幸福是勇气的一种形式

对于大多数人来说,

他们认定自己有多幸福,

就有多幸福

人们努力一世

不过就是为了追求幸福



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# 等待微风入眠

Sleep With The Breeze

# 每天读点好英文

Every day English Notes

常青藤语言教学中心 编译

读故事・记单词・学语法

阅读能力 · 单词强化 · 语法巩固

美文赏析·翻译提升·内容记忆

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### 让心灵去旅行

Let Soul Go Traveling

2 · 月亮升起来 皮特·斯坦哈特

Spell of the Rising Moon Peter Steinhart

10 · 英国的农村生活 华盛顿·欧文

Rural Life in England Washington Irving

14 · 人的青春 托马斯·沃尔夫

Man's Youth Thomas Wolfe

19 · 人与自然 汉密尔顿·怀特·马堡

Man and Nature Hamilton Wright Mabie

23 · 一撮黏土 亨利·凡·戴克

A Handful of Clay Henry Van Dyke

31 · 我们在旅途中 亨利·凡·戴克

We Are on a Journey Henry Van Dyke

35 · 等待微风 马蒂·阿通

Waiting for the Breeze Marti Attoun

41 · 晚 夏 厄内斯特·海明威

Late Summer Ernest Hemingway

46 · 蜉 蝣 本杰明·富兰克林

The Ephemera Benjamin Franklin

52 · 林 鸟 威廉·亨利·哈德逊

Birds William Henry Hudson

57 · 沙与沫 卡里·纪伯伦

Sand and Foam Kahlil Gibran

62 · 三颗桃核 罗纳德·邓肯

Three Peach Stones Ronald Duncan

68 · 朝 南 W.L.菲尔浦斯

Facing South W. L. Phelps

73 · 一月的风 哈·柏兰

January Wind Hal Borland

77 · 河谷寻幽 威廉·科贝特

Down the Valley William Cobbett

86 · 十月之湖 赫伯特·厄内斯特·贝茨

October Lake Herbert Ernest Bates



#### 那是一棵生命的常青树

That Is an Evergreen Tree of Life

96 · 童 年 列夫·托尔斯泰

Childhood Leo Tolstoy

104 · 童年与诗 巴勃罗·聂鲁达

Childhood and Poetry Pablo Neruda

109 · 年轻与年老 罗伯特·路易斯·史蒂文森

Youth and Age Robert Louis Stevenson

113 • 年轻人 亚里士多德

Youth Aristotle

119 · 培根论真理 弗朗西斯·培根

Francis Bacon on Truth Francis Bacon

124 · 为悠闲者辩护 罗伯特·路易斯·史蒂文森

An Apology for Idlers Robert Louis Stevenson

131 • 亚里士多德论友谊 亚里士多德

Aristotle on Friendship Aristotle

135 · 我生命中最重要的一天 海伦·凯勒

The Most Important Day in My Life Helen Keller

144 · 在自然威力之下 埃德加·爱伦·坡

Under the Power of Nature Edgar Allan Poe

148 • 蚯 蚓 佚名

The Earthworm Anonymous

151 · 简单生活 理查德·沃克尔默

The Art of Living Simply Richard Wolkomir

163 · 热爱生命 杰克·伦敦

Love of Life Jack London

179 · 找到另一座山 弗朗西斯·拉塞尔

The Last Hill Francis Russell

188 · 醇美九月 哈尔·勃兰德

Sweet September Hal Borland



### 让生命在书香与自然中升华

Let Life Sublimate in Fragrance of Books and Nature

200 · 书籍 佚名

Books Anonymous

206 • 读书的乐趣 佚名

The Pleasure of Reading Anonymous

211 · 读书乐 约翰·卢伯克

The Delights of Books John Lubbock

214 · 适合的才是最好的 威廉·黑兹利特

Suit Is Best William Hazlitt

218 · 大学的理念(I) 约翰·亨利·纽曼

The Idea of a University (1) John Henry Newman

223 · 大学的理念 (Ⅱ) 约翰·亨利·纽曼

The Idea of a University (II) John Henry Newman

229 · 一种错觉 威廉·萨默塞特·毛姆

An Illusion William Somerset Maugham

232 · 两条道路 约翰·罗斯金

The Two Roads John Ruskin

237 · 亚顿河水 罗伯特·彭斯

Afton Water Robert Burns

241 • 月亮 佚名

The Moon Anonymous

244 • 巴黎: 浪漫之都 佚名

Paris: A Romantic Capital Anonymous

250 · 内卡河上木筏行 马克·吐温

Rafting Down the Neckar Mark Twain

260 · 马可·波罗游记 马可·波罗

The Travels of Marco Polo Marco Polo

265 · 骑马乡行记 威廉·科贝特

Rural Rides William Cobbett

275 · 如花的托斯卡纳 戴维·赫伯特·劳伦斯

Flowery Tuscany David Herbert Lawrence

286 · 这就是纽约 埃尔文·布鲁克斯·怀特

Here Is New York Elwyn Brooks White

299 • 十月的日出 佚名

An October Sunrise Anonymous

303 · 橘子的品质 艾伦·亚历山大·米尔恩

Golden Fruit A.A. Milne

Chapter 1

让心灵去旅行 Let Soul Go Traveling

### 月亮升起来

Spell of the Rising Moon

纍皮特·斯坦哈特/Peter Steinhart

皮特·斯坦哈特(1785—1851),美国博物学家,作家。他曾是以奥特朋(1785—1851,美国鸟类学家、画家及博物学家)命名的杂志的编辑及专栏作家,并且一干就是20年。他的作品曾被很多报刊采用,如:《纽约时报》《洛杉矶时报》《琼斯妈妈》等。

There is a hill near my home that I often climb at night. The noise of the city is a far-off **murmur**. In the hush of dark I share the cheerfulness of crickets and the confidence of owls. But it is the drama of the moonrise that I come to see. For that restores in me a quiet and clarity that the city spends too freely.

From this hill I have watched many moons rise. Each one had its own mood. There have been broad, confident harvest moons in autumn; shy, misty moons in spring; lonely, winter moons rising into the utter silence of an ink-black sky and smoke-smudged orange moons over the dry fields of summer. Each, like fine music, excited my heart and then calmed my soul.

Moon gazing is an ancient art. To prehistoric hunters the moon

overhead was as unerring as a heartbeat. They knew that every 29 days it became full-bellied and brilliant, then sickened and died, and then was reborn. They knew the waxing moon appeared larger and higher overhead after each succeeding sunset. They knew the waning moon rose later each night until it vanished in the sunrise. To have understood the moon's patterns from experience must have been a profound thing.

But we, who live indoors, have lost contact with the moon. The glare of street lights and the dust of pollution veil the night sky. Though men have walked on the moon, it grows less familiar. Few of us can say when the moon will rise tonight.

Still, it tugs at our minds. If we unexpectedly encounter the full moon, huge and yellow over the horizon, we can't help but stare back at its commanding presence. And the moon has gifts to bestow upon those who watch.

I learned about its gifts one July evening in the mountains. My car had mysteriously stalled, and I was stranded and alone. The sun had set, and I was watching what seemed to be the bright-orange glow of a forest fire beyond a ridge to the east. Suddenly, the ridge itself seemed to burst into flames. Then, the rising moon, huge and red and grotesquely misshapen by the dust and sweat of the summer atmosphere, loomed up out of the woods.

Distorted thus by the hot breath of earth, the moon seemed illtempered and imperfect. Dogs at nearby farmhouses barked nervously, as if this strange light had wakened evil spirits in the weeds.

But as the moon lifted off the ridge it gathered firmness and authority. Its complexion changed from red, to orange, to gold, to impassive yellow. It seemed to draw light out of the darkening earth, for as it rose, the hills and valleys below grew dimmer. By the time the

moon stood clear of the horizon, full chested and round and the color of ivory, and the valleys were deep shadows in the landscape. The dogs, reassured that this was the familiar moon, stopped barking. And all at once I felt a confidence and joy close to laughter.

The drama took an hour. Moonrise is slow and serried with subtleties. To watch it, we must slip into an older, more patient sense of time. To watch the moon move inexorably higher is to find an unusual stillness within ourselves. Our imaginations become aware of the vast distances of space, the immensity of the earth and the huge improbability of our own existence. We feel small but privileged.

Moonlight shows us none of life's harder edges. Hillsides seem silken and silvery, the oceans still and blue in its light. In moonlight we become less calculating, more drawn to our feelings.

And odd things happen in such moments. On that July night, I watched the moon for an hour or two, and then got back into the car, turned the key in the ignition and heard the engine start, just as mysteriously as it had stalled a few hours earlier. I drove down from the mountains with the moon on my shoulder and peace in my heart.

I often return to the rising moon. I am draw especially when events crowd ease and clarity of **vision** into a small corner of my life. This happens often in the fall. Then I go to my hill and await the hunter's moon, enormous and gold over the horizon, filling the night with vision.

An owl swoops from the ridge top, noiseless but bright as flame. A cricket shrills in the grass. I think of poets and musicians. Of Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* and of Shakespeare, whose Lorenzo declaims in *The Merchant of Venice*, "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank! /Here will we sit and let the sounds of music/Creep in our ears." I wonder if their verse and music, like the music of crickets,

are in some way voices of the moon. With such thoughts, my citified confusions melt into the quiet of the night.

Lovers and poets find deeper meaning at night. We are all apt to pose deeper questions—about our origins and destinies. We indulge in riddles, rather than in the impersonal geometries that govern the daylight world. We become philosophers and mystics.

At moonrise, as we slow our minds to the pace of the heavens, enchantment steals over us. We open the vents of feeling and exercise parts of our minds that reason locks away by day. We hear, across the distances, murmurs of ancient hunter and see anew the visions of poets and lovers of long ago.

有一座小山就坐落在我家附近,我常常会在夜间去爬山。 到了山上,城市里的嘈杂就会变成远方的低语。在安静的黑夜 里,我能够感觉到蟋蟀的欢乐和猫头鹰的自信。不过,看月出 才是我爬山的目的,让我重新找回在城市中轻易就迷失的那种 宁静与纯真。

在小山上,我看过很多次月出。每次月出都是各有风情,不尽相同。秋日里,圆圆的月亮露出丰收的自信;春风中,月亮灰蒙蒙地表达着羞涩;冬日里,冰轮般的月亮孤独地悬在漆黑的空中;夏日中,橘黄色的月亮朦朦胧胧地俯瞰着干燥的田野。每一种月亮都似精美的音乐,感动我的心灵,抚慰我的灵魂。

赏月是一种古老的艺术。远古时代的猎人,对空中月亮的了解如同知晓自己的心跳一样,丝毫不差。他们知道每29天月亮就会变得明亮饱满,然后萎缩,直至消失,然后再次复活;他们知道,月盈期间,每经日落,头顶的月亮就会显得更高更大;他

们还知道, 月亏期间, 月出一日更比一日迟, 直到消失在日出之中。古人能根据经验知道月亮的行踪变化, 真是造诣颇深的事情。

但生活在室内的我们,已经失去了和月亮的联系。城市耀眼的街灯、污浊的烟尘遮蔽了夜空。人类虽已在月亮上行走过,反而对月亮变得更加陌生。没有几个人能说得出今晚月亮何时升起。

无论如何,月亮仍然牵挂着我们的心。如果不经意间看到刚刚升起的、大大的、黄澄澄的满月,谁都会情不自禁地停下来, 一睹它高贵的姿容。而月亮也会赐予观看它的人礼物。

在七月山间的一个夜晚,我得到了它的礼物。车子莫名其妙地熄了火,我一个人束手无策地困在山中。太阳已经落山了,我看到东边山头闪出一团橘红色的光线,好像森林着火一样。刹那间,山头也被火焰吞噬。过了一会儿,月亮突然从密林中探出涨红的大大的脸,夏日空气中弥漫的尘雾与汗气,使月亮显得有些怪异。

大地灼热的气息扭曲了它,月亮变得格外暴躁,不再完美。 不远处,农舍里的狗紧张地乱叫起来,好像这奇怪的光亮唤醒了 野草中的魔鬼。

然而,随着月亮慢慢爬上山头,它浑身聚集了坚定与威严;它的面孔也从红变成了橘黄,又变成金色,最后成为淡淡的黄。 月亮不断地上升,下面的丘陵山谷逐渐暗淡朦胧,好像大地的光亮让月亮渐渐吸走了似的。待到皓月当空,圆圆的月亮洒下象牙般乳白的清辉,下面的山谷在这样的风景里,形成了一片片幽深的阴影。这时,那些乱叫的狗才打消了疑虑——原来那团光是它们熟悉的月亮——停止了吠叫。在那一刻,我忽然觉得信心十足,心情欢畅,禁不住笑了起来。 这奇美的景观持续了整整一个小时。月出是缓缓而又微妙的。要想欣赏月出,我们得重拾过去那种对时间的耐心。看着月亮毫无顾忌地不断攀升,我们能找到内心少有的宁静。我们的想象力能让我们感到宇宙的广阔和大地的无限,忘却自己的存在,感觉自我的渺小,却又深感自己的独特。

月光从不向我们展示生活的艰辛。山坡在银色月光下如同披上了柔和的轻纱。在月光的照耀下,海水显得碧蓝而静谧。沉浸在月光中,我们不再像白天那般精于算计,而是沉浸在内心的情感之中。

这种时候总会发生奇妙的事情。就是在七月的那个夜晚, 我看了一两个小时的月景后,回到车里,再次转动钥匙发动汽车 时,发动机出人意料地响了起来,和几个小时前熄火时一样蹊 跷而神秘。我开着车沿着山路回家,月光洒在肩上,心中满是 平静。

从那以后,我常常会到山上看月出。当成堆的事务渐渐平息,生活逐渐明朗,我就会爬上那座小山,这时常发生在秋季。 我等着猎人之月的出现,等着金色丰盈的月亮俯照大地,给黑夜带来光明。

一只猫头鹰从山头俯冲而下,悄无声息地在月色下如火光 闪过。一只蟋蟀在草丛中尖声歌唱,我不由得想起了诗人和音 乐家,想起了贝多芬的《月光奏鸣曲》和莎士比亚笔下的《威尼 斯商人》中洛伦佐的话: "月光沉睡在这岸边多么迷人!我们要 坐在这里,让音乐之声潜入我们的耳内。"我不清楚他们的诗篇 与音乐是否与蟋蟀的歌声一样,在某种程度上可以算作月的声 音。想到这些,城市生活带给我的昏乱心绪,便在夜的宁静中 消失了。

恋人和诗人在夜里能寻找到更深奥的生活意义。其实,我们

都爱问一些深奥的问题——关于我们的祖先、我们的命运。我们 沉溺于这些永远找不到答案的谜团中,而不是那些主导着白天世 界的、没有情感的几何教科书。在夜里,我们都成为哲学家和神 秘家。

当月亮升起之时,我们放慢思想,让它追随天堂的脚步。不 经意间,一种魔力就会遍布全身。我们会敞开情感之门,让白天 被理智束缚的那部分思绪自由奔涌。我们能跨越遥远的时空,听 远古猎人的细语,看久远时代恋人与诗人们眼中的世界。

#### 心灵小语

看着月亮毫无顾忌地不断攀升,我们能找到内心少有的宁静。我们的想象力能让我们感到宇宙的广阔和大地的无限,忘却自己的存在,感觉自我的渺小,却又深感自己的独特。

### ₩ 词汇笔记 ▶

murmur [ˈmə:mə] n. 低语;低声的怨言 The murmur swelled into a roar. 窃窃私语的声音变大形成一片喧哗。

succeeding [sək'si:diŋ] *adj*. 接连的; 随后的
They pass the skill down to each succeeding generation.
他们把这种技巧也遗传给下一代。

authority [ɔ:θɔriti] *n*. 权力;权威;当局
She has the authority to make important decisions in the office.
她在这个办公室中有权力作出重要的决定。

vision ['viʒən] n. 视觉; 先见之明; 光景; 视力; 眼力 You have perfect color vision! 你有完美的色彩感!

### ○ 小试身手 》

每一种月亮都似精美的音乐,感动我的心灵,抚慰我的灵魂。

月光从不向我们展示生活的艰辛。

其实,我们都爱问一些深奥的问题——关于我们的祖先、我们的命运。

## 短语家族

But we, who live indoors, have **lost contact with** the moon. lost contact with: 与……失去联系

Dogs at nearby farmhouses barked nervously, **as if** this strange light had wakened evil spirits in the weeds.

as if: 好像

### 英国的农村生活

Rural Life in England

常华盛顿·欧文/Washington Irving

华盛顿·欧文(1783—1859),享誉国际的文学家,也是19世纪最伟大的美国散文家之一。他生于纽约,在家中是11个孩子中最小的。欧文自幼聪颖,19岁攻读法律。1804年至1806年间游历欧洲,回国后取得律师资格。但是,他对当律师并不感兴趣,而且身体不太好。因此,他改变职业,以写作谋生,并进入仕途,曾任驻西班牙公使,旅居欧洲长达17年。他的杰作《见闻札记》就是在这期间完成的,其中的《瑞普·凡·温克尔》已成为妇孺皆知的故事。总之,华盛顿·欧文在世界文学史上有着不可或缺的地位。

Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of **gigantic** trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage: the solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare, bounding away to the covert; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing; the brook, taught to wind in natural meanderings or expand into a glassy lake—the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters; while some rustic temple or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an