

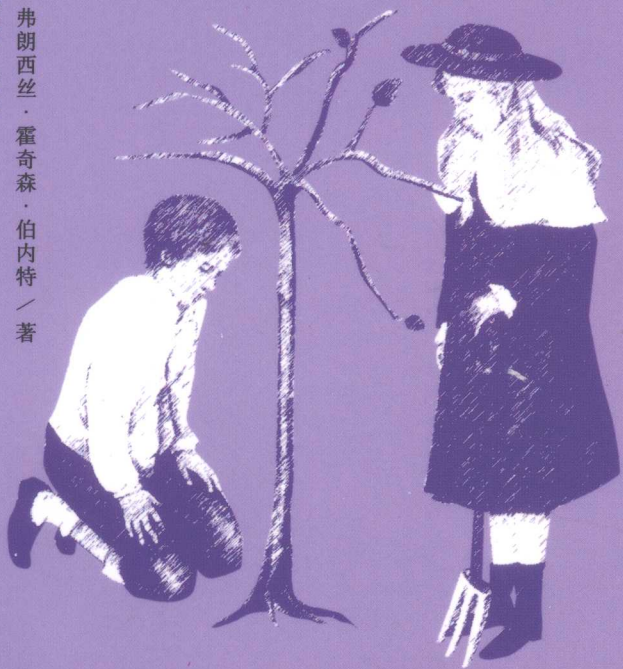
秘密花园

The Secret Garden



青春励志系列
Youth and Growth

【美】弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特 / 著
刘晓媛 / 译注



世界文学宝库中的经典著作 一部展现青春励志的魔法书
一本神奇的、充满糖果香味的书
一个关于大自然的魔法和人类美好心灵的故事
英美语文课文必选片段，英美家庭必备文学读物



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总序

青春如初春，如朝日，如百卉之萌动，是人生最宝贵的时期。对青春而言，成长是一个永恒的话题，是一个开始学习与社会相适应、学习如何与他人相处的过程。这个过程需要智者的引导，需要从阅读中寻求价值参照。本套“青春励志丛书”为广大青少年读者精心编选了五部有关爱与成长的名著：《长腿叔叔》、《绿山墙的安妮》、《彼得·潘》、《秘密花园》和《安妮日记》，这些最有影响力的作品自出版以来畅销不衰，在世界各地常被选作英文教材或课外读物，为青少年的成长提供了情感的熏陶、心灵的滋养和智慧的启迪。

这五部名著记录了各个主人公动人的成长故事，表达了浪漫的青春情怀，洋溢着温馨阳光的气息。读者可以置身其中，体味别样的成长经历——孤女乔瑞莎给神秘的资助者“长腿叔叔”写了一封又一封没有回复的信，自强不息地走上了作家之路；喋喋不休的红发女孩安妮从孤儿院来到绿山墙后，用自己的爱心赢得了友谊，用丰富的想象力充实了自己的生活；彼得·潘是一个不愿长大也永远不会长大的小男孩，他在“永无乡”的海岛上与小伙伴们经历了许多童话般奇妙的事情；英国小姑娘玛丽因父母病逝被送到姑父克莱文先生的庄园，在那里她遇到了最神奇的事情，唤醒了世界上最美丽的花园；德籍犹太小姑娘安妮与家人朋友为躲避纳粹迫害被迫藏匿在“密室”中，用自己的坚毅与勇敢记下了自己成长的青春日记……

这也是一套可以让成年人从中获得感悟的双语读物。古罗马哲学家辛尼加说过：“青春并不是生命中一段时光，它是心灵上的一种状况。它跟丰润的面颊，殷红的嘴唇，柔滑的膝盖无关。它是一种沉静的意志，想象的能力，感情的活力，它更是生命之泉的新血液。”每个人都不能拒绝成长，阅读本套丛书，成年人可以重新体验青春时代成

长的历程，而且还可以与孩子一起阅读，一起成长，永远保持着最年轻的心态。

语言的学习离不开阅读，这在实践中早已被证实。著名英语教育家、语言学家许国璋说过：“光学几句干巴巴的英文不行，……不要总是把阅读的目的放在提高英文上，阅读首先是吸收知识，吸收知识的过程中自然而然就吸收了语言。”阅读名著，不仅可以培养青少年读者的文学素养，更能在不知不觉中培养他们对英语语言的理解与学习能力。本套“青春励志丛书”编选的作品均是名家名作，语言流畅，风格清新，通俗易懂，采用英汉对照的形式并对难词加以注释，便于读者顺利地阅读。如果你是一位英语学习者，阅读本套丛书既可欣赏这些名著的原文风采，又可将原文与译文对比推敲，提高翻译水平。如果你是一名文学爱好者，阅读本套丛书则可以欣赏文字，提高文学素养，体味思想真谛。此外，为了让读者更好地学习本套丛书，编辑特地聘请外籍专家为本书的精彩篇章录音，听读青春励志经典定会让读者受益匪浅。

亲爱的读者，相信这套契合心灵的丛书，能够带给你成长的智慧，让你的青春具有独特的意义；能够默默浸润你的心房，给予你高贵而坚韧的人格力量。希望你们能快乐、健康地成长，开启别样的人生旅程！

编者

导 读

弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特(1849—1924)是20世纪最著名的女作家之一,1849年出生于英国的曼彻斯特市,1865年随全家移民到美国的田纳西州。从18岁开始,她陆续在杂志上发表小说,28岁时出版了她第一本畅销书《劳瑞家的闺女》。

1886年,伯内特发表了小说《小少爷方特罗伊》,让她从此步入当时最富有的畅销书作家之列;1905年,她发表著名的作品《小公主》。不过,她最著名、最成功的作品,是1911年出版的这本《秘密花园》。本书一经出版,立刻风靡全世界,一版再版,曾先后十几次被改编成电影、电视、卡通片、话剧与舞台剧。这本书与她的其他几部作品一起,都成为世界文学宝库中的经典之作。

本书的灵感来源于伯内特1909在纽约长岛布置自家花园时突发的灵感。

在印度某地的一场霍乱中,10岁的小女孩儿玛丽失去了父母,死里逃生的玛丽先是被一个牧师家庭收养,接着被送回到英国她的姑夫克莱文先生的美塞奥斯怀特庄园。由于从小没有得到父母的关爱,玛丽养成了自私、乖戾而又冷漠的性格,跟任何人都很难相处。

美塞奥斯怀特庄园坐落在荒原边缘,克莱文先生在妻子死后一直郁郁寡欢,除了仆人以外,没有人前来拜访。玛丽在这里孤孤单单,除了女仆玛莎,她没有任何朋友。一天,玛莎告诉了她一个被关闭了十年的花园的故事,这引起了玛丽的兴趣,于是她开始寻找这个花园。在寻找花园的过程中,她遇到了老园丁本和荒原少年迪肯,此外还有一只知更鸟。在与自然的密切接触之中,在与朋友们的交往之中,她乖戾自私的脾气渐渐得以改变,并且还改变了比她更专断、更蛮横的小少爷柯林,让这个终日缠绵病榻,只想着死神何时到来的男孩儿站了起来,创

造了他人生当中的奇迹。

这是一部讲述美好心灵和大自然魔法的故事，是关于“内心秘密成长的童话”。秘密花园是大自然的化身，这个美丽的秘密花园，是展示爱和大自然力量的舞台，它使人相信：依靠爱与大自然的力量，人类才可以告别不幸的命运。

本书语言简洁流畅，情节引人入胜，半个多世纪来，一直是英美家庭必备的文学读物。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，对读者朋友们都将产生积极的影响。

译者

2010年5月

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Chapter I

There Is No One Left



Chapter 1

There Is No One Left

When Mary Lennox was sent to Misselthwaite Manor to live with her uncle everybody said she was the most disagreeable^①-looking child ever seen. It was true, too. She had a little thin face and a little thin body, thin light hair and a sour expression. Her hair was yellow, and her face was yellow because she had been born in India and had always been ill in one way or another. Her father had held a position under the English Government and had always been busy and ill himself, and her mother had been a great beauty who cared only to go to parties and amuse herself with gay people. She had not wanted a little girl at all, and when Mary was born she handed her over to the care of an Ayah, who was made to understand that if she wished to please the Mem Sahib she must keep the child out of sight as much as possible. So when she was a sickly, fretful^②, ugly little baby, she was kept out of the way, and when she became a sickly, fretful, toddling thing, she was kept out of the way also. She never remembered seeing familiarly anything but the dark faces of her Ayah and the other native servants, and as they always obeyed her and gave her her own way in everything, because the Mem Sahib would be angry if she was disturbed by her crying, by the time she was six years old she was as tyrannical and selfish a little pig as ever lived. The young English governess who came to teach her to read and write disliked her so much that she gave up her place in three months, and when other governesses^③ came to try to fill it they always went away in a shorter time than the first one. So if Mary had not chosen to really want to know how to read books, she would never have learned her letters at all.

第一章

没有人活下来

当玛丽·莱诺克斯被送到美塞奥斯怀特庄园与她的姑父住在一起时，每个人都说她是他们所见过的模样最不讨人喜欢的孩子。这是事实。她有一张又小又瘦的脸，一个又小又瘦的身体，一头稀疏的浅色头发，一副闷闷不乐的表情。她的头发是黄色的，她的脸也是腊黄色的，因为出生在印度，总是得这样或那样的病。她的父亲在英国政府里任职，一直很忙，也一直生病。她的母亲是一个大美女，只喜欢参加聚会，与男人们在一起寻欢作乐，根本不想生一个女孩儿。当玛丽出生时，她的母亲把这个婴儿交给一个奶妈照料，并让后者明白，如果她想要取悦女主人，就必须让这个孩子尽可能地离女主人远点儿。于是，当玛丽还是一个多病的、闷闷不乐的、丑陋的小婴儿时，她就被母亲拒之门外了；而当她变成一个多病的、闷闷不乐的、摇摇摆摆的小幼儿时，她仍然被拒之千里，除了奶妈与其他几个土著仆人的黑脸孔，她根本不记得曾见过任何熟悉的东西，而这些仆人们对她言听计从，无论什么事都顺着她的性子，因为如果她的哭声打扰到了女主人，女主人就会很生气。当玛丽六岁时，她变得像一头小猪那样乖戾而自私，那位来教她阅读、写字的年轻的英国女教师对她深恶痛绝，以至于不到三个月就辞职离开了。其他的家庭女教师们陆续来应聘，但也在很短的时间内就离开了，比第一位任教的时间更短。因此，如果玛丽不是真心想读书的话，她就永远也学不会写自己的名字。

① disagreeable *adj.* 不愉快的, 不令人喜的, 厌恶的

② fretful *adj.* 烦躁的, 焦躁的

③ governesses *n.* 女家庭教师

One frightfully hot morning, when she was about nine years old, she awakened feeling very cross, and she became crosser still when she saw that the servant who stood by her bedside was not her Ayah.

“Why did you come?” she said to the strange woman. “I will not let you stay. Send my Ayah to me.”

The woman looked frightened, but she only stammered^① that the Ayah could not come and when Mary threw herself into a passion and beat and kicked her, she looked only more frightened and repeated that it was not possible for the Ayah to come to Missie Sahib.

There was something mysterious^② in the air that morning. Nothing was done in its regular order and several of the native servants seemed missing, while those whom Mary saw slunk or hurried about with ashy^③ and scared faces. But no one would tell her anything and her Ayah did not come. She was actually left alone as the morning went on, and at last she wandered out into the garden and began to play by herself under a tree near the veranda^④. She pretended that she was making a flower-bed^⑤, and she stuck big scarlet hibiscus^⑥ blossoms^⑦ into little heaps of earth, all the time growing more and more angry and muttering to herself the things she would say and the names she would call Saidie when she returned.

“Pig! Pig! Daughter of Pigs!” she said, because to call a native a pig is the worst insult^⑧ of all.

She was grinding^⑨ her teeth and saying this over and over again when she heard her mother come out on the veranda with some one. She was with a fair young man and they stood talking together in low strange voices. Mary knew the fair young man who looked like a boy. She had heard that he was a very young officer who had just come from England. The child stared at him, but she stared most at her mother. She always did this when she had a chance to see her, because the Mem Sahib—Mary used to call her that oftener than anything else—was such a tall, slim, pretty person and wore such lovely clothes. Her hair was like curly silk and she had a delicate^⑩ little nose which seemed to be disdaining^⑪ things, and she had large laughing eyes. All her clothes were thin and floating, and Mary said they were “full of lace”. They looked fuller of lace than ever this morning, but her eyes were not laughing at all. They were

当她九岁的时候，在一个酷热难当的早晨，她醒了过来，觉得心情恶劣。当她看到站在床边的仆人不是她的奶妈时，她的心情更恶劣了。

“你来干什么？”她对那个陌生女人说，“我不要你在这里，把我的奶妈叫过来。”

那个女人看起来很惶恐，但她只是结结巴巴地说她的奶妈不能来。玛丽勃然大怒，对她又打又踢，那个女人看起来显得更加害怕，不断地重复说让奶妈到小姐这里来是根本不可能的。

那天早上，有一种神秘的氛围飘散在空气中，一切都乱了套，有几个土著仆人似乎也失了踪。玛丽看到一些仆人偷偷摸摸、匆匆忙忙地跑来跑去，脸上落着灰，表情惊恐。但是，没有人告诉她发生了什么事，她的奶妈也没有来。实际上，当上午的时光慢慢流逝时，她被一个人留在那里了。最后，她漫无目的地走进花园里，开始在游廊附近的一棵树下独自玩耍起来。她假装自己正在建一座花坛，把大朵大朵的猩红色木槿花插进一个小土堆里。玩着、玩着，她越玩越生气，嘴里自言自语地嘟哝着当赛迪奶妈回来时，她要叫着她的名字，把她大骂一顿。

“猪！猪！小母猪崽子！”她说，因为把当地人叫作猪算得上是一个最大的侮辱。

她咬着牙，一遍又一遍地骂着，这时她听到她的母亲与某个人走进游廊里。那是一个年轻的金发男子，他们站在一起用奇特的声音低声交谈着。玛丽认识那个金发的年轻男子，他看起来就像是一个大男孩儿，她曾听说他是刚刚从英国来的年轻军官。玛丽注视着他，但目光更多地落在她母亲的身上，当她有机会看她母亲时，她一有机会就会这样做，因为女主人——玛丽习惯于这样称呼她——是一位高挑、纤细、美丽的女人，总是穿着可爱的衣服；她的头发就像卷曲的丝绸，有一个精致小巧的鼻子，看上去总是一副蔑视一切的态度；她还有一双大大的、含笑的眼睛。她身上的衣服都是薄薄的、轻飘飘的，玛丽说它们“全是花边”，今天早上，那些花边看起来比以往更多，但是她的眼睛

① stammer v. 口吃,结巴着说出,结结巴巴地说

② mysterious adj. 神秘的

③ ashy adj. 灰的,灰烬的,苍白的

④ veranda n. 阳台,走廊

⑤ flower-bed n. 花床,花圃

⑥ hibiscus n. 木槿属

⑦ blossoms n. 花(尤指结果实者),花开的状态,兴旺期

⑧ insult v. 侮辱,凌辱

⑨ grind v. 磨(碎),碾(碎)

⑩ delicate adj. 精巧的,精致的

⑪ disdain v. 轻蔑,蔑视,鄙弃

large and scared and lifted imploringly to the fair boy officer's face.

"Is it so very bad? Oh, is it?" Mary heard her say.

"Awfully," the young man answered in a trembling voice. "Awfully, Mrs. Lennox. You ought to have gone to the hills two weeks ago."

The Mem Sahib wrung her hands.

"Oh, I know I ought!" she cried. "I only stayed to go to that silly dinner party. What a fool I was!"

At that very moment such a loud sound of wailing broke out from the servants' quarters that she clutched the young man's arm, and Mary stood shivering from head to foot. The wailing grew wilder and wilder.

"What is it? What is it?" Mrs. Lennox gasped.

"Some one has died," answered the boy officer. "You did not say it had broken out among your servants."

"I did not know!" the Mem Sahib cried. "Come with me! Come with me!" and she turned and ran into the house.

After that, appalling^① things happened, and the mysteriousness of the morning was explained to Mary. The cholera had broken out in its most fatal form and people were dying like flies. The Ayah had been taken ill in the night, and it was because she had just died that the servants had wailed in the huts. Before the next day three other servants were dead and others had run away in terror. There was panic on every side, and dying people in all the bungalows^②.

During the confusion and bewilderment^③ of the second day Mary hid herself in the nursery and was forgotten by everyone. Nobody thought of her, nobody wanted her, and strange things happened of which she knew nothing. Mary alternately^④ cried and slept through the hours. She only knew that people were ill and that she heard mysterious and tightening sounds. Once she crept into the dining-room and found it empty, though a partly finished meal was on the table and chairs and plates looked as if they had been hastily pushed back when the diners rose suddenly for some reason. The child ate some fruit and biscuits, and being thirsty she drank a glass of wine which stood nearly filled. It was sweet, and she did not know how strong it was. Very soon it made her intensely drowsy, and she went back to her nursery and shut herself

中却没有了一丝一毫的笑意，它们睁得大大的，显得惊恐万状。她正仰起脸，恳求般地望着那个金发男孩儿军官的脸。

“真的这么糟糕吗？哦，真的吗？”玛丽听到她母亲这么说。

“非常可怕，”年轻男子用颤抖的声音回答，“非常可怕，莱诺克斯夫人，您两个星期前就应该去山里了。”

女主人绞着她的手指。

“噢，我知道我应该去的！”她哭泣着说，“我待在这里只是想去看那个愚蠢的晚宴。我真是个傻瓜！”

就在这时，一声响亮的哀号声从仆人的住处方向传来，她不由得紧紧地抓住年轻男子的手臂。玛丽站在那里，全身也在发抖。哀号声变得越来越杂乱。

“怎么回事？”莱诺克斯夫人气喘吁吁地问。

“有人死了，”那个男孩儿军官回答，“您没有说它也传染到您的仆人间了。”

“我不知道！”女主人哭泣着说，“跟我来！跟我来！”她转过身，跑进了房子里。

从那以后，骇人听闻的事情发生了，清晨的神秘氛围玛丽也弄清楚了。霍乱以最致命的方式在这一带爆发了，人们像苍蝇一样死掉了。玛丽的奶妈昨天夜里得了病，因为她刚刚去世，仆人们才在棚屋里发出哀号。在第二天来临之前，又有三个仆人死于非命，其他的仆人则因恐惧而四处逃散。每一个角落都弥漫着恐怖的气息，所有的房间中都躺着奄奄一息的病人。

在骚动与混乱的第二天，玛丽躲在儿童室里，被所有的人遗忘在脑后。没有人想到她，没有人想要找她，奇怪的事情在发生，而她却一无所知。几个小时过去了，玛丽哭一会儿，又睡一会儿。她只知道人们生病了，她听到了神秘而嘈杂的声音。她爬进了餐厅里，发现里面空空如也，吃剩下一半的食物放在餐桌上，椅子与盘子看起来似乎是用餐者突然之间因为某种原因站起来时，被匆匆推到一边的。玛丽吃了些水果和饼干，因为感到有些渴了，又喝了一杯葡萄酒，酒杯里的葡萄酒几乎是满的。葡萄酒很甜，她不知道酒的后劲儿有多大，很快，酒精让

① *appalling adj.* 令人震惊的，骇人听闻的

② *bungalows n.* (带走廊的)平房

③ *bewilderment n.* 困惑，迷乱

④ *alternately adv.* 交替地，隔一个地

in again, frightened by cries she heard in the huts and by the hurrying sound of feet. The wine made her so sleepy that she could scarcely keep her eyes open and she lay down on her bed and knew nothing more for a long time.

Many things happened during the hours in which she slept so heavily, but she was not disturbed by the wails and the sound of things being carried in and out of the bungalow.

When she awakened she lay and stared at the wall. The house was perfectly still. She had never known it to be so silent before. She heard neither voices nor footsteps, and wondered if everybody had got well of the cholera^① and all the trouble was over. She wondered also who would take care of her now her Ayah was dead. There would be a new Ayah, and perhaps she would know some new stories. Mary had been rather tired of the old ones. She did not cry because her nurse had died. She was not an affectionate child and had never cared much for any one. The noise and hurrying about and wailing over the cholera had frightened her, and she had been angry because no one seemed to remember that she was alive. Everyone was too panic-stricken to think of a little girl no one was fond of. When people had the cholera it seemed that they remembered nothing but themselves. But if everyone had got well again, surely some one would remember and come to look for her.

But no one came, and as she lay waiting the house seemed to grow more and more silent. She heard something rustling^② on the matting and when she looked down she saw a little snake gliding^③ along and watching her with eyes like jewels. She was not frightened, because he was a harmless little thing who would not hurt her and he seemed in a hurry to get out of the room. He slipped under the door as she watched him.

“How queer and quiet it is,” she said. “It sounds as if there were no one in the bungalow but me and the snake.”

Almost the next minute she heard footsteps in the compound, and then on the veranda. They were men’s footsteps, and the men entered the bungalow and talked in low voices. No one went to meet or speak to them and they seemed to open doors and look into rooms. “What desolation^④!” she heard one voice say. “That pretty, pretty woman! I suppose the child, too. I heard there was a child, though no one ever saw her.”