁只是一个孩子，但她戏剧性的生活却比一个成年人的还要曲折。从小公主般的位置上重重落下并失去一切，这即使是一个正常的成年人也无法心平气和地面对。但是，小莎拉做到了，因为她始终把自己看成是一位公主。真正的公主即使在最艰难的时候也不会丢掉尊严，更不会忘记她身边的臣民们。所以，小莎拉是一个最成功、最美丽，当之无愧的公主。这部小说绝不单单是一个童话故事，它又是一个关于财富、地位以及人生态度的故事。因此，它曾被多次改编为电影和电视剧，深受孩子们喜爱。

全书用英文译本和中文译本来实现英汉对照。这两个译本的集合为喜欢《小公主》的朋友学习、欣赏故事，为学习英语的人通览典雅的英语，以及从事翻译的人研究翻译都提供了可以参考的范本。为了帮助读者快速地了解故事的内容及涵义，进而提高阅读兴趣和阅读水平，编者对原英文版本有所改动，只希望所有读过的朋友都有收获并享受其中的快乐。

感谢中国水利水电出版社的徐丽娟编辑，感谢本书的插画蔚蓝小加，是她们的尽善尽美的要求和插画，使本书得以以一种最好的形式与广大读者见面。

本书的整理编译工作由心远轩工作室的崔爽、林晓珊、旷思思、王小青、王克杰等完成。读者如有什么意见和建议欢迎来信到：[xinyuanxuan@263.net](mailto:xinyuanxuan@263.net)。

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## CHAPTER 1 SARA

### 莎拉



nce on a dark winter's day, when the yellow fog hung so thick and heavy in the streets of London that the lamps were lighted and the shop windows blazed with gas as they do at night, an odd-looking little girl sat in a cab with her father and was driven rather slowly through the big thoroughfares.

She sat with her feet tucked under her, and leaned against her father, who held her in his arm, as she stared out of the window at the passing people with a queer old-fashioned thoughtfulness in her big eyes.

She was such a little girl that one did not expect to see such a look on her small face. It would have been an old look for a child of twelve, and Sara Crewe was only seven. The fact was, however, that she was always dreaming and thinking odd things and could not herself remember any time when she had not been thinking things about grown-up people and the world they belonged to. She felt as if she had lived a long long time.

At this moment she was remembering the voyage she had just made from Bombay with her father, Captain Crewe. She was thinking of the big ship, of the Lascars passing silently to and fro on it, of the children playing about on the hot deck, and of some young officers' wives who used to try to make her talk to them and laugh at the things she said.

Principally, she was thinking of what a queer thing it was that at one time one was in India in the blazing sun, and then in the middle of the ocean, and then driving in a strange vehicle through strange streets where the day was as dark as the night. She found this so puzzling that she moved closer to her father.

"Papa," she said in a low, mysterious little voice which was almost a whisper, "papa."

"What is it, darling?" Captain Crewe answered, holding her closer and looking down into her face. "What is Sara thinking of?"

"Is this the place?" Sara whispered, cuddling still closer to him. "Is it, papa?"

"Yes, little Sara, it is. We have reached it at last." And though she was only seven years old, she knew that he felt sad when he said it.

It seemed to her many years since he had begun to prepare her mind for "the place", as she always called it. Her mother had died when she was born, so she had never known or missed her. Her young, handsome, rich, petting father seemed to be the only relation she had in the world. They had always played together and been fond of each other. She only knew he was rich because she had heard people say so when they thought she was not listening, and she had also heard them say that when she grew up she would be rich, too. She did not know all that being rich meant. She had always lived in a beautiful bungalow, and had been used to seeing many servants who made

在一个天色昏暗的冬日，伦敦的街道上笼罩着厚重的浓雾，天空十分暗淡，于是人们像晚上一样点起了灯火，商店的橱窗里也闪着煤油灯的光。在空旷宽广的大街上，有一辆出租马车缓慢地行驶着，一个外表十分古怪的小女孩同她父亲坐在车中。

她依靠着父亲、蜷缩着两只脚坐着，整个人被父亲搂在怀里。她的一双大眼睛凝视着车窗外过往的行人，异样的目光里透出些许老成的忧虑。

她的年纪是这样的小，以至于人们不会希望在她的小脸上看到这样的神情。即使对一个 12 岁的孩子来说，这样的神情也显得过于老成，更何况莎拉·克鲁刚刚 7 岁。但事实是，她总是在梦想着、思考着一些古怪的事情，她自己都不记得有什么时候她没在考虑关于成人们的事情和他们所属的那个世界，她感觉自己已经活了好久好久。

这一刻她正在回想和父亲克鲁上尉从孟买出发的一些事情。她在想那条大船、船上默默地来来往往的印度水手、在滚热的甲板上玩耍的儿童，还有那些经常逗她讲话、并以她所说的事情取乐的年轻军官的太太们。

最主要的是，她在想：多奇怪呀，一个人好像刚才还在印度那火样的烈日下，没过多久就到了大洋中间，没过多久又坐在这奇怪的马车中经过这些奇怪的街道，这里白天看起来也像夜晚那样的黑暗。她觉得这些是这样的令人费解，于是向她的父亲靠得更紧些。

“爸爸，”她低声说，声音又小又神秘几乎是在耳语，“爸爸。”

“怎么了，宝贝儿？”克鲁上尉回答着，把她搂得更紧些，低头看着她的脸，“莎拉正在想什么呢？”

“这就是那地方吗？”莎拉悄声说，仍然使劲向父亲靠了靠，“是吗，爸爸？”

“对了，小莎拉，就是这儿，我们终于到了。”虽然她只有 7 岁，但是她知道他在说这话时感到了伤感。

在她看来，父亲让她在思想上对“那地方”（她总是这样称呼）有所准备已有好多年了。莎拉刚出生时母亲就去世了，所以她从来不知道妈妈是什么样子，也不想念她。她那年轻、英俊、富裕、亲昵的父亲看起来是她在这世界上唯一的亲人。他们经常在一起玩耍，彼此感情深厚、深深地爱着对方。她知道他很富有，是因为听人们这样说过，当时他们还以为她没在听，她还听到他们说，她长大后也会很富有。她不知道作为富人的全部含义，她一直住在一座漂亮的别墅里，已经习惯看到仆人

salaams to her and called her “Misse Sahib”, and gave her her own way in everything. She had had toys and pets and an ayah who worshipped her, and she had gradually learned that people who were rich had these things. That, however, was all she knew about it.

During her short life only one thing had troubled her, and that thing was “the place” she was to be taken to some day. The climate of India was very bad for children, and as soon as possible they were sent away from it—generally to England and to school. She had seen other children go away, and had heard their fathers and mothers talk about the letters they received from them. She had known that she would be obliged to go also, and though sometimes her father’s stories of the voyage and the new country had attracted her, she had been troubled by the thought that he could not stay with her.

“Couldn’t you go to that place with me, papa?” she had asked when she was five years old. “Couldn’t you go to school, too? I would help you with your lessons.”

“But you will not have to stay for a very long time, little Sara,” he had always said. “You will go to a nice house where there will be a lot of little girls, and you will play together, and I will send you plenty of books, and you will grow so fast that it will seem scarcely a year before you are big enough and clever enough to come back and take care of papa.”



们向她行额手礼、称呼她“小姐，您”，并且什么事情都按她的意思办。她有玩具与宠物，还有一个崇拜她的印度保姆，于是她渐渐地了解到，富人们能够拥有这些东西。但是，她也只知道这些了。

在她短短的生活经历中，只有一件事情困扰过她，就是有一天她会被送往“那地方”。对孩子们来说，印度的气候太恶劣了，所以一旦有可能他们就会被送离开这里——通常是被送到英格兰去上学。她已经看到过其他孩子离去，也听他们的父母谈论过收到他们的来信。她早就已经知道她也肯定会离去，虽然有时候她父亲讲的一些航海故事以及那片新的国土曾经吸引过她，但是想到父亲将来不能和她待在一起，她就又烦恼起来。

“你不能跟我去那个地方吗，爸爸？”她5岁时就这样问过，“你不能也去上学吗？我会帮你做功课的。”

“但是你也不会在那儿呆很久的，小莎拉，”他总是这样说。“你到了那里将会住在一座很好的房子里，那儿会有很多小女孩，你们将在一起玩，我会给你送去足够的书，你会成长得很快，大概用不了一年就会长大而且聪明，可以回来照料爸爸了。”





She had liked to think of that. To keep the house for her father; to ride with him, and sit at the head of his table when he had dinner parties; to talk to him and read his books—that would be what she would like most in the world, and if one must go away to “the place” in England to attain it, she must make up her mind to go. She did not care very much for other little girls, but if she had plenty of books she could console herself. She liked books more than anything else, and was, in fact, always inventing stories of beautiful things and telling them to herself. Sometimes she had told them to her father, and he had liked them as much as she did.

“Well, papa,” she said softly, “if we are here I suppose we must be resigned.”

He laughed at her old-fashioned speech and kissed her. He was really not at all resigned himself, though he knew he must keep that a secret. His quaint little Sara had been a great companion to him, and he felt he should be a lonely fellow when, on his return to India, he went into his bungalow knowing he need not expect to see the small figure in its white frock come forward to meet him. So he held her very closely in his arms as the cab rolled into the big, dull square in which stood the house which was their destination.

It was a big, dull, brick house, exactly like all the others in its row, but that on the front door there shone a brass plate on which was engraved in black letters:

Miss Minchin,  
Select Seminary for Young Ladies

“Here we are, Sara,” said Captain Crewe, making his voice sound as cheerful as possible. Then he lifted her out of the cab and they mounted the steps and rang the bell. Sara often thought afterward that the house was somehow exactly like Miss Minchin. It was respectable and well furnished, but everything in it was ugly; and the very armchairs seemed to have hard bones in them. In the hall everything was hard and polished—even the red cheeks of the moon face on the tall clock in the corner had a severe varnished look. The

她喜欢那样想：她来给爸爸管理家务；和他一起驾车出门，开宴会时坐在他餐桌的最主要的位置；和他谈话、读他的书——这将是世界上她最爱干的事，如果说必须有人离开这里到英格兰的“那地方”去了才能实现这愿望，她一定要下决心去。她不是很关心其他小女孩，只要有很多书便能自己找到乐趣了。她喜爱书胜过其他的事情，事实上，她总是在编造美丽的故事，自己讲给自己听，有时也讲给父亲听，他和她一样喜欢这些故事。

“那好，爸爸，”她轻声说着，“既然我们到了这儿，我想我们只能老老实实在地听天由命了。”

他笑她老成的话，亲吻了她。事实上，他本人一点儿也没有听天由命，但是他知道必须保守秘密。他这古怪的小莎拉向来是他的好伙伴，他感到，等他回到印度，走进那座别墅，明知道不会看到那穿着白色连衣裙的小宝贝迎上来时，会是很孤独的。于是他把女儿紧紧地搂在怀里，这时马车驶进了一个空旷萧条的院子，那里矗立着一座大房屋，这就是他们的目的地。

这是一座又大又暗淡的砖房子，和与它同排的那些房子完全一样，但在它的前门上，有一块闪着光的黄铜板，上面刻着黑字：

铭钦女士，

高级女童培育院

“我们到了，莎拉，”克鲁上尉说，尽可能让自己的声音听起来高兴。然后他把她抱出了车，他们一起上了台阶，拉响了门铃。后来莎拉经常想到那房子在某种意义上和铭钦女士本人简直是一模一样。它很有气派、摆设绝好，但其中的每件东西都很难看，那些带扶手的椅子，看起来像有硬骨头藏在里面。在大厅里的每件东西都是坚硬、经过抛光的——甚至在角落里那只落地钟的圆钟面，它的红色边框看上去也有严格漆涂过的痕迹。他们被领入那间铺着带有一个方格图案的地毯的客厅，椅子也

drawing room into which they were ushered was covered by a carpet with a square pattern upon it, the chairs were square, and a heavy marble timepiece stood upon the heavy marble mantel.

As she sat down in one of the stiff mahogany chairs, Sara cast one of her quick looks about her.

"I don't like it, papa," she said. "But then I dare say soldiers— even brave ones—don't really like going into battle."

Captain Crewe laughed outright at this. He was young and full of fun, and he never tired of hearing Sara's queer speeches.

"Oh, little Sara," he said. "What shall I do when I have no one to say solemn things to me? No one else is as solemn as you are."

"But why do solemn things make you laugh so?" inquired Sara.

"Because you are such fun when you say them," he answered, laughing still more. And then suddenly he swept her into his arms and kissed her very hard, stopping laughing all at once and looking almost as if tears had come into his eyes.

It was just then that Miss Minchin entered the room. She was very like her house, Sara felt: tall and dull, and respectable and ugly. She had large, cold, fishy eyes, and a large, cold, fishy smile. It spread itself into a very large smile

都是四方的,还有一只笨重的大理石钟立在同样笨重的大理石壁炉台上。

在从很多桃木椅子中选了一把坐了下来后,莎拉开始把目光投向她周围的一切。

"我不喜欢这里,爸爸,"她说。"但是我敢说,士兵们——即使是勇敢的士兵——也并不真的喜欢去战斗。"

克鲁上尉听了这些话立刻大笑起来。他年轻,充满了幽默感,从来不会对莎拉奇怪的言论感到厌烦。

"噢,小莎拉,"他说,"如果以后没人对我讲这么严肃的事情,我该怎么办呢?没有别人能像你这样严肃了。"

"但是为什么严肃的事情会让你这样大笑呢?"莎拉发问道。

"因为当你说这些的时候你是这么的有趣,"他回答着,笑得更厉害了。突然,他用双臂把她揽进怀里,用力地亲吻她,戛然停止了大笑,眼里似乎满含着泪水。

正巧这时铭钦女士走进房间来。莎拉觉得她很像她的这座房子:高大而死板,气派而丑陋。她有着可疑而冰冷无神的眼睛,还有着灿烂但冷漠无情的笑容。她一看到莎拉和克鲁上尉,立刻满脸堆笑。她听到



