

英汉对照




# 英语

# 背诵散文

GEMS OF ENGLISH PROSE OF TODAY

林擎红 编  
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*There are songs that  
come free from the blue-eyed grass,  
from the dust of a thousand country roads.  
This is one of them.*

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随着我国经济与世界经济的接轨,作为“世界语言”的英语,其重要性日益明显,许多部门在选用人才时都将能否熟练运用英语作为应聘者的必备条件之一。然而,广大青年学生为了应付各种考试,将大部分时间花在背、记单词和语法要点上,这对于提高英语水平、提高考试成绩有一定的作用,但距离英语的实际运用还相差甚远。

二十一世纪的车轮声已清晰可闻,“应试教育”下的高分低能者将越来越不适应社会的发展,提倡“素质教育”已成为当今一大潮流。正是基于英语同样需要进行素质教育这一理念,我们策划编写了“英语常青藤”系列图书,希望能使广大的英语学习、爱好者全面接触地道的英语,充分了解英、美等国家的方方面面,增强实际运用的能力。“英语常青藤”系列图书具有以下特点:

(1) **内容丰富,表达地道。**本系列读物所选的英文材料绝大多数直接取自国外,内容广泛,涉及语言、文化、风俗、习惯、历史、传统等许多方面。

(2) **形式活泼,易学易用。**编排方式新颖活泼,所配插图清新高雅,使读书学习变得轻松愉快,给读者以美的享受。读物均采用英汉对照形式,必要处还加有注

释,方便读者使用。

(3)**便于携带,实用性强。**均采用窄 32 开本,可随身随处携带,随时随地学用,充分利用您的每一分钟。

(4)**装帧精美,适于收藏。**装帧设计力求精美大方,加之内容实用可读,因此颇具收藏价值;若将其作为礼品,馈赠亲友,则更显得温馨高雅,意义非凡。

当听到“英语常青藤”系列图书使您的英语水平有所提高,对您全面掌握地道的英语有所帮助的时刻,也就是我们出版者最感欣慰的时刻。

愿“英语常青藤”带给您的,不仅是常青的英语,更是常青的人生。

YES 30



英语学习中的一个难点是：文章看过不少，词汇记得不少，但用英语写作时，却才思枯竭，无从下笔。其中一个主要原因是不习惯用英语写景状物、叙事抒情写作思维和写作方法。这本小书主要撷采了一些美国本世纪 80 年代后出版发行的书籍和报刊杂志中的精美散文，意在为读者打开一个了解当代英语的窗口。这些散文虽不曾历经时间长河的考验，却都贴近生活，而且文采斐然，生动感人。读者既可细细品赏，又可随手借鉴。

为便于读者学习，这十几篇散文按其内容分为“四季怡景”、“人间真情”、“生活反思”三部分。“四季怡景”中的散文对四季景物、夕阳、月色、溪流着意描绘，情景交融；“人间真情”中的散文歌颂了母爱、父爱、师恩和友爱；“生活反思”部分则侧重于对个人生活的深刻思考。每篇散文后均附有“注释”、“参考译文”及“赏析”。

散文是文学作品中的明珠，作者在状物叙事中无处不含深切的情感和睿智的思维，正因为如此，散文难译，倘若不能试图与作者息息相通，则“译犹不译也”。编者在译完这些散文后，觉得视野愈加开阔，对身边一景、一物、一事有了更深刻明晰的认识，相信读者读完

这本书也会有同感。

编者在完成这本书中受到了亲朋好友和许多师长的无私帮助,特别是华中理工大学外语系熊性淑教授、程恩洪教授、樊葳葳副教授对编者给予了莫大鼓励和支持;在写注释赏析过程中,正在华中理工大学任教的美国人类学博士 Frances Ahern 女士对编者给予了耐心指教,在此,编者对他们一并表示深深谢意。

由于编者才疏学浅,加之成稿仓促,文中弊漏一定不少,诚恳希望同仁专家批评指正。

编者

1996年6月

目  
录



四季怡景

- SPRING—The Resurrection Time ..... (4)  
春,复活的季节
- Glories of the Storm ..... (16)  
壮丽的暴风雨
- “Have You Seen the Tree?” ..... (24)  
“你去看过那棵树没有?”
- First Snow ..... (30)  
第一场雪
- The Colour of the Sky ..... (38)  
天空的色彩
- Spell of the Rising Moon ..... (44)  
月亮升起来
- The Enchantment of Creeks ..... (55)  
迷人的小溪

人间真情

- Mama and Miss Jordan ..... (68)  
母亲和乔丹老师
- Love in Bloom ..... (88)

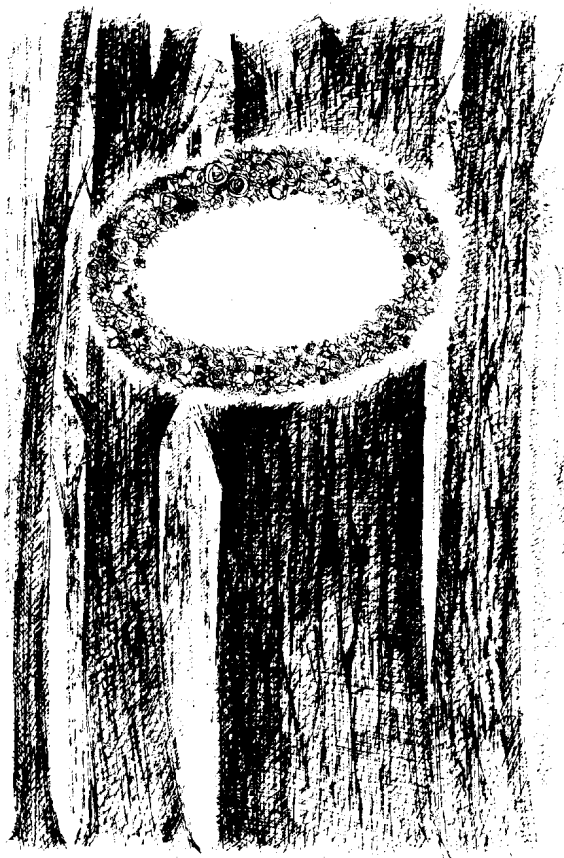


鲜花中的爱	
Unforgettable Scott Wagner .....	(96)
难忘的斯科特·瓦格纳	
Remembering Tracy Bill .....	(116)
纪念特蕾西·比尔	
Friends of the Road .....	(126)
陌路朋友	
Love in Black and White (The Beginning)	
.....	(136)
廊桥遗梦(序)	

## 生活反思

A Room of His Own .....	(154)
他自己的天地	
The Daddy Prize .....	(164)
好爸爸奖	
“Why Measure Life in Heartbeats?” .....	(174)
“何必以心跳衡量生命?”	
The Essayist .....	(190)
散文家	

四季怡景



*One cannot collect all the beautiful shells  
on the beach. One can collect only a few,  
and they are more beautiful if they are  
few.*

— *Anne Morrow Lindbergh*

我们无法拾尽海滩上所有美丽的贝壳，只能拾起一些，这些贝壳会因稀少而愈加美丽。

——安妮·莫罗·林德伯格

# SPRING

## The Resurrection Time

JAMES J. KILPATRICK

**S**PRINGS are not always the same. In some years, April bursts upon our Virginia hills in one prodigious leap—and all the stage is filled at once, whole choruses of tulips, arabesques of forsythia, cadenzas of flowering plum. The trees grow leaves overnight.

In other years, spring tiptoes in. It pauses, overcome by shyness, like my grandchild at the door, peeping in, ducking out of sight, giggling in the hallway. "I know you're out there," I cry. "Come in!" And April slips into our arms.

The dogwood bud, pale green, is inlaid with russet markings. Within the perfect cup a score of clustered seeds are nestled. One examines the bud in awe: Where were those seeds a month ago? The apples display their milliner's scraps of ivory silk, rose-tinged. All the sleeping things wake up—primrose, baby iris, blue phlox. The earth warms—you can smell it, feel it, crumble April in your hands.

The dark Blue Ridge Mountains in which I dwell, great-hipped, big-breasted, slumber on the

## 春,复活的季节

詹姆斯·J·基尔帕特里克

春不总是千篇一律的。有时候,四月一个健步就跃上了我们弗吉尼亚的小山丘。顿时,整个舞台活跃起来:郁金香们引吭高歌,连翘花翩翩起舞,梅花表演起了独奏,树木也在一夜之间披上新绿。

有时候,春又悄然而入,羞涩腼腆,欲前又止,就像我的小孙女,倚在门边,偷偷往里瞅,又一下子跑开了,不见踪影,只听见她在门厅咯咯地笑。我喊一声:“我知道你在那儿,进来吧!”于是四月便倏地一下飞进我们怀中。

山茱萸的花骨朵儿嫩绿嫩绿的,镶着赤褐色的花边。在那漂亮的花萼里,竟稳稳地簇拥着几十颗小种子,我们不禁要惊羡地问一句:一个月前这些种子还在哪儿呢?苹果树则像卖帽人,向人们展示他帽子上那一片片带点玫瑰红的乳白色丝缎。所有熟睡的都醒了——樱草花、蝴蝶花、草夹竹桃。大地也暖和起来了——你可以闻到四月的气息,感觉到它那股馨香,把它捧在手中赏玩。

我所居住的褐色的蓝岭山脉像丰满美丽的少妇,沉睡在西边天空。这会儿,她们伸伸懒腰,也渐渐醒了。

western sky. And then they stretch and gradually awaken. A warm wind, soft as a girl's hair, moves sailboat clouds in gentle skies. The rains come——good rains to sleep by——and fields that were dun as oatmeal turn to pale green, then to kelly green.

All this reminds me of a theme that runs through my head like a line of music. Its message is profoundly simple, and profoundly mysterious also: *Life goes on.* That is all there is to it. Everything that is, was; and everything that is, will be.

I am a newspaperman, not a preacher. I am embarrassed to write of "God's presence." God is off my beat. But one afternoon I was walking across the yard and stopped to pick up an acorn——one acorn, nut brown, glossy, cool to the touch; the crested top was milled and knurled like the knob on a safe. There was nothing unique about it. Thousands littered the grass.

I could not tell you what Saul of Tarsus encountered on that famous road to Damascus when the light shone suddenly around him, but I know what he felt. He was trembling, and filled with astonishment, and so was I that afternoon. The great chestnut oak that towered above me had sprung from such an insignificant thing as this; and the oak contained within itself the generating power to seed whole forests. All was locked in this tiny, ingenious safe——the mystery, the glory, the grand design.

温暖的清风如姑娘的长发一般柔和，吹动着平静的天空中帆船似的白云。细雨飘了下来——正好伴人人眠——而田野却在这细雨中由燕麦粉般的灰褐色变成了浅绿色，而后再转为黄绿。

所有这一切都向我暗示着一个主题，就像一行弦乐拂过我的脑际。这主题极简单，又极神奇，那就是：生命在继续。所有现在的一切，过去也如此；所有现在的一切，将来也如此。

我是新闻记者，不是传教士。若去赞颂“上帝无所不在”，我觉得有些牵强，写上帝不是我的本行。可有天下午，我穿过后院，偶然停下来拾起一粒橡子——那是一粒赤褐色的橡子，光洁圆润，触之清凉；圆圆的冠顶如同经过琢磨，就像保险柜的圆把手。这粒橡子并没什么特别，有成千上万粒这样的橡子散铺在草地上。

我不知道当塔尔苏斯的索尔走在通往大马士革的那条著名的小道上，突然被光芒笼罩时，遇见了什么，但我知道他当时的感受——他一定是惊愕不已，浑身颤栗。那天下午我就是这种感觉。那棵在我面前挺拔入云的高大橡树竟是从这么一粒毫不起眼的小东西生长而成的；而橡树自己又蕴含着足以在森林每个角落繁衍生命的力量。这所有的神奇、恢宏和伟大的设计竟都锁在这么个小小的、精巧的保险柜中。



The overwhelming moment passed, but it returns. Once in February we were down on the hillside pulling up briars and honeysuckle roots. I dug with my hands through rotted leaves and crumbling moldy bark. And behold; at the bottom of the dead, decaying mass a wild rhizome was raising a green, impertinent shaft toward the unseen winter sun. I am not saying I found Divine Revelation. What I found, I think, was a wild iris.

The iris was doing something more than surviving. It was growing, exactly according to plan, responding to rhythms and forces that were old before man was young. And it was drawing its life from the dead leaves of long-gone winters. I covered this unquenchable rhizome, patted it with a spade, and told it to be patient; spring would come.

And that is part of this same, unremarkable theme: spring does come. In the garden the rue anemones come marching out, bright as toy soldiers on their parapets of stone. The dogwoods float in casual clouds among the hills.

This is the Resurrection time. That which was dead, or so it seemed, has come to life again—the stiff branch, supple; the brown earth, green. This is the miracle; There is no death; there is in truth eternal life.

...

These are lofty themes for a newspaperman. I