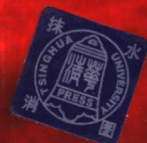


中文导读英文版

*The Fairy Tale from World Famous Legend — Spring*  
**美丽童话——春**

[英] 格斯特 贝尔格拉夫 哈特 等 原著  
纪飞 刘乃亚 等 编译

清华大学出版社



( 中 文 导 读 英 文 版 )

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北 京

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本书收集了《机智的王后》、《小兄弟比特》、《岛上暴君》、《勇士迈克尔》、《乌鸦与布谷鸟》、《丑妇和豪侠骑士》、《信物》、《胜利者的奖励》、《好运与厄运》等24个欧洲经典童话故事。它们曾经拨动全世界一代又一代读者的心弦，是影响人们情感、性格、精神与灵魂的经典读本。

这本英汉双语版童话精选，无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读物，对当代中国的青少年学生都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每篇英文故事的前面增加了中文导读。





在远古时代，人们创造了许多关于公主与王子、魔鬼与天使、国王与平民、动物与智者、美女与勇士等的传说，这些故事由一代代人口述而流传下来。后来人们把它们变成了文字，这些奇妙的故事从此就被记录下来。这些被记录下来的故事一般是寓言故事、神话传说、历史故事和名人传奇等，它们传诵的主要对象是青少年，它们是每个民族文化记忆中的核心内容，可以统称为童话。这些故事以口承和文字形式代代相传，绵绵不绝，它们既延续着一个个历久弥新的故事与文本的记载，同时也传递着一种精神的力量。世界上几乎每一个国家都重视对本国青少年的童话教育，特别是源于世界各地的著名童话故事教育，如中国的“花木兰”、丹麦的“丑小鸭”、德国的“小红帽”、古希腊的“农夫和蛇”等。

基于以上原因，我们认为编写源于世界各地的美丽童话故事读本，对加强当代中国青少年学生素质教育和人文修养是非常有帮助的。作为世界童话宝库的一部分，本书内容取材于欧洲经典童话传说，特别是来自罗马尼亚、英格兰、苏格兰、威尔士及爱尔兰等国家的童话传说。这些美丽的童话传说之所以被选入本书，不仅因为它们具有内在美，具有鲜明的欧洲特点，而且是因为它们为世界传说与神话文学宝库增添了无限的生机。阅读本书，让我们不得不惊叹古人的美妙想象和活动。另外，这些故事不仅具有经典的内容和完美的表达，而且蕴含文化的理念和价值，使青少年读者可以从中得到人文的熏陶和有益的启发。

国内也曾有此类图书出版，但主要集中在两个方面：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。而其中的中英文对照读本比较受青少年读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。而从英文学习的角度上来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。

# 前言



考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，因此，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作简洁、精练、明快的风格，保持其丰满、艳丽的形象。我们希望能够编出为当代中国青少年读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。

本书主要内容由纪飞、刘乃亚编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、王勋、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，书中一定会有一些不当之处，我们衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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## 1. 神鹰苏尔

Sur the Eagle



一个猎人在森林边上发现了一只受伤的大鸟，他准备把它射下来。大鸟突然发现了它，并做了一件让猎人大吃一惊的事——它说话了！

大鸟说它是神鹰苏尔，请猎人放过它，它会报答它的。猎人觉得这只鸟儿很神奇，就把它带回家养伤。鸟儿很守信用，在伤好之后载猎人来到风神王国，从它妻子那里取来一个干果和一根鞭子送给猎人。鸟儿告诉猎人，只要他用刀子在干果上划一下，就会出现很多牛马，再用鞭子挥一下，这些动

物就全都回去了。

猎人很开心，告别了鸟儿，往家赶去。

旅途中猎人很累，于是在一棵树下睡着了，结果被小偷偷走了他的鞭子。

正在猎人伤心的时候，出现了一个小矮人。他说他可以帮猎人，但猎人必须把家里未来的希望交给他。猎人觉得家里没有什么有希望的东西，就答应了。

小矮人给了猎人一根小鞭子就消失了。

猎人回到家之后，发现自己的儿子图德被小矮人带走了，大呼上当，但也没办法了。

图德在小矮人的家长大了。小矮人家附近住着一个魔鬼，他有一个半魔半人的女儿。这个女儿非常漂亮，图德一见到她就爱上她了。女孩



看见英俊的图德也十分喜欢。可是魔鬼不会让他们在一起的。

于是有天晚上他俩一起偷偷地跑了。

魔鬼的老母亲发现他们不见了，就派自己的儿子去追赶他们。

魔鬼眼看就要追上他们了，机警的女孩把自己变成了教堂，把图德变成了神父。魔鬼没认出来，无功而返。魔鬼的老母亲却非常狡猾，她知道那就是他俩，就把魔鬼又派了出来。

当魔鬼又一次快要追上他们的时候，女孩把图德变成一个看林人，把自己变成一片森林。愚蠢的魔鬼又被骗了。

魔鬼的老母亲怒了，她要亲自来追。女孩把自己变成一汪湖水，让图德变成鸭子在湖中游。老魔鬼想诱使图德靠岸，可是图德不听。老魔鬼施计挖走了图德的眼睛，得意地走了。

老魔鬼在回洞的途中觉得很累，在一棵树下睡着了。女孩跟踪过来，用泥巴换走了图德的眼睛。老魔鬼暴跳如雷，打了自己一巴掌，结果把自己的眼珠子给打出来了，从此再也作不了恶了。

图德和女孩回到家乡，举行了盛大的婚礼。

Once upon a time a very long while ago, when the mice ate the cats and the dwarfs beat the giants for that is how the story goes, and I tell you it is true—it came to pass that the King of the Birds of this world scattered five measures of millet seed on the ground. Then he took his horn and blew it to call all the birds together, and to tell them to pick up the scattered millet and divide it among themselves in a brotherly manner.

When the birds heard the blowing of the horn they all came together from all parts of the world, and divided the millet among themselves in a brotherly manner as the King had ordered them.

But after they had divided it up—I do not know how it happened—one grain was left on the ground. When they saw that single millet they flew all together to pick it up. First one claimed it, then another said it belonged to him, that it was part of his share, and from words they came to blows. There arose such a clamour and fight amongst them as never had happened before. Those who escaped alive from the scrimmage



only escaped with broken limbs, not to speak of those who remained behind lying stark dead on the ground, and the whole place was strewn with their plumage. The enchanted Sur who had come from the other world, and had also taken part in the fight, at the end of it found himself with a broken wing. On discovering that his wing was broken, he withdrew as quickly as possible and fluttered slowly along until he reached a dense forest where the trees were so big that no single man could span the trunk of any of them, and were so high that no man could see the tops of them even if he had six eyes. There Sur settled down on one of the branches close to the edge of the forest.

As he was sitting there, what did he see but a man coming along, who at once tried to shoot him.

"Hey! man, do not shoot me, but take me down gently and carry me home and see that I get well again. Who knows sooner or later I may do you a good turn."

When the hunter heard the bird speaking with a human voice, he lowered his gun and waited till it had finished.

Then he took up his gun again.

"Hey, good man, put that weapon down! You had better understand that I am not threatening any ill to you;" and the bird went on saying one thing after another until at last, when it had spoken for the third time, the hunter decided to spare it, and, taking it down, carried it gently to his house, thinking to himself:

"Who knows, perhaps this curious bird may bring me luck, as it speaks with a human voice."

When he arrived at home he put a plaster on its broken wing, and tried all possible remedies to heal the poor bird.

After he had finished putting the plaster on, the bird asked the man to kill a cow, as he wanted something to eat. And he ate the whole cow.

On the second day he again asked that another cow should be killed for him to eat.

"That is all very well, my dear Eagle," replied the man, "but if I go on like this I shall soon be a poor man."

"Never mind," said the Eagle; "I know what I am doing. Do not worry. But



unless you do what I ask, I shall not be able to help you.”

“Well, but—” the man went on, musingly — “how long shall I be able to do it?”

But still he gave the Eagle a cow to eat every day until he had none left. What was he to do then? He had entered the hora, and had to keep the tune.

On the day when the man had killed the last cow, Sur the Eagle told him to fix up a pole fifty feet high in the middle of the ground, and to plant it only just one foot deep in the ground. No sooner had he done it than Sur the Eagle took hold of the pole and gripped it with his claws, and, rising up in the air, flew away — far away, so far that the man lost sight of him. When he had lost sight of him, the man started whistling, saying:

“Now look at me. What a fool I have been! He has eaten up all my cows, and now he has flown away.” And he started scratching his head. Whilst he was scratching his head he heard a whirring noise, and, turning round, what did he see but the Eagle Sur coming down like lightning from the height of heaven, driving the pole deep down into the ground, and then ramming it farther in with his breast bone. Then Sur turned to the man and said to him: “That was only a trial of strength. Now get on to my back and let us depart.”

When they had risen very, very high, close to the Kingdom of the Storm Wind, the Eagle shook the man off his back and let him drop, but soon caught him again with his talons. This he did three times, just dropping him, letting him fall a little, and then catching him with his talons and replacing him on his back. Then he said to the man: “You gave me the same fright when you were going to shoot at me three times, and now I have repaid you for it.” After that they continued their flight, and kept on for a long while until they came to a palace radiant with light. So strong was the light that the man could have more easily looked at the sun without blinking than at this palace. The Eagle Sur said to him: “This is the palace of my sister, who believes that I am dead; go and beg alms from her, for the benefit of the soul of the departed. Ask her to give you alms and the dried-up nut from under her pillow, and when she gives it to you say, ‘May God bless you! May this gift be for the benefit of whatever soul may stand in need of it, and may the Eagle Sur live wherever he be!’ ”

“Very well,” said the man, “I will do so;” and he went. When he had reached

the palace of the Eagle's sister, and had received the alms, he said: "May God bless you, and may these alms be for the benefit of the soul that stands in need of it, and may the Eagle Sur live wherever he be!"

"What! is he still alive?" asked his sister, full of joy; "and if so, why does he not come to see me? Where is he wandering?"

"He is sure to come home," said the man, "but you must first give me the dried-up nut from under your pillow, and he is then certain to come back; but he wants to do something with it, I do not know what."

"These are empty words," she replied; "I have not seen him for such a long time, and I doubt whether I shall ever see him again. But be that as it may, the dried-up nut I will not give."

When he heard these words, the man returned to the place where he had left the Eagle and told him that such and such had happened.

"If that be the case," said the Eagle Sur, "mount my back and let us go to my brother." And they started again on their flight. When they reached the house of Sur's brother, the man got off the Eagle's back and went to the palace of his brother, and the Eagle Sur told him to repeat the same words which he had spoken to his sister when he went to her palace. His brother gave the same answer: "I have not seen him for such a long time; I do not believe I shall ever see him again; but be that as it may, I am not going to give you the dry nut."

When the Eagle Sur saw that his brother also refused to give him what he asked, he went on to the palace of his wife. Close to her palace there was a deep well, and the Eagle Sur said to the man: "Go and pull at the windlass so that it creaks, and when they hear the noise and come out and ask you who you are, reply that you are a good man and you have been sent by the Eagle Sur."

The man went and touched the windlass of the well, and as soon as it creaked he heard a voice asking, "Who is there? I have a dog with nails and teeth of steel, and if I loose him he will tear you to pieces."

"An honest man, sent by the Eagle Sur," replied the man.

When the woman heard this she at once came to the door, invited the man in, laid the table, and gave him to eat and to drink. Then she asked him what news he had





brought of her husband.

"I am bringing good news; he is well and strong. For a time he was ill, for one of his wings was broken, but he has since been healed, and he has sent me now to ask you for the dry nut which lies hidden under your pillow. He wants it for some reason; I do not know for what."

As soon as the wife heard what he wanted, she replied: "Even if I should not see him any more as long as I live, still I will give him the dry nut, for he can do many things with it, I know." And she gave it to the man.

After he had got the nut the man took leave of her, thanking her for the kind reception she had given him and for the way in which she had fed him, and then departed and took the dry nut to the Eagle Sur. As soon as he had the dry nut, the Eagle Sur told the man to mount again on his back, for he would carry him at once back to his own home. Then they started on their journey, and, however long it lasted, it was made in comfort.

When they were near the home the man got off the Eagle's back, and the Eagle said to him: "Now, listen. Take this dry nut, and if you stand in want of anything, just open it carefully with the tip of your knife, and out of it will come birds and cattle and flocks of sheep. Sell as many of them as you like, kill as many as you like, and drive back the remainder into the nut by cracking this whip." After he had given the whip and the nut to the man, the Eagle took leave of him, and, rising slowly and circling round, he became smaller and smaller until he entirely disappeared.

As soon as the Eagle Sur had departed, the man put the nut in his bosom, and the whip, which was small, he put in his knapsack, and went on his way. After a time he reached a beautiful forest, big and shady with high trees and green glades, and in that forest he came at last to an opening, where he settled down in the shade of an oak tree and lay down to sleep in order to recover himself a little, for the journey through the air had fatigued him somewhat.

He fell asleep, and did not wake up until the evening when the sun was setting. Then, feeling too impatient to wait until he reached his own house, he took out the nut and split it open with his knife. And then what happened? It seemed that all the herds and flocks of the world were inside that nut, for they came out in such numbers as to

fill that clearing to overflowing. There were not only oxen and cows with horns a yard long, sheep with wool like silk, fiery chargers, mules and asses, but also stags with many antlers—in fact, all kinds of living things. When the man beheld this wealth he rejoiced, and, spitting on the ground to avert the evil eye, he turned to his knapsack to take out the whip to crack it, so as to drive these animals back into the nutshell. But to take a thing you must first find it. He looked here and looked there, high and low and everywhere, but the knapsack was empty and the whip had gone. Whilst he was lying asleep a thief had passed and after searching him for money, of which he had not a trace on him, he probably had taken the little whip as a consolation for his failure. He could at least then say he had got something and his trouble had not been in vain. What was the poor man now to do with all these animals? To drive them home, or to carry them, was not to be thought of. How could he possibly take home all that vast multitude of animals? Some of them had already scattered through the forest. So he sat down on a tree stump, and began crying and cursing the hour in which he had fallen asleep.

Whilst he was thus weeping there came to him Tartacot, a dwarf as little as Hop o'my Thumb, with a beard a yard long, riding on the back of a hare which was lame of one foot, and he said to him: "Hey! good man, I know what is troubling you. I can gather all these animals together and squeeze them back into the nutshell, and I will do it on condition that you give me the hope in your house."

"Woe upon my head!" said the man, greatly angered. "There is no hope left to me in the house."

"You had better not worry your head about it; only promise it to me and I will get all these animals back into the nut."

"Well, if that is the case," said the man, "I will give it to you."

"Very well, then, we are agreed," said Tartacot; and taking out from amidst the hair of his beard a small whip not bigger than the little finger, he cracked it three times. No sooner had the whip been cracked than all the animals came into the nut. Then man, closing it up, placed it in his bosom, and Tartacot gave him the whip to use whenever he stood in need of it, after which the dwarf disappeared, and the man continued his journey homewards. On the way, close to a well, he found a strapping



young fellow with a knapsack on his back, and he asked him what his name was and whither he was going.

“My name is Tudor, and I am going to where my father has sent me, for he has given me to Tartacot the dwarf, who has a beard an ell long, riding on the lame half of a hare;” and the young lad went his way.

Then the poor man remembered that when he was going away his wife had promised him a little child, and that this child, who had probably been born after he had left home, was his son and the hope in the house of which Tartacot had spoken, and which he had promised, not knowing what had happened at home.

“This means that I have been away from my house about sixteen or seventeen years!” he exclaimed. He had known that he had been away for some time, but he never thought that it was so long, and, greatly vexed, he began weeping over his misfortune in giving to that uncanny Tartacot such a beautiful lad. He would rather have lost all those animals instead of that strapping young fellow, for with his help he would easily have been able to earn his daily bread. What could he say now? What had been done had been done. So he continued his journey and arrived at home.

The young lad wandered for over a year before he reached the house of Tartacot. The dwarf showed him at once what his tasks were, and as the boy was an able and capable lad, he did everything to the satisfaction of Tartacot, who grew to love him, and to care for him and to do for him everything pleasing.

But close to the realm of Tartacot there was the estate of the Dracu (the demon), who had a daughter that was a devil and a half, with eyes sparkling like fire, a small mouth, rosy cheeks, and beautiful to behold. She did not in any way resemble her father, and no doubt her mother must have been a human being. But who the mother may have been is not our business; for us it is sufficient to know that Tudor fell in love with her daughter so deeply that when he did not see her for one day he felt quite lost.

The girl, surrounded as she was by all kinds of skimpy, misshapen and black little devils as ugly as could be, fell also in love with him. They knew, however, that the old Dracu would never consent to their marrying, so they decided to run away, and one night Tudor put the daughter on a white charger which Tartacot had given him, and

the way lay open for them.

When morning came the old mother of the Dracu felt that they had disappeared, and she sent her son quickly in pursuit. When he was almost upon them, the girl realized something was wrong, and she told the lad to look back and see what he could espy. After he had turned round he said to her:

"A big black raven is coming fast after us."

"That is my terrible father," said the girl. "I will change myself into a church, and you into a ministering monk standing in front of me."

So they changed quickly, and the black raven came flying along, looking slantingly at the church, for no demon can pass a church and look straight at it. After having flown on a little longer and having lost sight of them, he returned home. No sooner had he passed them again on his way home than they at once changed into human beings and continued their journey.

When the Dracu reached home and told his mother that he had found no trace of the runaway couple, and that the only thing he had seen was a small church and a ministering priest, the old woman gave him such a box on the ears that his brains shook in his head. For, also among the devils, the women are worse than the men, and when they lose their temper no man devil is a match for them.

"These were the very boy and girl, you ne'er-do-well! Get up, hasten after them, and catch them up. What are you waiting for? Bring them back, and I will teach them what it means to run away."

When the Dracu heard his mother's words, he started again in pursuit. He came close to them, and the girl again said to the young man:

"Just look back and see what is coming."

"A black magpie is coming fast as burning fire."

"You change into a forester and I into a forest," she cried; and again the demon passed them, for how should he know that the man had become a forester and the girl a forest. He did not understand these things as his mother did, who knew much more.

So he went back without any success. When the mother heard his tale, she was so furious she spat in his face. Then she wrapped herself in her long mantle, sat herself upon a mortar and knocked three times on it, and at once she jumped over