

英语沙龙经典文选

英语心境  
Spa for Mind

2

# Love Never Dies

感人浪漫的爱情故事，诠释爱的真谛。



世界知识出版社

英语沙龙经典文选之

# 英语心境 Spa for Mind

春

*Love Never Dies*



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## 前言

每一种语言都是一种文化、一种思想、一种美，而英语这么一种优美的语言，更因英美文化的源远流长、博大精深、影响深远而受到人们的喜爱。我们学习英语，便是走进一个世界，迈进英美文化的壮丽殿堂，在培根深邃的思想里、在梭罗诗意的隐居里、在惠特曼“长着草”的诗句里、在一个个感人海人的故事里，体味英语的美丽，体味一种心境……

这套丛书的缘起是英语沙龙杂志社 2005-2006 年出版的一本连续刊物——《英语心境》（Spa for Mind）。《英语心境》2005 年 1 月创刊，以传播理想、美化生活、缔造心境为己任，每期大量刊登感人的生活故事、感悟的哲理小品、励志的成功美文、名家的隽永散文和诗歌等，受到了广大热爱英语的读者的喜爱。尽管由于各种原因，这本杂志只走过了短短的两个春秋，但《英语心境》这个名字却留在了很多忠实读者的心中，他们为它感到惋惜，也希望能够有一个精选的产品面市，可以永久收藏与品读，让这份“心境”可以时时伴随他们的生活。

于是英语沙龙杂志社将这个项目纳入了策划，从《英语心境》两年历程的精华文章和《英语沙龙》杂志十年资源中再度浓缩精选，经过编辑精心的加工，才有了现在《英语心境系列丛书》一套 5 本。

其中 4 本分别是：《春》(Love Never Dies)，感人浪漫的爱情故事和关于爱情的优美散文，诠释爱的真谛；《夏》(Way to Success)，励志美文、成功故事，传授成功之道、塑造成功人生；《秋》(Wisdom of Life)，生活感悟、人生智慧，超出得失之上、缔造笃定

心境；《冬》（The Warm Fireplace），亲情、友情、博爱之情，感受温情、涤荡心灵。另外，我们还将一些短小、适于诵读和记忆的著名演讲片断、名家散文和诗歌、哲理小品集成一册，名为《诵》（Just Recite It），让读者可以在茶余饭后，随时都可读上一段。这样，我们这个系列一共就有 5 本。

感谢为《英语心境》这本杂志付出过辛勤劳动的专家、作译者，因为他们曾经的努力才有了我们今天这套珍藏精选丛书。愿这套书能给你带来阅读的快乐、智慧的快乐和美好的“心境”。



# Contents

## 目 录

My Darling Wife .....	1
我的爱妻	
Hungry for Your Love .....	6
渴望得到你的爱	
Left .....	13
离开	
The Bus Passenger .....	18
公共汽车上的乘客	
One Way Ticket .....	24
单程车票	
Spring Fever .....	28
春情	
Charles Street Romance .....	35
不是爱情故事	
The Red Rose—a Meeting of the Heart .....	41
玫瑰之约	
Salty Coffee .....	46
咸咖啡	



<b>A Trucker's Last Letter</b> 长途货车司机的临终遗言	50
<b>Voice from the Past</b> 聆听爱情	57
<b>So Close, So Far</b> 爱之无奈	63
<b>Late at Night</b> 爱情不关机	69
<b>Early Autumn</b> 早秋的邂逅	73
<b>The Ultimate Love Story</b> “生死恋”	78
<b>Love without Measure</b> 无条件的爱	81
<b>A Silent Love</b> 无声的爱	84
<b>Love Is Just a Thread</b> 爱只是一根线	89



Story of Regret .....	93
悲情罗曼史	
First Love .....	99
初恋	
A Deep Love—without Passion .....	105
平淡的爱	
Unseen Hearts .....	110
穿越时空的爱恋	
A Sad Love Story .....	114
伤痛的记忆	
A Small Harbor of Reconnection .....	122
让爱重温的小港	
To the Ends of the Earth .....	125
极地爱恋	
Golf Course Romance .....	131
浪漫高尔夫	
One Love Story, 100 Days .....	138
100 天的爱情	





900 Miles	145
900 英里	
The Difference between Love and Like	153
爱与喜欢的区别	
A Tragic Love Story	155
一则悲惨的爱情故事	
Mr. Right	159
如意郎君	
Two Great Men	164
艰难抉择	
Across a Crowded Room	172
天赐奇缘	
Grandfather Change	177
“零钱爷爷”	
We Had the Love, but I Long for the Letters	182
我们拥有爱，但我更渴望有信件长存	
Men Are from Mars, Women Venus	188
男人来自火星，女人来自金星	



## My Darling Wife

我们每个人都渴望海枯石烂、终身不渝的爱情，但真正对此抱着信念去寻觅的人又有几个？这些寻觅者当中，真正有此幸运的人又有几个？62年相濡以沫的爱情、直至生命的终结，这该是多么令人艳羡的事情！而我们大多数人的爱情，不过是三分钟的热度，被婚姻的坟墓所埋葬，不过是“过日子”，平淡无味的日子。也许我们该说，那是我们当初不够执着，太轻易放弃了对真爱的追求。

Can it really be sixty-two years ago that I first saw you?

It is truly a lifetime, I know. But as I gaze into your eyes now, it seems like only yesterday that I first saw you, in that small cafe in Hanover Square.

From the moment I saw you smile, as you opened the door for that young mother and her newborn baby, I knew that I wanted to share the rest of my life with you.

I still think of how foolish I must have looked, as I gazed at you, that first time. I remember watching you intently, as you took off your



hat and loosely shook your short dark hair with your fingers. I felt myself becoming immersed in your every detail, as you placed your hat on the table and cupped your hands around the hot cup of tea, gently blowing the steam away with your pouted lips.

From that moment, everything seemed to make perfect sense to me. The people in the cafe and the busy street outside all disappeared into a hazy blur. All I could see was you.

All through my life I have relived that very first day. Many, many times I have sat and thought about that the first day, and how for a few fleeting moments I am there, feeling again what is like to know true love for the very first time. It pleases me that I can still have those feelings now after all those years, and I know I will always have them to comfort me.

Not even as I shook and trembled uncontrollably in the trenches, did I forget your face. I would sit huddled into the wet mud, terrified, as the hails of bullets and mortars crashed down around me. I would clutch my rifle tightly to my heart, and think again of that very first day we met. I would cry out in fear, as the noise of war beat down around me. But, as I thought of you and saw you smiling back at me, everything around me would become silent, and I would be with you again for a few precious moments, far from the death and destruction. It would not be until I opened my eyes once again, that I would see and hear the carnage of the war around me.

I cannot tell you how strong my love for you was back then, when I returned to you on leave in the September, feeling battered, bruised and fragile. We held each other so tight I thought we would burst. I asked you to marry me the very same day and I whooped with joy when you looked deep into my eyes and said "yes" to being my bride.

I'm looking at our wedding photo now, the one on our dressing table, next to your jewellery box. I think of how young and innocent we were back then. I remember being on the church steps grinning like a Cheshire cat, when you said how dashing and handsome I



looked in my uniform. The photo is old and faded now, but when I look at it, I only see the bright vibrant colors of our youth.

I remember being so over-enjoyed, when a year later, you gently held my hand to your waist and whispered in my ear that we were going to be a family.

I know both our children love you dearly; they are outside the door now, waiting.

Do you remember how I panicked like a mad man when Jonathon was born? I can still picture you laughing and smiling at me now, as I clumsily held him for the very first time in my arms. I watched as your laughter faded into tears, as I stared at him and cried my own tears of joy.

Sarah and Tom arrived this morning with little Tessie. Can you remember how we both hugged each other tightly when we saw our tiny granddaughter for the first time?

I know you are tired, my dear, and I must let you go. But I love you so much and it hurts to do so.

I must go now, my darling. Our children are waiting outside. They want to say goodbye to you.

I am sad that you had to leave me, but please don't worry. I am content, knowing I will be with you soon. I know it won't be long before we meet again in that small cafe in Hanover Square.



### Vocabulary

immerse / ɪˈmɜːs / *vt.* 使沉浸在, 使专心于, 使深陷于

pouted / ˈpaʊtɪd / *a.* 撅起的

make sense 有意义

hazy / ˈheɪzɪ / *a.* 模糊的, 不明确的, 迷惑的

blur / blɜː(r) / *n.* 模糊, 模糊的东西

huddle / ˈhʌdl / *vt.* 使蜷缩, 使缩成一团

mortar / ˈmɔːtə(r) / *n.* 迫击炮

beat down (太阳等) 强烈地照射下来, 文中借指声音

batter / ˈbætə(r) / *vt.* 重创, 连续打击



## Vocabulary

bruise /bru:z/ *vt.* 挫伤, 伤害(感情等)  
whoop /hu:p/ *vi.* (激动或欢乐地)高喊, 高叫  
Cheshire cat 咧嘴而笑的柴郡猫(源出《艾丽丝漫游仙境记》)  
vibrant /'vaɪbrənt/ *a.* (光线)明亮的, (色彩)鲜明的  
panic /'pænik/ *vi.* 感到惊慌; 惊慌失措  
clumsily /'klʌmzɪli/ *ad.* 手脚不灵活地, 笨拙地  
fade /feɪd/ *vi.* (声音等)变微弱; (光等)变暗淡; 逐渐消失  
stare /steə(r)/ *vi.* 凝视, 注视, 目不转睛地看  
content /kən'tent/ *a.* 满意的; 满足的

## 中文翻译

### 我的爱妻

我们初次相遇, 难道真的是 62 年前吗?

我知道, 这是真正的一世情缘。此刻望着你的眼睛, 当年的邂逅犹如昨天, 在汉诺威广场的那间小咖啡馆。

初次见到你的微笑, 你正为一位年轻的母亲和她的小宝宝开门。从此, 我就明白我只愿与你执手携老, 共度今生。

我仍然不时想起, 第一次相遇时自己那样地盯着你, 一定显得很傻。我记得, 当你摘下小帽, 用手指松了松短短的黑发时, 我目不转睛地凝视着你。当你把帽子放在桌前, 双手捧起暖暖的茶杯, 微抿樱唇轻轻吹走飘腾的热气, 我感到自己完全沉浸在你的一举一动间。

从那一刻起, 对我来说, 一切似乎都显明了意义。咖啡馆里的男女老少和外面街道的熙熙攘攘忽然都模糊了起来, 我眼里能看到的只有你。

一生中, 那第一天的情景一直在我的记忆里重现。多少次我坐下来, 追忆那天的点滴, 不断回味那些飞逝的瞬间, 重新体会一见钟情的真爱。令我宽慰的是, 岁月的流逝并没有带走那些感觉, 我知道它们会永远伴随我, 抚慰我的一生。



即使当我在战壕中不由自主地颤抖，我也不曾忘记你的容颜。我蜷缩在稀泥中，心惊胆战，身边是枪林弹雨。我把步枪紧紧地攥在胸前，再次想起了我们初识的那一天。身旁战火呼啸，我恐惧得大声呼叫。但是，一想起你，仿佛见到你在向我回笑，我周围的一切似乎沉寂下来，在这珍贵的瞬间，我觉得再次与你相聚，暂时远离了毁灭和死亡。直到我再睁开眼，周围才又回到了血与火的生死战场。

9月休假回到你身边，我伤痕累累的心如此脆弱，言语无法向你表达战火纷飞时我对你的爱有多深。我们只能紧紧拥抱在一起，仿佛要把对方挤碎。也就在那天，面对我的求婚，你深深凝望着我的眼睛，答应做我的新娘，而我欢喜得大喊大叫。

我现在正看着我们的结婚照片，一直放在梳妆台上的那张，就在你的首饰盒旁。我想起那时候，我们多么年轻，多么纯真。我记得我站在教堂的台阶上，咧嘴傻笑像只柴郡猫，你说我穿着制服多么威武、多么英俊。照片已经旧得泛黄了，但我看到的，却只有当年青春靓丽的风采。

一年后，你轻轻地把我的手放到你的腹前，对着我的耳朵悄悄透露这个让我欣喜若狂的好消息：我们就快有宝宝啦。

我知道我们两个孩子都深深地爱着你，他们现在就在门外等候。

你还记得乔纳森出生的时候我那手足无措的慌张样子吗？当我第一次笨拙地把他抱在怀里，我还记得你笑话我的样子。我看着他，我们都情不自禁地迸出了开心的泪花。

今天早晨萨拉和汤姆带着小泰西也赶到了。你还记得吗？第一次看到我们的小孙女，我俩高兴得紧紧拥抱。

我明白，亲爱的，你累了，我应该让你离开。但我是如此地爱你，不忍心放手。

亲爱的，我该走了。孩子们都等在外面，他们要和你道别。

这分离扯碎了我的心，但是请别担心。知道我们相聚之日近在咫尺，我心里暖洋洋的。我知道很快我们就能在汉诺威广场的那间小咖啡馆里重逢的。



mere dream, and I sink deeper and deeper into despair.

Suddenly, I notice a young girl walking past on the other side of the barbed wire. She stops and looks at me with sad eyes that seem to say that she understands, that she too cannot fathom why I am here. I want to look away, oddly ashamed for this stranger to see me like this, but I cannot tear my eyes from hers. Then she reaches into her pocket, and pulls out a red apple. Oh, how long has it been since I have seen one! She looks cautiously to the left and to the right and then with smile of triumph quickly throws the apple over the fence. I run to pick it up, holding it in my trembling frozen fingers. In my world of death this apple is an expression of life, of love. I glance up in time to see the girl disappearing into the distance.

The next day I cannot help myself--I am drawn at the same time to that spot near the fence. And again she comes. And again she brings me an apple flinging it over the fence with that same sweet smile. This time I catch it and hold it up for her to see. Her eyes twinkle. For seven months we meet like this. One day I hear frightening news: we're being shipped to another camp.

The next day when I greet her my heart is breaking and I can barely speak as I say what must be said: "Don't bring me an apple tomorrow." I tell her, "I am being sent to another camp." Turning before I lose all my control I run away from the fence. I cannot bear to look back.

Months pass and the nightmare continues. But the memory of this girl sustains me through the terror, the pain, the hopelessness. And then one day the nightmare is over. The war has ended. Those of us who are still alive are freed. I have lost everything that was precious to me including my family. But I still have the memory of this girl, a memory I carry in my heart and gives me the will to go on as I move to America to start a new life.

Years pass. It is 1957. I am living in New York City. A friend convinces me to go on a blind date with a lady of his. Reluctantly, I agree. But she is nice, this woman named Roma, and like me she is



an immigrant so we have at least that in common.

"Where were you during the war?" Roma asks me gently in that delicate way immigrants ask one another questions about those years.

"I was in a concentration camp in Germany," I reply.

Roma gets a faraway look in her eyes, as if she is remembering something painful yet sweet.

"What is it?" I ask.

"I am just thinking about something from my past, Herman," Roma explains in a voice suddenly very soft. "You see, when I was a young girl I lived near a concentration camp. There was a boy there, a prisoner and for a long while I used to visit him every day. I remember I used to bring him apples. I would throw the apple over the fence and he would be so happy."

Roma sighs heavily and continues, "It is hard to describe how we felt about each other--after all we were young and we only exchanged a few words when we could--but I can tell you there was much love there. I assume he was killed like so many others. But I cannot bear to think that, and so I try to remember him as he was for those months we were given together."

With my heart pounding so loudly, I look directly at Roma and ask, "And did that boy say to you one day 'Do not bring me an apple tomorrow. I am being sent to another camp'?"

"Why, yes," Roma responds, her voice trembling.

"But Herman, how on earth could you possibly know that?"

I take her hands in mine and answer, "Because I was that young boy, Roma."

For many moments, there is only silence. We cannot take our eyes from each other, and as the veils of time lift, we recognize the soul behind the eyes, the dear friend we once loved so much, whom we have never stopped loving, whom we have never stopped remembering.

Finally, I speak: "Look, Roma, I was separated from you once,





and I don't ever want to be separated from you again. Now I am free, and I want to be together with you forever. Dear, will you marry me?"

I see the same twinkle in her eyes that I used to see as Roma says, "Yes, I will marry you."

Almost forty years have passed since that day when I found my Roma again. Destiny brought us together the first time during the war to show me a promise of hope, and now it had reunited us to fulfill that promise.

Valentine's Day, 1996. I bring Roma to the Oprah Winfrey Show to honor her on national television. I want to tell her in front of the millions of the people what I feel in my heart every day:

"Darling, you fed me in the concentration camp when I was hungry. And I am still hungry, for something I will never get enough of: I am only hungry for your love."



### Vocabulary

concentration / ,kɒnsənˈtreɪʃən / *n.* 集中

barbed / ˈbɑːbiɪd / *a.* 有倒钩的, 有倒刺的

emaciated / ɪˈmeɪsieɪtɪd / *a.* 消瘦的, 憔悴的

despair / dɪˈspeə(r) / *n.* 绝望

fathom / ˈfæðəm / *vt.* 理解, 弄清...的真相

sustain / səˈsteɪn / *vt.* 支持, 给...以力量(或勇气、信心); 激励, 使振作

## 中文翻译

# 渴望得到你的爱

1942年阴冷冬季的一天, 天气刺骨地寒冷。但在纳粹集中营里, 这与别的日子并无什么区别。自从从家中与数以万计的犹太人一道被带到这儿以来, 我如同行尸走肉, 活一天算一天, 活一小时