

杨立民 徐克容 编著

# College English

第三册 第一分册

外语教学与研究出版社

# COLLEGE ENGLISH

Book 3  
(Part I)

*Yang Limin*  
*Xu Kerong*

Foreign Language Teaching  
and Research Press

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高等学校英语专业用书

大学英语教程

DAXUE YINGYU JIAOCHENG

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## 前 言

本书为北京外国语学院胡文仲等同志所编 COLLEGE ENGLISH 一、二两册的续编。原来北京外国语学院英语系编的 ENGLISH (Book 3) (由商务印书馆出版) 因材料过分容易, 与新编的一、二册不甚衔接。因此本书的内容作了很大修改, 文字难度亦有适当提高。

本书编写原则基本与 COLLEGE ENGLISH 第一、二册相同。当前对这类传统的精读课本, 外语界争论很多, 其中涉及到总的教学思想、具体的培养目标, 以及课程设置、教学方法等等重大问题。但我们在编第三册的工作中, 因为没有比较成熟的经验, 决定对该体系暂不作根本性的改动。

全书共十六课, 大致每周一课。每课课文注释从简, 不给生词表, 同时具体规定了预习的要求, 目的是为了提高学生的自学能力。练习部分包括词汇、语法两项, 练习方式以口头为主。总的量可能偏多, 供选择使用。

本书每课的结尾有浅显易懂的小诗一首, 并配有译文, 译文除有署名译者外, 均为编者所译。这部分只供学生欣赏用, 不必在课堂上处理。

本书曾由英国专家 PAT ADLER 同志与加拿大专家 SANDRA SACHS 女士审校, 我们在此谨表深切谢意。

编 者

一九八五年五月于北京外国语学院

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## Lesson One

### TEXT

#### Christmas Day in the Morning

by Pearl S. Buck

He woke suddenly and completely. It was four o'clock, the hour at which his father had always called him to get up and help with the milking. Strange how the habits of his youth clung to him still! His father had been dead for thirty years, and yet he still waked at four o'clock in the morning. But this morning, because it was Christmas, he did not try to sleep again.

Yet what was the magic of Christmas now? His childhood and youth were long past, and his own children had grown up and gone.

Yesterday his wife had said, "It isn't worthwhile, perhaps —"

And he had said, "Oh, yes, Alice, even if there are only the two of us, let's have a Christmas of our own."

Then she had said, "Let's not trim the tree until tomorrow, Robert. I'm tired."

He had agreed, and the tree was still out by the back door.

He lay in his bed in his room. The door to her room was shut because she was a light sleeper. Years ago they had decided to use separate rooms. Neither of them slept as well as they once had. They had been married so long that nothing could separate them, actually.

Why did he feel so awake tonight? For it was still night, a clear and starry night. No moon, of course, but the stars were extraordinary! Now that he thought of it, the stars seemed always large and clear before the dawn of Christmas Day.

He slipped back in time, as he did so easily nowadays. He was fifteen years old and still on his father's farm. He loved his father. He had not known it until one day a few days before Christmas, when he had overheard what his father was saying to his mother.

"Mary, I hate to call Rob in the mornings. He's growing so fast, and he needs his sleep. I wish I could manage alone."

"Well, you can't, Adam." His mother's voice was brisk. "Besides, he isn't a child any more. It's time he took his turn."

"Yes," his father said slowly. "But I sure do hate to wake him."

When he heard these words, something in him woke: his father loved him! he had never thought of it before, taking for granted the tie of their blood. Now that he knew his father loved him, there would be no more loitering in the mornings and having to be called again. He got up after that, stumbling blind with sleep, and pulled on his clothes.

And then on the night before Christmas, he lay thinking about the next day. They were poor, and most of the excitement was in the turkey they had raised themselves and in the mince pies his mother made. His sisters sewed presents, and his mother and father always bought something he needed, not only a warm jacket, maybe, but something more, such as a book. And he always saved and bought them each something, too.

He wished, that Christmas he was fifteen, he had a

better present for his father instead of the usual tie from the ten-cent store. He lay on his side and looked out of his attic window.

"Dad," he had once asked when he was a little boy, "what is a stable?"

"It's just a barn," his father had replied, "like ours."

Then Jesus had been born in a barn, and to a barn the shepherds and the Wise Men had come, bringing their Christmas gifts!

A thought struck him like a silver dagger. Why should he not give his father a special gift, out there in the barn? He could get up earlier, creep into the barn and get all the milking done. And then when his father went in to start the milking, he'd see it all done.

He laughed to himself as he gazed at the stars. It was what he would do, and he mustn't sleep too soundly.

He must have waked twenty times, striking a match each time to look at his old watch.

At a quarter to three he got up and crept downstairs, careful of the creaky boards, and let himself out. A big star hung low over the roof, a reddish gold. The cows looked at him, sleepy and surprised. It was early for them, too.

But they accepted him placidly and he fetched some hay for each cow and then got the milking pail and the big milk cans.

He had never milked all alone before, but it seemed almost easy. He smiled and milked steadily, two strong streams rushing into the pail, frothing and fragrant. The cows were behaving well, as though they knew it was Christmas.

The task went more easily than he had ever known it to before. Milking for once was not a chore. It was a gift to his

father. He finished, the two milk cans were full, and he covered them and closed the milk-house door carefully, making sure of the latch. He put the stool in its place by the door and hung up the clean milk pail. Then he went out of the barn and barred the door behind him.

Back in his room he had only a minute to pull off his clothes and jump into bed, for he heard his father up. He put the covers over his head to silence his quick breathing. The door opened.

"Rob!" his father called. "We have to get up, son, even if it is Christmas."

"Aw-right," he said sleepily.

"I'll go on out," his father said. "I'll get things started."

The door closed and he lay still, laughing to himself. In just a few minutes his father would know. His dancing heart was ready to jump from his body.

The minutes were endless—ten, fifteen, he did not know how many—and he heard his father's footsteps again. The door opened.

"Rob!"

"Yes, Dad—".

"You son of a—" His father was laughing, a queer sobbing sort of a laugh. "Thought you'd fool me, did you?" His father was standing beside his bed, feeling for him, pulling away the cover.

"It's for Christmas, Dad!"

He found his father and clutched him in a great hug. He felt his father's arms go around him. It was dark, and they could not see each other's faces.

"Son, I thank you. Nobody ever did a nicer thing—"

"Oh, Dad, I want you to know—I do want to be good!" The words broke from him of their own will. He

did not know what to say. His heart was bursting with love.

"Well, I reckon I can go back to sleep," his father said after a moment. "No, listen — the little ones are waked up. Come to think of it, son. I've never seen you children when you first saw the Christmas tree. I was always in the barn. Come on!"

He pulled on his clothes again, and they went down to the Christmas tree, and soon the sun was creeping up to where the star had been. Oh, what a Christmas, and how his heart had nearly burst again with shyness and pride as his father told his mother about how he, Rob, had got up all by himself.

"The best Christmas gift I ever had, and I'll remember it, son, every year on Christmas morning, as long as I live."

They had both remembered it, and now that his father was dead he remembered it alone: that blessed Christmas dawn when, alone with the cows in the barn, he had made his first gift of true love. Outside the window now the stars slowly faded. He got out of bed and put on his slippers and bathrobe and went softly downstairs. He brought in the tree, and carefully began to trim it. It was done very soon. He then went to his library and fetched the little box that contained his special gift to his wife, a diamond brooch, not large but dainty in design. But he was not satisfied. He wanted to tell her — to tell her how much he loved her.

How fortunate that he had been able to love! Ah, that was the true joy of life, the ability to love! For he was quite sure that some people were genuinely unable to love anyone. But love was alive in him; it still was.

It occurred to him suddenly that it was alive because long ago it had been born in him when he knew his father loved him. That was it: love alone could waken love.

And this morning, this blessed Christmas morning, he would give it to his beloved wife. He could write it down in a letter for her to read and keep forever. He went to his desk and began: My dearest love . . .

When it was finished, he sealed it and tied it on the tree. He put out the light and went tiptoeing up the stairs. The stars in the sky were gone, and the first rays of the sun were gleaming in the east, such a happy, happy Christmas!

## Aids to Preview

### 1. Notes

- 1) Pearl S. Buck (1892-1973) (中文译名: 赛珍珠)  
The great success of this American novelist came with the publication of *The Good Earth* (中文译名: 《大地》), a novel about a Chinese family. A daughter of missionaries, Pearl Buck grew up in China, married an American, and lived in China for about 40 years. She is the only American woman ever to win the Nobel prize for literature. The present article was taken from the December 23, 1955, issue of *Collier's*.
- 2) You son of a —. The word left unsaid is "gun". It is normally a swear word. But here it is said affectionately.
- 3) The shepherds and the wise men: Briefly this is the Christian story of Jesus Christ's birth. Jesus' father Joseph and mother Mary went to the town of Nazareth to pay their annual taxes. They could not find anywhere to stay, so had to sleep in the stable of an inn. There Mary gave birth to Jesus. Shepherds in the hills had got a message from God that if they followed a certain star in the sky, it



would lead them to their saviour — the person God would send to earth to save them. The night Jesus was born, they followed a very bright star which shone directly over the stable. The kings or chieftains — called the Wise Men in the story — were travelling in search of God's saviour, too. They also arrived at the stable, bringing gifts for the baby.

- 4) Follow the action of the story — We should not expect all stories to move directly in time. In this story, for example, the action takes place, first, at the present time, then it jumps backwards to a time 50 years ago (This is called a flashback.), and finally it takes a big jump forward again to the present. This is not at all uncommon. Be ready to follow the action when there is a jump in time. Look for clues in changes in the tense of verbs and in specific words that signal a shift in time.

## 2. Explain:

- 1) He slipped back in time, as he did so easily nowadays.
- 2) He had never thought of it before, taking for granted the tie of their blood.
- 3) His father was laughing, a queer sobbing sort of a laugh.

## 3. Analyze:

- 1) Now that he knew his father loved him, there would be no more loitering in the mornings and having to be called again.
- 2) He got up after that, stumbling blind with sleep,