

中学生浅易英汉对照读物③



Tales from  
Hans Andersen  
**安徒生童话集**

外语教学与研究出版社



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HANS ANDERSEN

安徒生童话集  
(简写本)

Hans Andersen 原著

*Michael West, Brian Heaton* 改写

陈 静 译

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Simplified by  
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## 本书作者及内容简介

汉斯·克里斯琴·安徒生 (Hans Christian Andersen, 1805—1875) 是丹麦十九世纪的著名童话作家。他出身贫寒，父亲是鞋匠，母亲靠为人洗衣度日，父亲早死，母亲改嫁，他没有上学受教育的机会，就到一家呢绒铺当过学徒。十四岁时，离开故乡，来到首都哥本哈根谋生，在当个歌剧演员的希望破灭后，曾在剧院充杂役，后来得到一些艺术家的帮助，弄到助学金，上了正规学校，学得一点文化。他的童年和少年时代是在贫困的环境中度过的。从十七岁起，他开始发表作品，到三十岁以后才专心为儿童创作，直到去世前两年，共写了一百六十八篇童话和故事，为我们留下了宝贵的文学遗产。

安徒生的一生饱尝艰辛，深知劳动人民的疾苦，对贫困无告的人们寄予无限的热爱与同情。他向往美丽幸福的理想世界，作品中充满了对美好的未来的憧憬。他希望人们具有高尚的品德和舍己为人的精神。他创造了令人难忘的艺术形象，如在《海公主》中小人鱼把“人”看得非常高贵，为了爱“人”，她不惜牺牲自己的幸福，忍受极大的痛苦，以获得“人”的灵魂。《拇指姑娘》中的小不点儿姑娘却具有伟大的感情，她追求光明，并给别人创造幸福。另一方面，安徒生对于剥削阶级人物的愚昧无知、浅薄庸俗、贪婪自私等则给予无情的揭露和讽刺。如《国王的新衣》中的国王、《夜莺》中国王的臣仆等，他都用辛辣而幽默的手法加以刻

划，把他们那种自欺欺人、阿谀奉承等丑态描绘得淋漓尽致。安徒生的童话有深刻的现实生活的基础，又充满诗意与幻想，花草树木、鸟兽鱼虫都被赋予人的气质，具有人的感情。《夜莺》中的鸟儿美妙的歌声竟使爱它的国王起死回生；《丑小鸭》中被人嫌弃的小鸭子原来是从天鹅蛋中孵出来的小天鹅，神话与现实紧密交融，大胆的奇想中寓有合理的因素。这些童话既是写给儿童看的，也是写给成人看的，其思想内容和艺术形象至今仍不乏魅力，足以引人深思。

这个简写本所用词汇和句型有严格限制，以适应初学英语者的语言水平，在内容方面则删节有限，合乎青少年读者的需要，书后附有译文供对照阅读。

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One

## *THE UGLY LITTLE DUCK*

The country was beautiful. There were woods along the sides of the fields. In the woods there was an old hut and many small rivers. The grass near the rivers was very long. No one ever went there.

One day a duck was sitting on her eggs in these woods. She sat there for a long time and she began to grow unhappy. The other ducks liked to stay in the rivers; they did not want to sit in the long grass near her.

At last the eggs opened and little ducks came out of them.

"Tchick, tchick!" the little ducks said as they put their heads outside the eggs.

"Quack, quack," said the old duck.

Then the little ducks stood up and looked at the grass.

"How big everything is!" they said.

The old duck got up. "I have not got you all," she said. "The largest egg is still here. It is not open. How long will this last? I don't want to sit here all day." Then she sat down again.

Another duck came to see her. "How are you?" she asked.

"This one egg makes me stay here so long!" the old duck said. "It will not open! But look at the others! They are the prettiest little ducks that I have ever seen."

"Let me see the egg which will not open," the other duck said. "Ah, yes! It is big egg. Do not sit on it any longer. Show the other little ones how to go into the river."

"I will sit on it a little longer," the duck said.

The big egg opened at last. "Tchick, tchick," said the little one, and it fell out. But oh! how big and ugly it was! The duck looked at it. "That is a very big duck," she said. "None of the others are at all like it. But it must go into the water, too. I'll put it in now."

The next day the old duck took all the little ducks down to the river. She went into the water. "Quack, quack," she cried, and one little duck after another jumped in. The water went over their heads, but they all came up again. All were there, even the ugly one.

"See how it goes through the water. It is a good little duck; it is my own child," the old duck said. "It is very pretty when you look at it now. Quack, quack, come with me! I shall show you many things and I shall take you to see all the other ducks. But stay near me,



or someone may walk on you. Do not go too near the cat."

So they went to see the other ducks in the garden. There was much noise; the two ducks were having a quarrel about some food.

"Stay near me and speak to the old duck which you see over there. She is the greatest of the ducks here," the duck said to her children.

The little ducks did as they were told. But the other ducks who were in the garden looked at them and said,

"Now there are some more ducks; there are too many of us. And look how ugly that one is. We shall send him away."

Then one of the ducks ran to him and bit him.

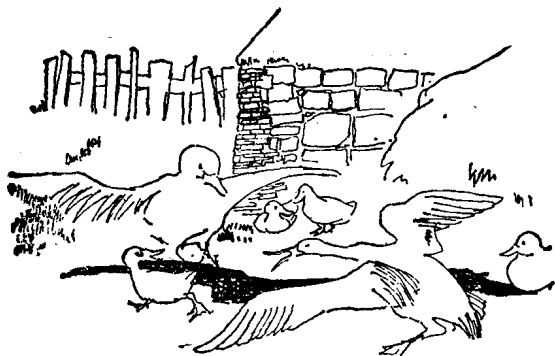
"Do not touch him," the old duck said. "He is doing nothing to hurt you."

"He is big and ugly, so we will bite him."

"He is not beautiful, but he is a very good child," the old duck told the other ducks. "He is very good in the water. I think he will grow like the others in time. He may even look smaller. He stayed so long in his egg; that is why he is not the same."

But the poor little duck who was the last out of its egg was bitten by the ducks and hens. "It is so big," they all said. The poor little thing did not know what to do; he was very unhappy because he was so ugly.

After the first day he grew more and more unhappy.



No one wanted to speak to him or to go near him. Even his brothers and sisters were not kind to him. They said, "I wish the cat would catch you, you ugly duck!" and even the old duck said, "I wish you were far away!"

The ugly little duck ran out of the garden. The little birds in the trees were very afraid. "That is because I am so ugly," the little duck thought. He shut his eyes and ran on. At last he came to a big field where some wild ducks lived. He lay down and stayed all the night there.

In the morning the wild ducks got up and saw the little duck. "Who are you?" they asked. The ugly little duck was very nice to them.

"You are very ugly," the wild ducks said. "But we will still like you if you do not marry any of our children." Poor thing! he never thought of marrying. All he wanted was to sit in the long grass and drink some water.

He stayed there for two days. On the next day two wild geese came.

"You are very ugly but we like you," they said.  
"Will you come with us and be a wild bird?"

Bang! It was the noise made by a gun. The two wild geese fell down dead in the long grass. Bang! It was the noise of a gun again. Many wild geese went up in the sky from the long grass. Bang!

There were many men with guns. They were shooting the wild geese. They were on all sides of the little duck; some were even sitting in the trees. Their dogs ran through the long grass. How afraid the little duck was! He wanted to hide his head so that he could not see. Just then a big dog stood near him. The big dog's mouth opened when he saw the little duck. Then he looked again and went away—without touching the little duck.

"I am glad that I am ugly," said the duck. "I am so ugly that even the dog will not eat me."

And now he lay still; the noise of the shooting could be heard all day. Even at night the poor little duck was afraid to get up. He waited a long time before he looked through the long grass. Then he ran away as quickly as he could.

At last he came to a little hut. The door of the hut was open, so the little duck walked inside.

An old woman lived in the hut with her cat and her hen. The old woman called the cat "My little son" ; the hen laid very good eggs, and the old woman loved her as her own child.

The next morning they found the little duck in the room. The cat and the hen began to make a noise.

"What is it?" the old woman asked, looking everywhere in the room. But her eyes were not good, so she thought that the young duck was a fat old duck who had lost her way.

"I shall now have duck's eggs. This is very good," she said.

And so the old woman, the cat and the hen all waited for the little duck to lay eggs. They waited for a long time, but no eggs came.

The cat and the hen were angry with the little duck.

"Can you lay eggs?" the hen asked.

"No."

"Then do not speak."

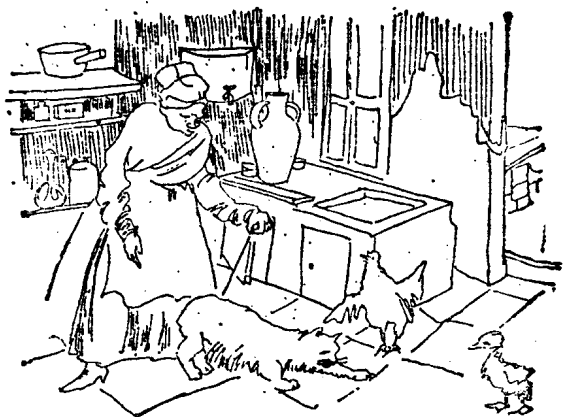
And the cat said, "Can you make a nice noise like I do? —Purr, Purr."

"No."

"Then you must not speak when we are speaking."

So the little duck sat alone in the room and was very unhappy. He began to think of his friends and the sun. He wanted to go into the river again and he told

the hen about this.



"Are you ill?" the hen asked. "You have nothing to do and you think about these things. If you lay eggs, you will not remember them."

"But it is so nice to go into the river," the little duck said. "It is nice when the water goes over your head."

"Now I know that you are ill," the hen said. "Ask the cat what she thinks. Ask her if she would like the water to go over her head. Ask the old woman—there is no one alive who knows more than she does. Do you think that she would like to fall in the river?"

"You do not know how nice it is," the little duck said.

"What! We do not know how nice it is! So you think you know more than the cat and the old woman.

You should thank us for being so kind to you. Are you not living in a nice room with nice people? Learn to lay eggs or to purr."

"I think I will go into the fields and woods again," the little duck said.

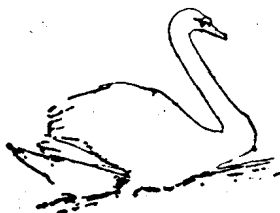
"Go at once," answered the hen.

So the little duck went. He went to the river and jumped into the water. But no one spoke to him because he was so ugly.

Soon the days became cold and it began to snow. The poor little duck did not find it easy to stay alive.

One night, just as the sun was going down in the sky, the little duck saw some large and beautiful birds. He had never seen anything so beautiful before. Their bodies were white; they were swans. They went up and up in the sky, away from the cold country and over the sea to hotter countries. The ugly little duck looked at them for a long time and cried out after them.

Ah! he would always remember those beautiful birds. When he could see them no longer, he put his head in the cold water. He did not know what the birds were called; he did not know where they were going; but he loved them more than anything. He did not want to be as beautiful as they were; he would be happy



if he could just live with the other ducks in the garden.

But the river was so cold, so cold! The little duck could never stay still in the water; it was so very cold. At last, he fell down in the snow. He could live no longer.

In the morning a poor man came to the river. He saw the little duck near the side of the river. So he brought him home to his wife.

The little duck opened his eyes. The poor man's children wanted to play with him, but the little duck was afraid of them. He was so afraid that he jumped into some milk. The poor man's wife cried out, and the noise made the little duck even more afraid. He jumped on the food and ran everywhere.

The woman cried out again and hit him. The children ran to catch him and cried out, too. The door was open; he jumped out of the house and into the snow.

The little duck went from one place to another, but no one wanted to help him. There were times when he wanted to sit down in the snow and die. But he lived through the cold days and at last he saw the sun in the sky once more.

The little duck got up. He was bigger than before and he could go up and up in the sky. Up! Up! At last he came down out of the sky. He came down into a large garden, full of beautiful trees. There was a river near

the trees. Oh! everything was so beautiful!

Three beautiful white swans came out of the woods. They went into the river and sat on the water so beautifully. The little duck remembered seeing these beautiful birds before.

"I will go to them, those beautiful birds!" he said.

"They will kill me because I am so ugly. But I must go to them."

He ran into the water and went up to the beautiful birds. They saw him and came to him. "Kill me," said the poor little duck, and he put his head down near the water, and he saw...! What did he see in the water? He saw his own body. It was not the body of a fat, ugly little duck. It was the body of a swan! He had come from a swan's egg.

The swans came to him and touched him. Some little children were running about in the garden. They threw bread into the water, and the youngest cried out, "There is a new one!" The others cried out, too. "Yes, a new swan has come!" They looked at him happily. "The new one is so young and so beautiful. He is the most beautiful of them all!"

The young swan was so happy! He remembered how no one liked him before. Now the children said that he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. He said, "I never thought that I could be so happy."



## Two

# THE NIGHTINGALE

Once there was a king who lived in a beautiful city. His garden was full of lovely flowers. The king put silver bells on each flower. Then everyone heard the bells ringing and looked at the flowers. The garden was very big. Even the gardener did not know how big it was. The people who walked through the big garden came to a beautiful wood and then to the sea.

The wood went down to the sea. Large ships could go near the trees in the wood. A small bird lived in one of the trees. It was called a nightingale. It sang so beautifully! Even the poor fisherman always stood still to hear it. "Oh, how pretty that is!" he said.

People came from many other countries to the King's city. They told the King how much they liked his city, his house, and his garden. But when they heard the little bird, they all said, "Nothing is as good as the nightingale." And they spoke about the bird for a long time. Men wrote books about the city, the house, and the garden, and they always wrote beautiful things about the nightingale.

