



# The Most Beautiful English In Your Life

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## 感动一生的美丽英文

那一缕爱的清泉

Happiness From Love Spring

墙角的那朵玫瑰，如火般绽放，它香气扑鼻，沁入我的心扉；又如你的深情妙目，在默默无语中给我柔情。在火的热烈与水的温柔中，或许某一天，它会带着芬芳枯萎，然而，那香气会弥散在我心底。

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## 前言

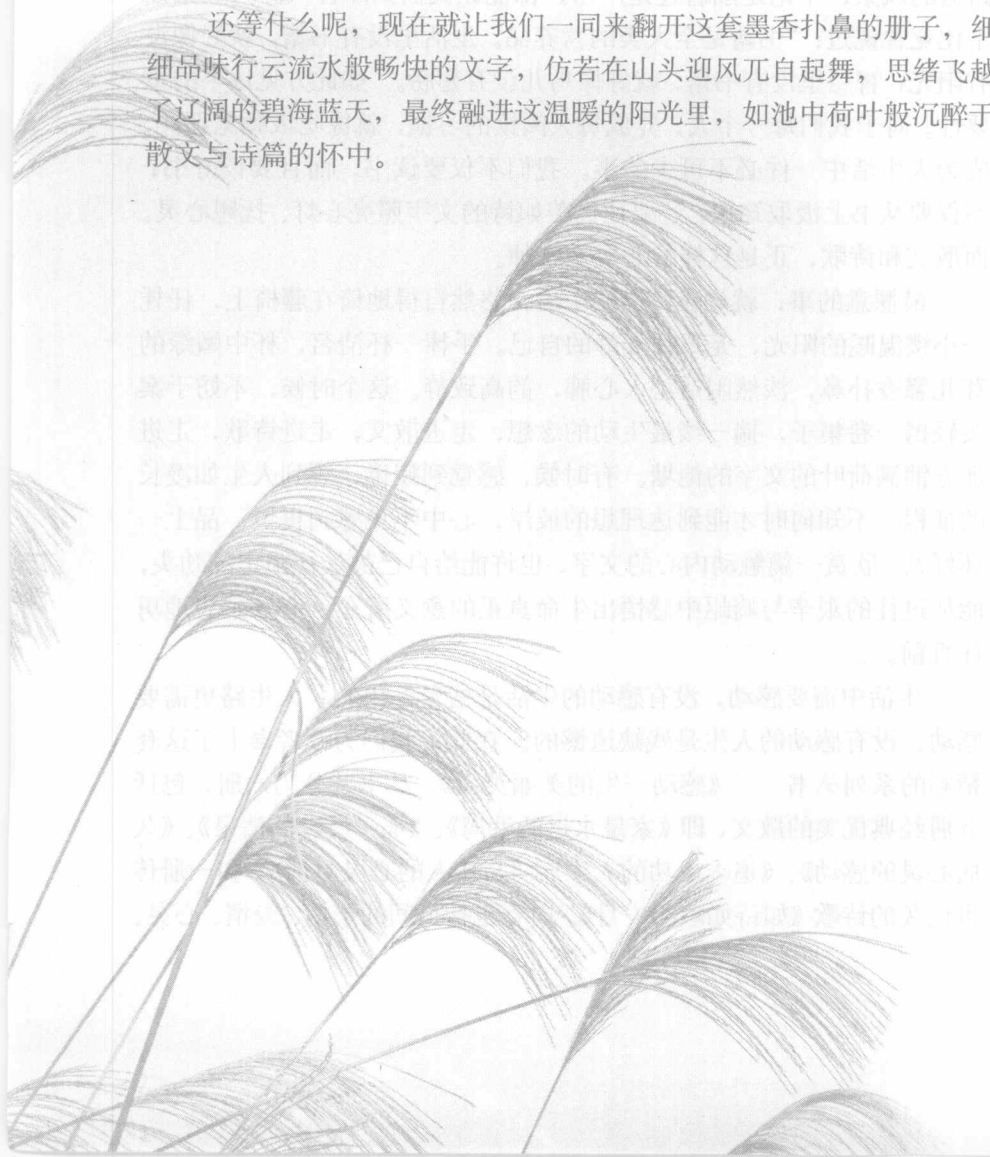
一篇篇优美的散文和诗歌，就如一首首动听的旋律，是我们前行路边的风景，不论是酷暑还是严寒，都能让我们如沐春风。大文豪莎士比亚曾说过：“书籍是全人类的营养品。生活里没有书籍，就好像没有阳光；智慧里没有书籍，就好像鸟儿没有翅膀。”如此方见读书的重要性。对于我们每一个人，养成每天阅读的习惯，就像吃饭睡觉那样，成为人生活中一件必不可少的事。我们不仅要读书，而且要读好书；不仅要从小书汲取知识，还要让优美如诗的文字照亮心灯、抚慰心灵。而散文和诗歌，正是这样的心灵安慰师。

最惬意的事，就是在慵懒的午后，悠然自得地倚在藤椅上，任凭一小缕温暖的阳光，笼罩住安静的自己。手捧一杯清茗，杯中嫩绿的芽儿馨香扑鼻，淡然闲适沁人心脾，韵高致静。这个时候，不妨于案头轻携一卷集子，揣一缕最生动的念想，走进散文，走进诗歌，走进那方铺满荷叶的文字的池塘。有时候，感觉到疲倦，想到人生如漫长的征程，不知何时才能到达理想的彼岸，心中不免感到畏惧。品上一杯好茶，欣赏一篇触动内心的文字，也许能给自己鼓鼓往前走的劲头，能从过往的艰辛与崎岖中感悟出生命真正的意义所在，心怀感恩地勇往直前。

生活中需要感动，没有感动的生活是枯燥乏味的；人生路更需要感动，没有感动的人生是残缺遗憾的。在此，我们为读者奉上了这套精彩的系列丛书——《感动一生的美丽英文》，丛书共分为六册，包括五册经典优美的散文，即《家是永远的港湾》、《那一缕爱的清泉》、《久居心灵的感动》、《追求成功的人生》、《与伟大的心灵对话》，和一册传世已久的诗歌《如诗如歌的岁月》。内容包括世间的亲情、爱情、心灵、

智慧、社会、人生……篇篇触及心灵，收录的400余篇文字都摘自经久不衰的英文名篇，用中英双语诠释了生命中的感动，启迪着生命中的智慧，激励了许许多多前行的步伐。文章篇幅有长有短，生动丰富的文字配以精致细腻的美图，让读者充分展开想象，身临其境，颇有如饮甘泉、畅快淋漓之感。既适合闲暇时信手拈来的阅读，也是具有一定英语水平的学生学习英文不可多得的好素材，其中多数名篇都适合背诵。读罢掩卷，读者会发现，在心灵得到净化的同时，英文水平也不知不觉长进了许多。更重要的是，也许某一段文字、某一个故事，就能让人湿了眼眶，甚至改变了自己的命运。

还等什么呢，现在就让我们一同来翻开这套墨香扑鼻的册子，细细品味行云流水般畅快的文字，仿若在山头迎风兀自起舞，思绪飞越了辽阔的碧海蓝天，最终融进这温暖的阳光里，如池中荷叶般沉醉于散文与诗篇的怀中。



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一

卷

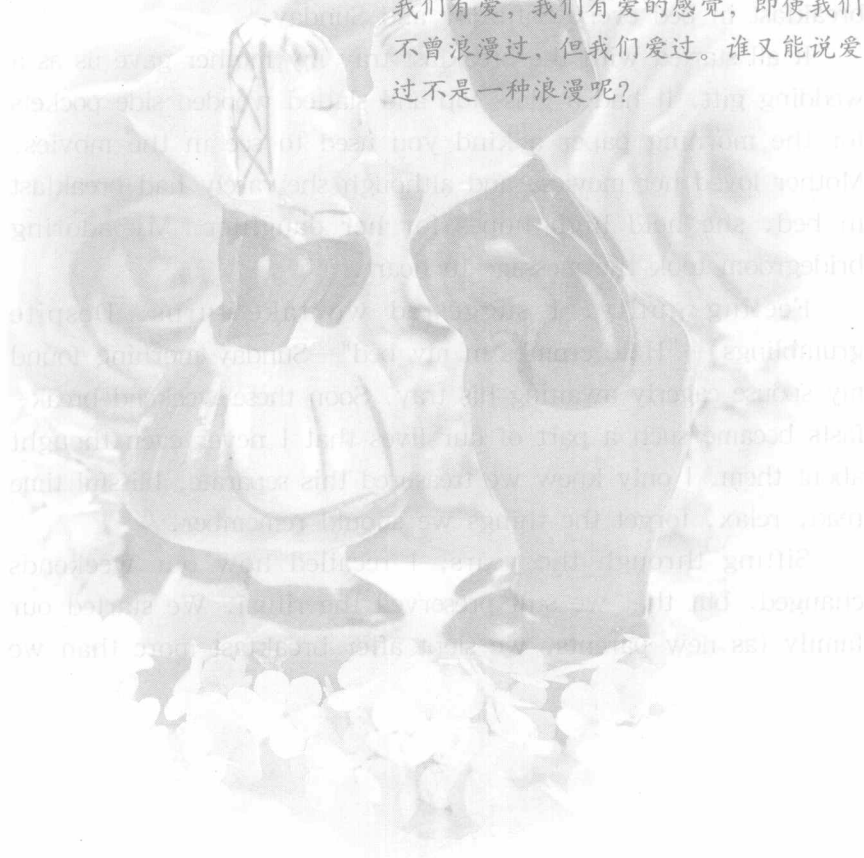
Just Two For Breakfast

两个人的早餐

## 两个人的浪漫

### Our Romantic Love

其实重要的不是浪漫是什么，而是  
我们有爱，我们有爱的感觉，即使我们  
不曾浪漫过，但我们爱过。谁又能说爱  
过不是一种浪漫呢？



## Just Two For Breakfast 两个人的早餐

*Marilyn Myers Slade / 玛丽琳·米尔斯·斯雷德*

When my husband and I celebrated our 38th wedding anniversary at our favorite restaurant, Lenny, the piano player, asked, "How did you do it? "

I knew there was no simple answer, but as the weekend approached, I wondered if one reason might be our ritual of breakfast in bed every Saturday and Sunday.

It all started with the breakfast tray my mother gave us as a wedding gift. It had a glass top and slatted wooden side pockets for the morning paper a kind you used to see in the movies. Mother loved her movies, and although she rarely had breakfast in bed, she held high hopes for her daughter. My adoring bridegroom took the message to heart.

Feeling guilty, I suggested we take turns. Despite grumblings — "Hate crumbs in my bed" — Sunday morning found my spouse eagerly awaiting his tray. Soon these weekend breakfasts became such a part of our lives that I never even thought about them. I only knew we treasured this separate, blissful time read, relax, forget the things we should remember.

Sifting through the years, I recalled how our weekends changed, but that we still preserved the ritual. We started our family (as new parents, we slept after breakfast more than we



read), but we always found our way back to where we started, just two for breakfast, one on Saturday and one on Sunday.

为了庆祝我们结婚 38 周年纪念日，我和丈夫在我们最喜欢的那个饭馆聚餐，弹钢琴的服务生莱尼走过来问道：“你们是怎么共同经历了这么多年的风雨的？”

我心里明白，对于这个问题，根本不能用简单的语言来回答。但随着周末一天天的临近，我开始在想：或许有一个原因可以解释这个问题，那就是每逢星期六和星期天，我们都有一个固定的仪式，那就是一同在床上吃早餐。

我们结婚的时候，妈妈送给我们一个早餐托盘，作为结婚礼物。盘面是玻璃的，两边各有一个细长的木制侧袋，那是用来放晨报的，就像过去常常能在电影中见到的那样子的。妈妈很喜欢那种生活方式，尽管她自己很少在床上用早餐，却非常希望女儿能这样。丈夫深爱着我，把妈妈的话牢记在心里。

如果每天早上都由丈夫准备早餐的话，那我心里肯定会感到愧疚，所以我提议我们轮流准备早餐。星期天早上由我来做，虽然丈夫嘴里嘟嘟囔囔地抱怨着“我讨厌把饭菜掉到床上”，但我还是看到他在迫不及待地等候着他的早餐呢。不久，我们就都渐渐习惯了这样的周末早餐仪式。我们俩都很珍视这段幸福时光，它与平常普通的日子是不一样的，我们可以看看报，放松一下自己，忘记那些心里不愉快的事情。

细想我们携手走过的岁月，虽然周末生活有很多变化，但这个习惯依旧保留了下来。我们共同建立起了这个家庭（刚刚为人父母时，早饭后的时间我们习惯睡一会儿，而不是阅读），我们也总能找到最开始的那种感觉，那种方式——只是两个人的早餐，星期六一次，星期天一次。

When we had more time, my tray became more festive. First it was fruit slices placed in geometric pattern; then came flowers from our garden metimes just one blossom sprouting from a grapefruit half. This arranger of mine had developed a flair for decorating, using everything from amaryllis to the buds of a maple tree. My husband said my cooking inspired him. Mother would have approved. Perhaps it was the Saturday when the big strawberry wore a daisy hat that I began to think, how can I top this? One dark winter night I woke with a vision of a snowman on a tray. That Sunday I scooped a handful of snow and in no time had my man made. With a flourish I put a miniature pinecone on his head.

As I delivered the tray, complete with a nicely frozen snowman, I waited for a reaction. There was none but as I headed down the stairs I heard a whoop of laughter and then, "You've won! Yes, sir, you've won the prize!"

后来我们拥有了更多的空闲时间，早餐托盘上也就变得更加丰富了。开始时是以几何图形排列的水果片，然后是从花园里摘来的鲜花。有时候只是一朵，它盛开在半个葡萄柚当中。我没有想到，这些小摆设竟激发出我在装饰、点缀方面的天赋。后来各种各样的东西，从孤挺花到枫树的叶芽，都成为我手下的装饰材料。我做的早餐也让丈夫有了灵感，妈妈也赞同他的说法。一个星期六的早上，我在一个大草莓上放了一个雏菊当做帽子，看了看，想将它点缀得更漂亮一些。晚上，我从梦中醒来，突然有了灵感，我仿佛看到有一个小雪人站在托盘上。于是，就在那个星期天，我让我的灵感变为了作品，我铲来了一捧雪，很快就做好了一个雪人，然后轻轻地把一个小小的松果按在雪人的头上。

我端着早餐上楼，盘面上放着那个冻结实的小雪人，我期待着丈夫激动的表情，可是什么也没有看到，但就在我失望着下楼时，我听到他开心地大笑起来，对我喊道：“你赢了！你的作品可以得奖了！”







# The Salty Coffee

## 加盐的咖啡

Anonymous / 佚名

He met her at a party. She was so outstanding, many guys chasing after her, while he was so normal, nobody paid attention to him.

At the end of the party, he invited her to have coffee with him, she was surprised but due to being polite, she promised. They sat in a nice coffee shop, he was too nervous to say anything, she felt uncomfortable, and she thought to herself, "Please, let me go home..."

他是在一个舞会上遇见她的，她绝对是那天舞会上最出众的女子，许多男孩都追求她。而他，再普通不过了，没有人会注意到他。

舞会结束后，他邀请她一起喝咖啡，她有些惊讶，但出于礼貌，还是答应了他。他们去了一家环境很好的咖啡厅，他非常紧张，都不知道说些什么好，她也感到不太自在，只是在那里想着快点回家。



Suddenly he asked the waiter, "Would you please give me some salt? I'd like to put it in my coffee." Everybody stared at him, so strange! His face turned red but still, he put the salt in his coffee and drank it. She asked him curiously, "Why you have this hobby?" He replied, "When I was a little boy, I lived near the sea, I liked playing in the sea, I could feel the taste of the sea, just like the taste of the salty coffee. Now every time I have the salty coffee, I always think of my childhood, think of my hometown, I miss my hometown so much, I miss my parents who are still living there." While saying that tears filled his eyes. She was deeply touched. That's his true feeling, from the bottom of his heart. A man who can tell out his homesickness, he must be a man who loves home, cares about home, has responsibility of home... Then she also started to speak, spoke about her faraway hometown, her childhood, her family.

That was a really nice talk, also a beautiful beginning of their story. They continued to date. She found that actually he was a man who meets all her demands; he had tolerance, was kind hearted, warm, careful. He was such a good person but she almost missed him! Thanks to his salty coffee! Then the story was just like every beautiful love story, the princess married to the prince, and then they were living the happy life... And, every time she made coffee for him, she put some salt in the coffee, as she knew that's the way he liked it.



突然他叫来服务员：“请给我一点盐好吗？我要把它加在我的咖啡里。”咖啡厅里每一个人都惊讶地盯着他。他的脸红了，但很快又镇静下来。他把盐加入咖啡中，搅拌了之后喝了下去。她好奇地问：“你怎么有这样的嗜好啊？”他说：“小时候我家在大海边上，我喜欢在海里玩，大海的味道就像这加盐的咖啡的味道一样。现在，每当我喝加盐的咖啡的时候，我总是能忆起我的童年，我的故乡，还有我依然生活在那里的父母，我想念他们。”他说到这里，湿了眼眶。她被他的话深深地感动了。一个能这样思乡的男人，一定是一个爱家，对家有责任感的人……说着说着，她也开始谈起自己遥远的家乡，还有她的童年，她的家庭。

那真是一次愉快的谈话，从此他们也开始了一段美丽的故事。从那次以后，他们继续约会谈心。她发现自己的判断没有错，事实上他正是自己所寻找的男人：他善良，脾气好，有耐心，宽容，能给人温暖，无微不至。他真是一个好男人，她经常会思念他。这都是他的加盐的咖啡的功劳啊！后来，正像每一个美丽的爱情故事一样，这位女子嫁给了这个男人。他们过着王子公主般幸福的生活……并且，每次为他煮咖啡，她都不忘给里面加上盐，因为他喜欢喝加盐的咖啡。



After 40 years, he passed away, left her a letter which said, "My dearest, please forgive me, forgive my whole life's lie. This was the only lie I said to you—the salty coffee. Remember the first time we dated? I was so nervous at that time, actually I wanted some sugar, but I said salt. It was hard for me to change so I just went ahead. I never thought that could be the start of our communication! I tried to tell you the truth many times in my life, but I was too afraid to do that, as I have promised not to lie to you for anything... Now I'm dying, I afraid of nothing so I tell you the truth, I don't like the salty coffee, what a strange bad taste... But I have had the salty coffee for my whole life! Having you with me is my biggest happiness for my whole life. If I can live for the second time, still want to know you and have you for my whole life, even though I have to drink the salty coffee again."

Her tears made the letter totally wet. Someday, someone asked her, "What's the taste of salty coffee?" She replied, "It's sweet."

他们共同生活了40年，后来他去世了，留给她一封信：“亲爱的，我想告诉你一个一生的谎言，然后请你原谅。这是我对撒过的唯一的一次谎——就是盐咖啡。还记得我们第一次的约会吗，那时我太紧张了，其实我想要的是一些糖，却说成了盐。当时我很尴尬，但又难以改口，只好硬着头皮喝下了那盐咖啡。然而我却怎么也没想到你会愿意和我交往！后来许多次我都想告诉你真相，但是我又害怕你不会原谅我。现在我快要离开你了，没有什么可惧怕的了。所以我决定告诉你，我不喜欢喝盐咖啡，那简直太难喝了……但是我却喝了一生。在我一生中，让我感到最幸福的事就是拥有了你。如果我能再活一次，我仍然想认识你，一生都和你在一起，即使再让我喝盐咖啡，我也心甘情愿。”

读着信，她的泪水已经把信纸都浸透了。后来有一天，有人问起她：“盐咖啡的味道怎么样？”她回答道：“味道好极了！”

