



Beautiful English

美丽英文

心灵深处的音乐

The Music Within

刘育红◎编译

美丽英文袖珍馆
POCKET BOOK I



学习英文，从选择自己喜欢的美丽英文开始

英文
随身读

当你的心在痛 眼甲噙满泪水时 那就抬头看看
依旧是 于时光 上的音乐。

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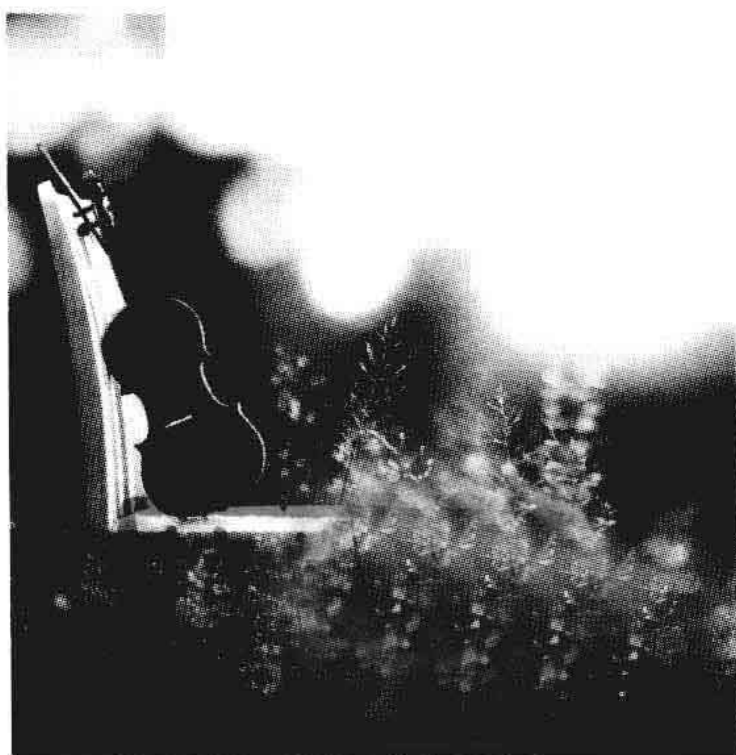
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美丽英文袖珍馆·第1辑

心灵深处的音乐

The Music Within

当你的心在痛，眼里噙满泪水时，那就抬头看看，天空依旧是那么广阔，云朵依旧是那么潇洒。而后悬于时光深处，静静聆听，直到听见那心灵深处的音乐。

PREFACE



THE MUSIC WITHIN

心灵深处的音乐

Life...what is it?

See it in the colors of autumn,

A gentle snowfall in winter,

A sudden shower in spring,

The radiance of a summer day.

Behold it in the laughter of the young and the old.

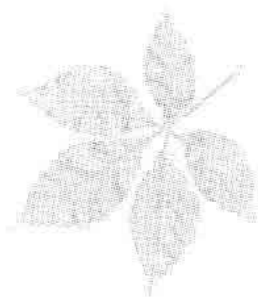
Know of it in a surge of hope,

The blessings that are bountiful.

What is life?

It is joy, awareness,

and the music within.



生命是什么？

它浸染在五彩缤纷的秋色里，

飘融在轻柔无语的冬雪中，

在阵阵春雨里，

在绚丽夏日中。

它包含在老人爽朗的笑声里，

也隐匿在孩子天真的嬉戏中。

它汹涌在人们的希望里，

它荡漾在美好的祝福中，

生命是什么？

是欢乐，是领悟，

是心灵深处的音乐。





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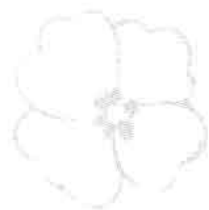
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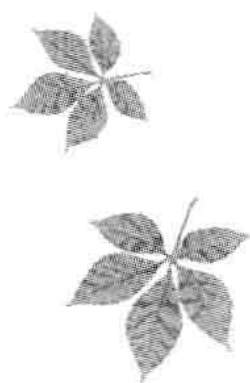
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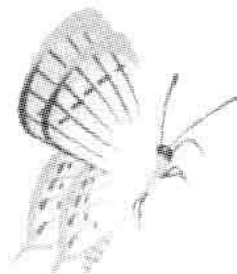
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Chapter 1

聆听自然的声音

Each spring it blossoms so profusely that the air becomes saturated with the aroma of apple. When I drive by with my windows rolled down, it gives me the feeling of moving in another element, like a kid on a water slide.

每年春天，它便蓬勃绽开花蕾，空气中弥漫着苹果花的芳香。当我开着车窗驱车经过之时，它让我觉得仿佛到了另一个天地，像一个孩子在乘坐水滑梯一样。

Spring Thaw 春天的融化

© Bertrand Russell

Every April I am beset by the same concern—that spring might not occur this year. The landscape looks forsaken, with hills, sky and forest forming a single graymeld, like the wash an artist paints on a canvas before the masterwork. My spirits ebb, as they did during an April snowfall when I first came to Maine 15 years ago. “Just wait,” a neighbor counseled. “You’ll wake up one morning and spring will just be here.”

And look, on May 3 that year I awoke to a green so startling as to be almost electric, as if spring were simply a matter of flipping a switch. Hills, sky and forest revealed their purples, blues and green. Leaves had unfurled, goldfinches had arrived at the feeder and daffodils were fighting their way heavenward.

Then there was the old apple tree. It sits on an undeveloped lot in my neighborhood. It belongs to no one and therefore to everyone. The tree’s dark twisted branches sprawl in unpruned abandon. Each spring it blossoms so profusely that the air becomes saturated with the aroma of apple. When I drive by with my windows rolled down, it gives me the feeling of moving in another element, like a



每年4月我总是被同一个念头困扰着——今年的春天可能不会再来了吧。四周的景色看起来一片凄凉，小山、天空和森林灰蒙蒙的，就像艺术家的名画尚未完成之前画布上的底色一般。我的情绪十分低落，就像15年前我初次来到缅因州，迎来一次4月的降雪那样。“只有等等看了，”一个邻居劝我，“说不定哪一天你一觉醒来，春天已经来临了。”

果不其然，那年的5月3日，当我醒来时，发现屋外绿意逼人，简直让人惊异，春天好像开了闸一般突然间就来到了眼前。小山、天空和森林姹紫嫣红，展示出它们的蓝色和绿色。树叶舒展开来，黄雀翩翩飞来觅食，黄水仙也朝天竞相生长。

同时，还有那棵老苹果树。它耸立在我家旁边的一块荒地中。它不属于任何人，所以也就归每个人所有。苹果树乌黑扭曲的枝条因未经修剪而恣意蔓生。每年春天，它便蓬勃绽开花蕾，空气中弥漫着苹果花的芳香。当我开着车窗驱车经过之时，它让我觉得仿佛到了另一个天地，像一个孩子在乘坐水滑梯一样。

直到去年为止，我还以为只有我意识到了这棵树

kid on a water slide.

Until last year, I thought I was the only one aware of this tree. And then one day, in a fit of spring madness, I set out with pruner and lopper to remove a few errant branches. No sooner had I arrived under its boughs than neighbors opened their windows and stepped onto their porches. These were people I barely knew and seldom spoke to, but it was as if I had come unbidden into their personal gardens.

My mobile home neighbor was the first to speak. “You’re not cutting it down, are you?” Another neighbor winced as I lopped off a branch. “Don’t kill it, now,” he cautioned. Soon half the neighborhood had joined me under the apple arbor. It struck me that I had lived there for five years and only now was learning these people’s names, what they did for a living and how they passed the winter. It was as if the old apple tree gathering us under its boughs for the dual purpose of acquaintanceship and shared wonder. I couldn’t help recalling Robert Frost’s words:

The trees that have it in their pent-up buds

To darken nature and be summer woods

One thaw led to another. Just the other day I saw one of my neighbors at the local store. He remarked how this recent winter had been especially long and lamented not having seen or spoken at length to anyone in our neighborhood. And then, recouping his thoughts, he looked at me and said, “We need to prune that apple tree again.”

的存在。后来有一天，在一个明朗的春天引起的疯狂中，我拿着整枝器和修枝剪，想除去一些杂乱无章的树枝。我刚站到树下，邻居们就纷纷打开窗户，或者走到门廊上。这些人我几乎都不认识，也很少说过话，但眼前这情形就像我未经允许擅自闯进他们的私家花园一样。

一位住在活动房中的邻居第一个发言：“你不是要砍倒它吧？”当我砍掉一条树枝的时候，另一个邻居心疼得跟什么似的。“喂，别把它弄死了。”他警告道。很快，附近几乎一半的人都跑过来，和我一起站在了树荫下。我突然意识到我已经在这儿住了五年，直到现在我才开始了解这些人的名字，他们是如何谋生的，他们是如何过冬的。好像这棵老苹果树把我们召集到树下是为了双重目的：为了让我们彼此认识，以及共享自然的美妙。这时，我不禁回忆起罗伯特·弗罗斯特的诗句：

春树幽闭的芽中藏着碧绿

即将长成荫荫夏木和幽幽树林

那次融洽的交流开了个好头。就在几天前，我在附近的店里看见一个邻居在购物。他说去年冬天特别漫长，无不遗憾地感慨长时间在这附近见不到邻居，也没跟他们说过话。然后，他又想了一下，看着我说：“我们需要再给那棵苹果树修修枝了。”