

北京外国语大学 杨立民 徐克容 编

COLLEGE ENGLISH

(Revised)

Book 3

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大学英语教程

(修订本)

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杨立民 徐克容 编

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修订本说明

本书原为北京外国语学院(现改名为北京外国语大学)胡文仲等同志所编 College English 一、二两册之续编,供大专院校英语专业本科二年级学生使用。此书自 1985 年正式出版以来,已重印 10 数次,印数达 50 余万册。使用时间之长,远远超出编者当初预料。对此,编者心中十分不安。因为本书当初编写相当仓促。考虑不周之处,乃至明显错误均甚多。而一用 10 年不动一字,实在有负于使用本书诸君之厚爱。因此决心予以重大修改,是为新编。

这次修订主要遵循以下四条原则:

1. 维持原书基本框架。本书仍为传统精读课本,沿用以课文为中心,组织语言学习之基本方法。每课内容亦与原书大致相同,仍分课文、练习、语法三大部分。所附小诗仍供学生自学欣赏,无需教师课堂上正式处理;
2. 尽量在总体目标上以及语言项目、词汇范围与练习方式上使教材体现教委大纲规定之要求。希望基本上完成精读课作为一种课型之任务;
3. 刷新教材内容,使之更生动、更多样、更实用;
4. 努力加强教材之计划性与科学性,提高教材总体格调,增加信息量,更好地使语言与文化结合在一起。

以上几条,仅为编者主观愿望。实际情况,限于编者水平,各种错误缺点仍难避免。因此我们衷心希望使用本书诸君能不吝赐教,予以指正。此外,各类练习总量偏多,教师必须根据情况选择使用,这点亦请使用者特别注意。

本书原版曾由英国专家 Pat Adler 与加拿大专家 Sandra Sachs 女士审校。新编版又经加拿大专家 Ruth Gamberg 负责全部审校,并由美国专家 Helen Young 女士做部分文字修改。在此我们一并谨表深切谢意。

编 者

Contents

Lesson One

Text: Christmas Day in the Morning	
by Pearl S. Buck	1
<i>Word Study: take, get</i>	10
Grammar: 1. Infinitives (1)	24
2. I wish	25

Lesson Two

Text: The Nightingale and the Rose	
by Oscar Wilde	36
<i>Word Study: see, go</i>	47
Grammar: 1. Noun + to infinitive	61
2. Inversion	62
3. Other Ways of Comparing Things	64

Lesson Three

Text: Clearing in the Sky	
by Jesse Stuart	73
<i>Word Study: make, keep</i>	82
Grammar: Infinitives of Purpose	96

Lesson Four

Text: Darken your Graying Hair, and Hide your Fright	
Anonymous	105
<i>Word Study: turn, do</i>	115

Grammar: 1. Infinitives as Subject	130
2. Passive Infinitives	131
3. The Subjunctive in Reporting Suggestions	132
4. Concessive Clauses Denoting Contrast	132
Lesson Five	
Text: Beauty is Truth by Anna Guest	142
<i>Word Study: leave, look</i>	153
Grammar: 1. Present Participles as Adverbial Modifiers	164
2. Infinitives of Result	167
Lesson Six	
Text: Button, Button by Richard Matheson	179
<i>Word Study: draw, cut</i>	191
Grammar: 1. The Past Participle as Attributive Modifier	204
2. The Past Participle as Predicative	206
Lesson Seven	
Text: Twelve Angry Men (Part One) by Reginald Rose	215
<i>Word Study: owe, help, come</i>	237
Grammar: 1. The Gerund	251
2. The Verbal Noun	256

Lesson Eight

Text: Twelve Angry Men (Part Two)	
by Reginald Rose	267
Word Study: <i>set, run</i>	287
Grammar: 1. Infinitives and Present Participles as Object Complement	302
2. Modals plus Perfect Infinitives	304

Lesson Nine

Text: Pompeii	
by Robert Silverburg	317
Word Study: <i>way, hand</i>	328
Grammar: 1. The Past Participle as Adverbial Modifier	342
2. The Past Participle as Object Complement	344

Lesson Ten

Text: The Man in Asbestos	
by Stephen Leacock	353
Word Study: <i>break, call</i>	365
Grammar: 1. Impersonal It	376
2. More About Comparison	377

Lesson Eleven

Text: Diogenes and Alexander	
by Gilbert Highet	386
Word Study: <i>account, show</i>	398
Grammar: 1. The Present Participle as Attributive Modifier	

.....	411
2. More About Modals	413

Lesson Twelve

Text: Farewell, My Unlovely	
by Caskie Stinnett	427
<i>Word Study: bring, check</i>	437
Grammar: 1. Inversion (2)	454
2. More About Appositive Clauses	455

Lesson Thirteen

Text: Mr. Imagination	
by George Kent	465
<i>Word Study: pull, give</i>	478
Grammar: 1. Modals + Perfect Infinitives	490
2. Object Complement	492

Lesson Fourteen

Text: The Odour of Cheese	
by Jerome K. Jerome	504
<i>Word Study: hold, carry</i>	513
Grammar: Sentences of Unreal Condition	526

Lesson Fifteen

Text: A Horseman in the Sky	
by Ambrose Bierce	540
<i>Word Study: lead, cover</i>	550
Grammar: Sentences of Implied Condition	565

Lesson Sixteen

Text: The Oyster and the Pearl

by William Saroyan 575

Word Study: put, work 603

Grammar: 1. Ellipsis 620

2. Rhetorical Questions 623

Lesson Seventeen

Text: Multinational Corporations 633

Word Study: catch, agree 643

Grammar: Exercise for Revision 657

VOCABULARY LIST 663

LESSON ONE

TEXT

Christmas Day in the Morning

by Pearl S. Buck

He woke suddenly and completely. It was four o'clock, the hour at which his father had always called him to get up and help with the milking. Strange how the habits of his youth clung to him still! His father had been dead for thirty years, and yet he still waked at four o'clock in the morning. But this morning, because it was Christmas, he did not try to sleep again.

Yet what was the magic of Christmas now? His childhood and youth were long past, and his own children had grown up and gone.

Yesterday his wife had said, "It isn't worthwhile, perhaps —" And he had said, "Oh, yes, Alice, even if there are only the two of us, let's have a Christmas of our own."

Then she had said, "Let's not trim the tree until tomorrow, Robert. I'm tired."

He had agreed, and the tree was still out by the back door.

He lay in his bed in his room. The door to her room was shut because she was a light sleeper. Years ago they had decided to use separate rooms. Neither of them slept as well as they once had. They had been married so long that nothing could separate them,

actually.

Why did he feel so awake tonight? For it was still night, a clear and starry night. No moon, of course, but the stars were extraordinary! Now that he thought of it, the stars seemed always large and clear before the dawn of Christmas Day.

He slipped back in time, as he did so easily nowadays. He was fifteen years old and still on his father's farm. He loved his father. He had not known it until one day a few days before Christmas, when he had overheard what his father was saying to his mother.

"Mary, I hate to call Rob in the mornings. He's growing so fast, and he needs his sleep. I wish I could manage alone."

"Well, you can't, Adam." His mother's voice was brisk. "Besides, he isn't a child any more. It's time he took his turn."

"Yes," his father said slowly. "But I sure do hate to wake him." When he heard these words, something in him woke: his father loved him! He had never thought of it before, taking for granted the tie of their blood. Now that he knew his father loved him, there would be no more loitering in the mornings and having to be called again. He got up after that, stumbling blind with sleep, and pulled on his clothes.

And then on the night before Christmas, he lay thinking about the next day. They were poor, and most of the excitement was in the turkey they had raised themselves and in the mince pies his mother made. His sisters sewed presents, and his mother and father always bought something he needed, not only a warm jacket, maybe, but something more, such as a book. And he always saved and bought them each something, too.

He wished, that Christmas he was fifteen, he had a better present for his father instead of the usual tie from the ten-cent store.

He lay on his side and looked out of his attic window.

"Dad," he had once asked when he was a little boy, "What is a stable?"

"It's just a barn," his father had replied, "like ours."

Then Jesus had been born in a barn, and to a barn the shepherds and the Wise Men had come, bringing their Christmas gifts!

A thought struck him like a silver dagger. Why should he not give his father a special gift, out there in the barn! He could get up earlier, creep into the barn and get all the milking done. And then when his father went in to start the milking, he'd see it all done.

He laughed to himself as he gazed at the stars. It was what he would do, and he mustn't sleep too soundly.

He must have waked twenty times, striking a match each time to look at his old watch.

At a quarter to three he got up and crept downstairs, careful of the creaky boards, and let himself out. A big star hung low over the roof, a reddish gold. The cows looked at him, sleepy and surprised. It was early for them, too.

But they accepted him placidly and he fetched some hay for each cow and then got the milking pail and the big milk cans.

He had never milked all alone before, but it seemed almost easy. He smiled and milked steadily, two strong streams rushing in to the pail, frothing and fragrant. The cows were behaving well, as though they knew it was Christmas.

The task went more easily than he had ever known it to before. Milking for once was not a chore. It was a gift to his father. He finished, the two milk cans were full, and he covered them and closed the milk-house door carefully, making sure of the latch. He put the stool in its place by the door and hung up the clean milk pail. Then

he went out of the barn and barred the door behind him.

Back in his room he had only a minute to pull off his clothes and jump into bed, for he heard his father up. He put the covers over his head to silence his quick breathing. The door opened.

"Rob!" his father called. "We have to get up, son, even if it is Christmas."

"Aw-right," he said sleepily.

"I'll go on out," his father said. "I'll get things started."

The door closed and he lay still, laughing to himself. In just a few minutes his father would know. His dancing heart was ready to jump from his body.

The minutes were endless—ten, fifteen, he did not know how many—and he heard his father's footsteps again. The door opened.

"Rob!"

"Yes, Dad—"

"You son of a—" His father was laughing, a queer sobbing sort of a laugh. "Thought you'd fool me, did you!" His father was standing beside his bed, feeling for him, pulling away the cover.

"It's for Christmas, Dad!"

He found his father and ^{feelshelosth}clutched him in a great hug. He felt his father's arms go around him. It was dark, and they could not see each other's faces.

"Son, I thank you. Nobody ever did a nicer thing—"

"Oh, Dad, I want you to know—I do want to be good!" The words broke from him of their own will. He did not know what to say. His heart was bursting with love.

"Well, I reckon I can go back to sleep," his father said after a moment. "No, listen—the little ones are waked up. Come to think of it, son. I've never seen you children when you first saw the

Christmas tree, I was always in the barn. Come on!"

He pulled on his clothes again, and they went down to the Christmas tree, and soon the sun was creeping up to where the star had been. Oh, what a Christmas, and how his heart had nearly burst again with shyness and pride as his father told his mother about how he, Rob, had got up all by himself.

"The best Christmas gift I ever had, and I'll remember it, son, every year on Christmas morning, as long as I live."

They had both remembered it, and now that his father was dead he remembered it alone: that blessed Christmas dawn when, alone with the cows in the barn, he had made his first gift of true love. Outside the window now the stars slowly faded. He got out of bed and put on his slippers and bathrobe and went softly downstairs. He brought in the tree, and carefully began to trim it. It was done very soon. He then went to his library and fetched the little box that contained his special gift to his wife, a diamond brooch, not large but dainty in design. But he was not satisfied. He wanted to tell her—to tell her how much he loved her.

How fortunate that he had been able to love! Ah, that was the true joy of life, the ability to love! For he was quite sure that some people were genuinely unable to love anyone. But love was alive in him. It still was.

It occurred to him suddenly that it was alive because long ago it had been born in him when he knew his father loved him. That was it: love alone could waken love.

And this morning, this blessed Christmas morning, he would give it to his beloved wife. He could write it down in a letter for her to read and keep forever. He went to his desk and began: My dearest love...

When it was finished, he sealed it and tied it on the tree. He put out the light and went tiptoeing up the stairs. The stars in the sky were gone, and the first rays of the sun were gleaming in the east, such a happy, happy Christmas!

WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS

- attic /'ætɪk/ *n.* 楼顶间, 阁楼
barn /bɑ:n/ *n.* 农仓, 牛马厩 ✓
✓ bar /bɑ:/ *v.* 用门将门闩住或关住
bathrobe /'bɑ:θrəʊb/ *n.* 浴衣
✓ bless /bles/ *n. v.* 祝福, 祈祷, (上帝)保佑, 赐福
✓ brisk /brɪsk/ *a.* 轻快的, 语气干脆、直接了当的
brooch /brəʊtʃ/ *n.* 胸针
✓ burst with /bɜ:st/ *v.* (burst, burst) 充满着…
can /kæn/ *n.* 罐头, 桶; *v.* 装罐头
chore /tʃɔ:/ *n.* 家中杂事 ✓
✓ cling /kɪŋ/ *v.* (clung, clung) 抓住……不放; 抱住……不放;
黏着
✓ clutch /klʌtʃ/ *v.* 抓牢, 抓紧
contain /kən'teɪn/ *v.* 包含
creaky /'kri:ki/ *a.* 吱吱嘎嘎作响的
creep /kri:p/ *v.* (crept, crept) 爬行; 匍匐
dagger /'dægə/ *n.* 匕首, 短剑
✓ dainty /'deɪnti/ *a.* 娇美的
design /di'zeɪn/ *n. v.* 设计
✓ fade /feɪd/ *v.* 褪色
footstep /'fʊtstep/ *n.* 脚步
fragrant /'freɪgrənt/ *a.* 芳香的, 馥郁的

- ✓frothing /'frʊθɪŋ/ *a.* 充满泡沫的
- ✓gaze /geɪz/ *v. n.* 凝视
- genuinely /'dʒɛnjuɪnli/ *adv.* 真正地
- ✓gleam /'glim/ *v.* 闪烁微光
- ✓grant /'grɑːnt/ *v., n.* 承认; 答应; 授与 to take ... for granted 认为……是理所当然的
- hay /hei/ *n.* (用作饲料的)干草
- Jesus /'dʒiːzəs/ *n.* 基督
- ✓latch /lætʃ/ *v., n.* 以闩插上门; 门栓
- ✓loiter /'lɔɪtə/ *v.* 闲荡; 徘徊; 磨蹭
- magic /'mædʒɪk/ *a.* 神奇的, *n.* 魔术, 魔力
- mince /mins/ *n.* 碎肉, 百果馅
- nowadays /'naʊədəɪz/ *adv.* 现在, 当今
- ✓overhear /'əʊvə'hiə/ *v.* (overheard, overheard)无意中听到
- pail /peɪl/ *n.* 桶
- pie /paɪ/ *n.* 馅饼 mince ~ 百果馅饼
- ✓placidly /'plæsɪdli/ *adv.* 平静地 ✓
- present /'prezənt/ *n.* 礼物
- ✓raise /reɪz/ *v.* 养(家畜、家禽)
- reckon /'rekən/ *v.* 认为, 想
- seal /siːl/ *n., v.* 印章; 封蜡; 封条; 盖章; 密封
- separate /'sepəreɪt/ *v.* 分开; 分离 *a.* /'sepərɪt/ 分开的
- slippers /'slɪpəz/ *n.* 拖鞋
- ✓soundly /'saʊndli/ *adv.* 甜美地(睡眠)
- stable /'steɪbl/ *n.* 马棚, 马厩
- starry /'stɑːri/ *a.* 满天星斗的; 星光灿烂的
- steadily /'stedɪli/ *adv.* 稳定地; 不动摇地
- ✓stumble /'stʌmbl/ *v.* 绊跌; 跌跌冲冲地走; 蹒跚而行
- ✓tiptoe /'tɪptəʊ/ *v.* 用脚尖走路

trim /trim/ v. 修剪, 装饰

turkey /'tʌ:ki/ n. 火鸡

▼ worthwhile /'wə:θ'wail/ a. 值得的

AIDS TO PREVIEW

1. Notes

- 1) Pearl S. Buck (1892-1973) (中文译名: 赛珍珠) The great success of this American novelist came with the publication of *The Good Earth* (中文译名: 《大地》), a novel about a Chinese family. A daughter of missionaries, Pearl Buck grew up in China, married an American, and lived in China for about 40 years. She is the first American woman to win the Nobel Prize for literature. The present article was taken from the December 23, 1955 issue of *Collier's*.
- 2) You son of a — : The word left unsaid is “gun”. It is a euphemism for “bitch”. Here it is said affectionately.
- 3) The shepherds and the Wise Men: Briefly this is the Christian story of Jesus Christ's birth. Jesus' father Joseph and mother Mary went to the town of Nazareth to pay their annual taxes. They could not find anywhere to stay, so had to sleep in the stable of an inn. There Mary gave birth to Jesus. Shepherds in the hills had got a message from God that if they followed a certain star in the sky, it would lead them to their saviour — the person God would send to save them. The night Jesus was born, they followed a very bright star which shone directly over the stable. The kings or chieftains — called the Wise Men in the story — were travelling in search of God's saviour, too. They also arrived at the stable, bringing gifts