

美国原版经典语文课本

THE
ECLECTIC
READERS

美国语文



WILLIAM H. MCGUFFEY

〔美〕威廉·H·麦加非 / 著

天津人民出版社

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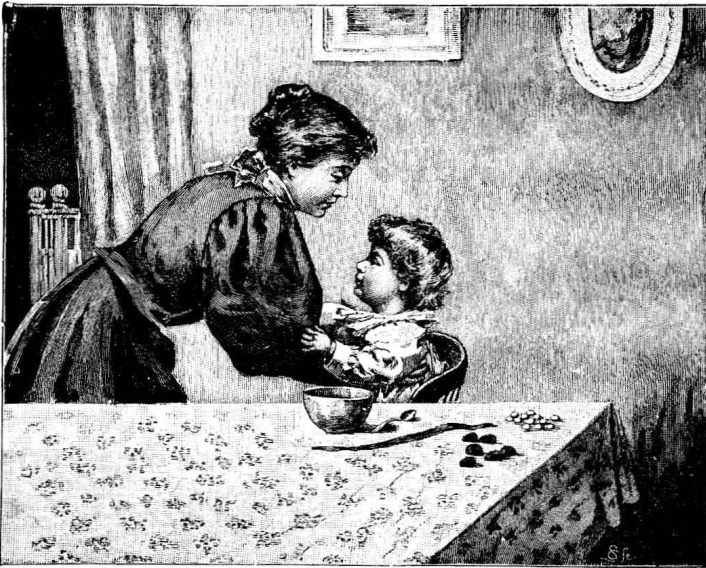
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LESSON 1
THE SHEPHERD BOY

either trickle fancied murmur reflected
glossy entered shepherd chestnuts command



1. Little Roy led his sheep down to pasture,
And his cows, by the side of the brook;
But his cows never drank any water,
And his sheep never needed a crook.
2. For the pasture was gay as a garden,

And it glowed with a flowery red;
But the meadows had never a grass blade,
And the brooklet—it slept in its bed:

3. And it lay without sparkle or murmur,
Nor reflected the blue of the skies;
But the music was made by the shepherd,
And the sparkle was all in his eyes.

4. Oh, he sang like a bird in the summer!
And, if sometimes you fancied a bleat,
That, too, was the voice of the shepherd,
And not of the lambs at his feet.

5. And the glossy brown cows were so gentle
That they moved at the touch of his hand
O'er the wonderful, rosy-red meadow,
And they stood at the word of command.

6. So he led all his sheep to the pasture,
And his cows, by the side of the brook;
Though it rained, yet the rain never pattered
O'er the beautiful way that they took.

7. And it wasn't in Fairyland either,
But a house in the midst of the town,
Where Roy, as he looked from the window,

Saw the silvery drops trickle down.

8. For his pasture was only a table,
 With its cover so flowery fair,
And his brooklet was just a green ribbon,
 That his sister had lost from her hair.

9. And his cows were but glossy horse-chestnuts,
 That had grown on his grandfather's tree;
And his sheep only snowy-white pebbles,
 He had brought from the shore of the sea.

10. And at length when the shepherd was weary,
 And had taken his milk and his bread,
And his mother had kissed him and tucked him,
 And had bid him "good night" in his bed;

11. Then there entered his big brother Walter,
 While the shepherd was soundly asleep,
And he cut up the cows into baskets,
 And to jackstones turned all of the sheep.

(Emily S. Oakey)

LESSON 2

JOHNNY'S FIRST SNOWSTORM

country groves losing sugar freezes

1. Johnny Reed was a little boy who never had seen a snowstorm till he was six years old. Before this, he had lived in a warm country, where the sun shines down on beautiful orange groves, and fields always sweet with flowers.

2. But now he had come to visit his grandmother, who lived where the snow falls in winter. Johnny was standing at the window when the snow came down.



3. "O mamma!" he cried, joyfully, "do come quick, and see these little white birds flying down from heaven."

4. "They are not birds, Johnny," said mamma, smiling.

5. "Then maybe the little angels are losing their feathers! Oh! do tell me what it is; is it sugar? Let me taste it," said Johnny. But when he tasted it, he gave a little jump—it was so cold.

6. "That is only snow, Johnny," said his mother.

7. "What is snow, mother?"

8. "The snowflakes, Johnny, are little drops of water that fall from the clouds. But the air through which they pass is so cold it freezes them, and they come down turned into snow."

9. As she said this, she brought out an old black hat from the closet. "See, Johnny! I have caught a snowflake on this hat. Look quick through this glass, and you will see how beautiful it is."

10. Johnny looked through the glass. There lay the pure, feathery snowflake like a lovely little star.

11. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star!" he cried in delight. "Oh! please show me more snow-flakes, mother."

12. So his mother caught several more, and they were all beautiful.

13. The next day Johnny had a fine play in the snow, and when he came in, he said, "I love snow; and I think snowballs are a great deal prettier than oranges."

LESSON 3
LET IT RAIN

daughter quench wreaths butter thirsty

1. *Rose.* See how it rains! Oh dear, dear, dear! how dull it is! Must I stay in doors all day?

2. *Father.* Why, Rose, are you sorry that you had any bread and butter for breakfast, this morning?

3. *Rose.* Why, father, what a question! I should be sorry, indeed, if I could not get any.

4. *Father.* Are you sorry, my daughter, when you see the flowers and the trees growing in the garden?

5. *Rose.* Sorry? No, indeed. Just now, I wished very much to go out and see them,—they look so pretty.

6. *Father.* Well, are you sorry when you see the horses, cows, or sheep drinking at the brook to quench their thirst?

7. *Rose.* Why, father, you must think I am a cruel girl, to wish that the poor horses that work so hard, the beautiful cows that give so much nice milk, and the pretty lambs should always be thirsty.

8. *Father.* Do you not think they would die, if they had no water to drink?

9. *Rose.* Yes, sir, I am sure they would. How shocking to think

of such a thing!

10. *Father.* I thought little Rose was sorry it rained. Do you think the trees and flowers would grow, if they never had any water on them?

11. *Rose.* No, indeed, father, they would be dried up by the sun. Then we should not have any pretty flowers to look at, and to make wreaths of for mother.

12. *Father.* I thought you were sorry it rained. Rose, what is our bread made of?

13. *Rose.* It is made of flour, and the flour is made from wheat, which is ground in the mill.

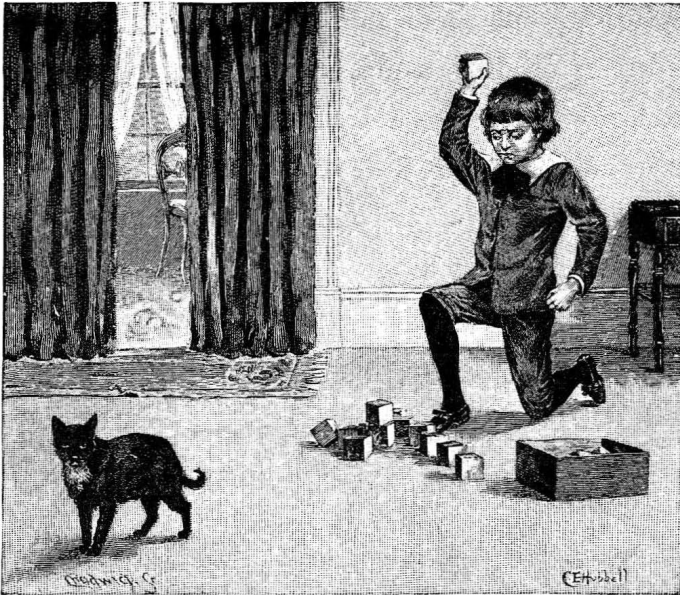
14. *Father.* Yes, Rose, and it was rain that helped to make the wheat grow, and it was water that turned the mill to grind the wheat. I thought little Rose was sorry it rained.

15. *Rose.* I did not think of all these things, father. I am truly very glad to see the rain falling.

LESSON 4

CASTLE-BUILDING

anger *castle* *foundation* *rattling* *tower*
dismay *sofa* *interested* *passion* *pile*
mimic *nodded* *exclaimed* *already* *spilled*



1. "O pussy!" cried Herbert, in a voice of anger and dismay, as the blockhouse he was building fell in sudden ruin. The playful cat had rubbed against his mimic castle, and tower and wall went rattling down upon the floor.

2. Herbert took up one of the blocks and threw it fiercely at pussy. Happily, it passed over her and did no harm. His hand was reaching for another block, when his little sister Hetty sprang toward the cat, and caught her up.

3. "No, no, no!" said she, "you sha'n't hurt pussy! She didn't mean to do it!"

4. Herbert's passion was over quickly, and, sitting down upon the floor, he covered his face with his hands, and began to cry.

5. "What a baby!" said Joe, his elder brother, who was reading on the sofa. "Crying over spilled milk does no good. Build it up again."

6. "No, I won't," said Herbert, and he went on crying.

7. "What's all the trouble here?" exclaimed papa, as he opened the door and came in.

8. "Pussy just rubbed against Herbert's castle, and it fell down," answered Hetty. "But she didn't mean to do it; she didn't know it would fall, did she, papa?"

9. "Why, no! And is that all the trouble?"

10. "Herbert!" his papa called, and held out his hands. "Come." The little boy got up from the floor, and came slowly, his eyes full of tears, and stood by his father.

11. "There is a better way than this, my boy," said papa. "If you had taken that way, your heart would have been light already. I should have heard you singing over your blocks instead of crying. Shall I show you that way?"

12. Herbert nodded his head, and papa sat down on the floor by the pile of blocks, with his little son by his side, and began to lay the foundation for a new castle.

LESSON 5

CASTLE-BUILDING

(CONCLUDED)

string *paper* *eagerly* *dashed* *case*
crash *dishes* *retorted* *sentence* *tray*

1. Soon, Herbert was as much interested in castle-building as he had been a little while before. He began to sing over his work. All his trouble was gone.

2. "This is a great deal better than crying, isn't it?" said papa.

3. "Crying for what?" asked Herbert, forgetting his grief of a few minutes before.

4. "Because pussy knocked your castle over."

5. "Oh!" A shadow flitted across his face, but was gone in a moment, and he went on building as eagerly as ever.

6. "I told him not to cry over spilled milk," said Joe, looking down from his place on the sofa.

7. "I wonder if you didn't cry when your kite string broke," retorted Herbert.

8. "Losing a kite is quite another thing," answered Joe, a little dashed. "The kite was gone forever; but your blocks were as good as before, and you had only to build again."