

秘密花园

THE SECRET GARDEN

中英对照全译本

[美] 弗朗西斯·霍奇森·伯内特 著

Burnett F.H.

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译



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美国文学卷

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前言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



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Chapter 1 There Is No One Left

第一章 一个人也没剩下

When Mary Lennox was sent to Misselthwaite Manor to live with her uncle everybody said she was the most disagreeable-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, 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

当玛丽·伦诺克斯被送到米瑟斯韦特庄园去和她舅舅一起住时，所有人都说她是他们见过的最难看的小孩。这确实是事实。她长了一张瘦削的小脸，纸片一样薄的身体，稀疏的黄发和一副愁眉苦脸的神情。她的头发是黄色的，而她的脸也蜡黄蜡黄的，因为她出生于印度，总是染上各种各样的病。她的父亲供职于英国政府，一直公务繁忙，也总是生病，而她的母亲则是一位大美人，一心只想去聚会声色犬马，寻欢作乐。她压根就不想要这个小女孩，当玛丽出生的时候她将她交给一个印度奶妈照看，奶妈知道，若是想取悦女主人就必须让小孩离开她的视线越远越好。于是在她还是个病怏怏的、喜怒无常又丑陋的小婴孩的时候，就被带到离大人很远的地方，而当她长成一个病怏怏的、喜怒无常又走路蹒跚的小东西时，还是被带到离大人很远的地方。她记忆中熟悉的只有印度奶妈和其他印度仆人的黑脸，他们总是遵从她的意愿让她为所欲为，因为如果女主人被她的哭闹打扰的话会大发雷霆。到她6岁那年，她长成了世界上最专横自私的小猪崽。一个年

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 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.

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 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 in the air that morning. Nothing was done in its regular order and several of the native servants seemed missing, while those

轻的英国家庭教师来教她读书写字，她十分厌恶这孩子，只干了 3 个月就辞职了。而其他继任的家庭教师总是比第一个待的时间更短。所以如果不是玛丽自己想要读书，她恐怕连一个字母都不认识。

那是一个热的可怕的早上，她大约 9 岁那么大，她醒来的时候就觉得非常不爽，而当她看到站在床边的仆人不是她的奶妈，就更加怒不可遏了。

“你来干什么？”她对陌生女人说，“我可不会让你留下来的。把我奶妈叫来。”

女人看样子被吓到了，但她只是磕磕巴巴地说奶妈不能来。玛丽怒气冲天地对她拳脚相加，她看起来更加恐惧，只是不断重复说奶妈是不可能到小姐这里来了。

那天早晨的气氛有些诡秘。所有的事情都和平日不同，一些当地仆人似乎消失了，而玛丽见到的那些仆人无一一脸惊慌，匆忙四处逃

whom Mary saw slunk or hurried about with ashy 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. She pretended that she was making a flower-bed, and she stuck big scarlet hibiscus blossoms 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 of all.

— She was grinding 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 little

窠。然而没有人告诉她发生了什么，而她的奶妈也没有出现。渐渐地，那个上午就只剩下她一个人了，最后她乱逛进了花园，开始在游廊旁边的一棵树下自己和自己玩。她假装正在做花床，她将硕大的绯红色的芙蓉花插进一个个小土堆里，她心中的怒气越来越盛，口中自言自语地念叨着等奶妈回来她要咒骂她的话。

“猪！猪！猪养的！”她说，因为最恶毒的咒骂就是叫当地印度土著为猪了。

她正咬牙切齿地一遍遍地咒骂，就听见她妈妈和别人走到游廊上的声音。陪着她的是一个漂亮的年轻人，他们站在一起用低沉而古怪的声音交谈着。玛丽认识这个英俊年轻人，他长得像个小男孩。她曾听说他是个十分年轻的军官，刚从英国来。小女孩直勾勾地盯着他，而她更多的时候是直勾勾地盯着她的母亲看。一有机会见到她母亲，她就这样，因为女主人——玛丽最常这样叫她——是如此高挑、窈窕，美丽的女人，而她身上穿的衣服也如此华美。她的头发像卷曲的丝绸一般，她还长了一个小巧玲珑的鼻子，一副不可一世的模样，而她还

nose which seemed to be disdaining 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 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 things happened,

有一双笑意盈盈的大眼睛。她所有的衣服都轻薄飘逸，玛丽说它们“全都是蕾丝”。那天早上，她身上的蕾丝比往常任何时候都要多，但她眼中却全然没有笑意。她两眼圆睁，充满惊恐地抬起头，哀求地望向英俊的男孩军官的脸庞。

“有那么糟糕吗？噢，真的吗？”玛丽听见她说。

“糟糕极了，”年轻人用颤抖的声音回答，“糟透了，伦诺克斯太太。两周之前你就应该到山上去。”

女主人使劲绞着双手。

“哦，我知道我应该！”她叫道，“我只是想留下来参加那个愚蠢的晚宴。我真是个傻瓜！”

就在这时，从仆人的宿舍里传出一声巨大的嚎哭，她紧紧抓住年轻人的胳膊，这时玛丽浑身发抖地站了起来。嚎哭声变得越来越响亮凄厉。

“那是什么声音？那是什么？”伦诺克斯太太喘着气问。

“有人死了，”年轻军官回答，“你没有说它你的仆人中也爆发了。”

“我不知道！”女主人哭喊着，“跟我来！跟我来！”她转身跑进房子里。

之后就发生了耸人听闻的事

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.

During the confusion and bewilderment of the second day Mary hid herself in the nursery and was forgotten by every one. Nobody thought of her, nobody wanted her, and strange things happened of which she knew nothing. Mary alternately cried and slept through the hours. She only knew that people were ill and that she heard mysterious and frightening 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 in again, frightened by cries she heard in the

情，玛丽这才明白这天早上那种神秘的气氛到底是为什么。一种最致命的霍乱爆发了，人们像苍蝇一样纷纷死去。奶妈在夜里霍乱发作，刚才在棚屋里仆人们的恸哭就是因为她死了。一天之内，又有 3 个仆人死了，其他人都惊恐万分地逃走了。恐慌遍布每一个角落，所有的平房里都有人死去。

第二天，在一片混乱和狼藉之中，玛丽自己躲到了婴儿房里，所有人都忘记了她。没有人想到她，也没有人需要她，古怪的事情发生了，而她对此一无所知。玛丽时哭时睡。她只知道人们生病了，而她听到了神秘的令人害怕的声音。有一次她爬进饭厅，发现里面空无一人，虽然桌子上的饭只吃了一半，仿佛吃饭的人因为某种原因突然站起来，将椅子和碟子匆忙推到一边。玛丽吃了些水果和饼干，因为口渴她又喝了几乎满满一杯酒。那杯酒很甘甜，而她并不知道酒劲儿有多大。很快她就觉得无比困倦，她回到她的婴儿房，把门关上，棚屋里的哭喊和屋外匆忙的脚步声，让她惊恐不已。那杯酒让她困得眼睛都睁不开，她躺在床上，很长时间都人事不知。

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 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 anyone. 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 every one had got well again, surely

在她睡着的这段时间里发生了许多事情，然而她睡得很沉，并没有被哭喊和平房里抬进抬出的声音打扰。

当她醒过来以后，就躺在床上盯着墙壁发呆。房子里一片死寂。她以前从没觉得这座房子如此安静过。她既听不到人声，也听不到脚步声，她想是不是所有人都从霍乱里恢复过来了，所有的麻烦都结束了。她还想到，如今她的奶妈死了，那谁来照顾她呢？可能会有一个新的奶妈，或许她知道些新故事。玛丽已经厌倦了那些老故事了。她的奶妈死了，她也并不哭泣。她并不是一个很有爱心的孩子，她也从未关心过任何人。霍乱带来的各种嘈杂、忙乱和嚎哭把她吓得不轻，她很生气，因为似乎没有人记得她还活着。所有人都惊慌失措，记不起还有这样一个“万人嫌”的小女孩。当霍乱发生的时候，人们似乎只能记起自己。但如果所有人都康复了，那么肯定会有人记起她，来找她。

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 on the matting and when she looked down she saw a little snake gliding 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 was 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!” 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.”

Mary was standing in the middle of the nursery when they opened the door a few minutes later. She looked an ugly, cross little thing and was frowning because she was beginning to be hungry and feel disgracefully neglected. The first man who came in was a large officer she had once

然而谁也没有来，就在她躺在那里等待的时候，这座房子似乎变得越来越寂静。她听到什么东西在地毯滚动的声音，她朝下一看，发现了一条小蛇在游走着，用它那宝石一样的眼睛注视着她。她并不感到害怕，因为它是这样一个无害的小东西，而且它看起来正急于离开这个房间。在她的注视下，小蛇从门缝溜了出去。

“这里多么奇怪，多么安静啊，”她说，“听起来就好像这座房子里只有我和那条蛇。”

而几乎下一秒她就听到了院子里传来了脚步声，然后到了游廊上。那是男人们的脚步声，他们进了平房，用低沉的声音交谈着。没有人去迎接他们，或是跟他们说话，他们好像打开了门，朝房间里面看去。

“多么凄凉！”她听见一个声音说，“可惜那个美丽的女人！我猜那个孩子也……我听说有个孩子，不过没有一个人曾经见过她。”

几分钟之后，他们打开门的时候，玛丽就站在婴儿房的中央。她看上去是个丑陋而怒气冲冲的小家伙，正蹙着眉头因为她开始觉得饿了，而她感到被人无视十分丢脸。第一个进来的男人是个高级军官，她有一次看到他和她的父亲谈话。

seen talking to her father. He looked tired and troubled, but when he saw her he was so startled that he almost jumped back.

“Barney!” he cried out. “There is a child here! A child alone! In a place like this! Mercy on us, who is she!”

“I am Mary Lennox,” the little girl said, drawing herself up stiffly. She thought the man was very rude to call her father’s bungalow “A place like this!” “I fell asleep when everyone had the cholera and I have only just wakened up. Why does nobody come?”

“It is the child no one ever saw!” exclaimed the man, turning to his companions. “She has actually been forgotten!”

“Why was I forgotten?” Mary said, stamping her foot. “Why does nobody come?”

The young man whose name was Barney looked at her very sadly. Mary even thought she saw him wink his eyes as if to wink tears away.

“Poor little kid!” he said. “There is nobody left to come.”

It was in that strange and sudden way that Mary found out that she had neither father nor mother left; that they had died and been carried away in the night, and that the few native servants who had not died also had left the house as quickly as they could get out of it, none of them even

他看上去疲劳焦虑，但当他看到她时，他被吓了一跳，几乎朝后跃起。

“巴尼！”他大叫道，“这儿有个小孩儿！就她一个人！在这么一个地方！天可怜见，她是谁？”

“我是玛丽·伦诺克斯，”小女孩说，僵硬地挺直身板。她觉得这个男人很无礼，竟然把他父亲的房子说成“这么一个地方！”“大家染上霍乱的时候，我睡着了，刚刚才醒过来。为什么没有人过来？”

“这是那个谁都没见过的孩子！”男人惊叫道，转向他的同伴。
“她竟然被遗忘了！”

“我怎么被遗忘了？”玛丽跺着脚问，“为什么没有人来？”

那个叫巴尼的年轻人看着她的眼神十分哀伤。玛丽甚至觉得她看到他在拼命眨着眼睛，想把泪水挤掉。

“可怜的小家伙！”他说，“没有人剩下，没有人能来。”

就是以这样一种莫名其妙且突如其来方式，玛丽得知她已经没有父亲，也没有母亲了；他们都在夜里死去，被抬走了，少数几个幸免于难的印度仆人已经尽快地逃出了这座房子，没有人还记得还有一位玛丽小姐。这就是为什么这个地

remembering that there was a Missie Sahib. That was why the place was so quiet. It was true that there was no one in the bungalow but herself and the little rustling snake.

方如此寂静的缘故。因为这座房子里没有其他人，只有玛丽和那条窸窣的小蛇。