世界上最美丽的英文正握在你的手中,绝对经典,绝对感人用一本书的价格买到五本书的内容,保证物超所值!

The Most Beautiful Proses in the World

# 世界上最优美的散文

感人至深的文字,带着冰雪初融的气息,流进你的心海

乔 思◎精彩编译 【加拿大】Ronald Leo Lorenz◎倾情朗读











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#### 内容提要

散文最容易接近人的心灵,流畅的语言或华丽,或平实,不经意间就引起了你的共鸣。本书精选的近四十篇经典散文,有的清新自然,有的寓意深刻,有的优美温馨,可读性非比寻常。美丽纯净的文字,可以让你忘记语言的界限,从阳光灿烂的地中海,到江南月下静谧的小镇;从一朵花、一滴水的启示,到人类思想的本源,翻开此书,你会发现,那些生活中未曾留意的感悟被重新拾起。

本书采用英汉对照的方式安排内容,适用于不同层次的英语爱好者学习、阅读及收藏。并随书附赠超值 6 小时 MP3 光盘一张,囊括了"听最美丽英文"系列五本图书全部英文,由外籍专家 Ronald Leo Lorenz 倾情朗读,相信他纯正标准的发音会对您的口语、听力产生潜移默化的影响。

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## Youth 青春

Samuel Ullman 塞缪尔·厄尔曼 Whether 60 or 16, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the unfailing childlike appetite of what's next and the joy of the game of living.

无论年届花甲, 抑或二八芳龄, 心中皆有生命之欢乐、奇迹之诱惑, 孩童般的天真久盛不衰。



Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind; it is not a matter of rosy cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a matter of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is the freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a tempera-mental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of 60 more than a boy of 20. Nobody grows old merely by a number of years. We grow old by deserting our ideals.

青春不是年华,而是心境;青春不 是桃面、丹唇、柔膝,而是坚强的意志、 美好的想象、纯真的情怀;青春是生命 的精彩绽放。

青春是豪情万丈、勇敢进取,而不 是怯弱、苟安。如此锐气,二十后生有 之,花甲之人更有之。年岁有加,并非垂 老,理想丢弃,方堕暮年。



Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, fear, self-distrust bows the heart and turns the spring back to dust.

Whether 60 or 16, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the unfailing childlike appetite of what's next and the joy of the game of living. In the center of your heart and my heart there is a wireless station: so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage and power from men and from the infinite, so long are you young.

岁月悠悠,衰微只及肌肤;热忱抛却,衰及灵魂。忧烦、惶恐、丧失自信,定会意气如灰。 无论年届花甲,抑或二八芳龄,心中皆有生命之欢乐、奇迹之诱惑,孩童般的天真久盛不 衰。人人心中皆有一座无线电台,只要你只接收天地间美好、希望、欢乐、勇气和力量的信号, 那你将青春永驻、风华常存。

When the aerials are down, and your spirit is covered with snows of cynicism and the ice of pessimism, then you are grown old, even at 20, but as long as your aerials are up, to catch waves of optimism, there is hope you may die young at 80.

如果你只接收不好的信息,锐气便被玩世不恭、自暴自弃的心态消磨殆尽,即使年方二十,实已垂垂老矣;然则只要调整方向,转而接收乐观信号,即使八十高龄告别尘寰时仍觉年轻。



### Rush **匆匆** Zhu Ziqing 朱自清

You the wise, tell me, why should our days leave us, never to return?

聪明的, 你告诉我, 我们的日子为什么一去不复返呢?



Swallows may have gone, but there is a time of return; willow trees may have died back, but there is a time of regreening; peach blossoms may have fallen, but they will bloom again. Now, you the wise, tell me, why should our days leave us, never to return? If they had been stolen by someone, who could it be? Where could he hide them? If they had made the escape themselves, then where could they stay at the moment?

I don't know how many days I have been given to spend, but I do feel my hands are getting empty. Taking stock silently, I find that more than eight thousand days have already slid away from me. Like a drop of water from the point of a needle disappearing into the ocean, my days are dripping into the stream of time, soundless, traceless. Already sweat is starting on my forehead, and tears welling up in my eyes.



Those that have gone have gone for good, those to come keep coming; yet in between, how swift is the shift, in such a rush?

When I get up in the morning, the slanting sun marks its presence in my small room in two or three oblongs. The sun has feet, look, he is treading on, lightly and furtively; and I am caught, blankly, in his revolution. Thus the day flows away through the sink when I wash my hands, wears off in the bowl when I eat my meal, and passes away before my day—dreaming gaze as reflect in silence. I can feel his haste now, so I reach out my hands to hold him back, but he keeps flowing past my withholding hands. In the evening, as I lie in bed, he strides over my body, glides past my feet, in his agile way. The moment I open my eyes and meet the sun again, one whole day has gone. I bury my face in my hands and heave a sigh. But the new day begins to flash past in the sigh.

去的尽管去了,来的尽管来着;去来的中间,又怎样地匆匆呢?

早上我起来的时候,小屋里射进两三方斜斜的太阳。太阳他有脚啊,轻轻悄悄地挪移了;我也茫茫然跟着旋转。于是——洗手的时候,日子从水盆里过去;吃饭的时候,日子从饭碗里过去;默默时,便从凝然的双眼前过去。我觉察他去的匆匆了,伸出手遮挽时,他又从遮挽着的手边过去,天黑时,我躺在床上,他便伶伶俐俐地从我身上跨过,从我脚边飞去了。等我睁开眼和太阳再见,这算又溜走了一日。我掩着面叹息。但是新来的日子的影儿又开始在叹息里闪过了。

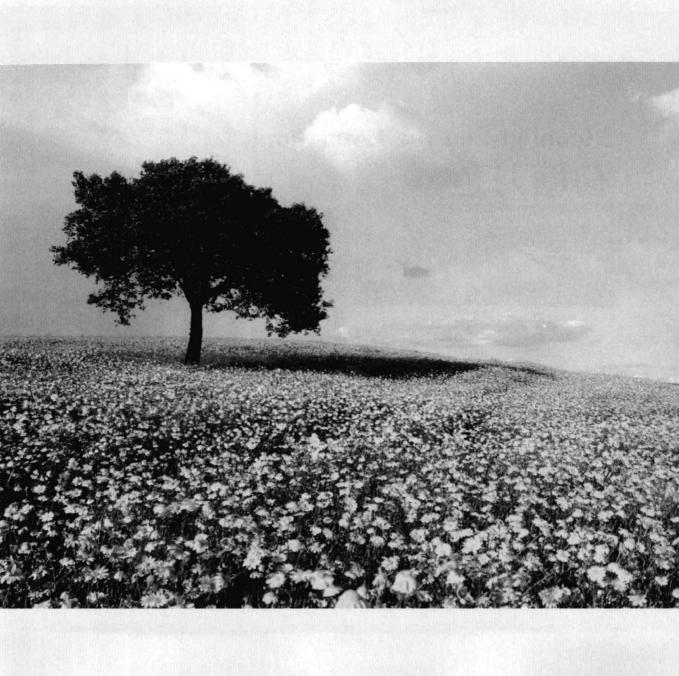
What can I do, in this bustling world, with my days flying in their escape? Nothing but to hesitate, to rush. What have I been doing in that eight—thousand—day rush, apart from hesitating? Those bygone days have been dispersed as smoke by a light wind, or evaporated as mist by the morning sun. What traces have I left behind me? Have I ever left behind any gossamer traces at all? I have come to the world, stark naked; am I to go back, in a blink, in the same stark nakedness? It is not fair though: why should I have made such a trip for nothing!

You the wise, tell me, why should our days leave us, never to return?

在逃去如飞的日子里,在千门万户的世界里的我能做些什么呢?只有徘徊罢了,只有匆匆罢了;在八千多日的匆匆里,除徘徊外,又剩些什么呢?过去的日子如轻烟,被微风吹散了,如薄雾,被初阳蒸融了;我留着些什么痕迹呢?我何曾留着像游丝样的痕迹呢?我赤裸裸来到这世界,转眼间也将赤裸裸的回去罢?但不能平的,为什么偏要白白走这一遭啊?

聪明的,你告诉我,我们的日子为什么 一去不复返呢?





### Moonlight on the Lotus Pond 荷塘月色



Moonlight cascaded like water over the lotus leaves and flowers. 月光如流水一般,静静地泻在这一片叶子和花上。