



An English-Chinese Collation

# Anderson's Fairy Tales

## 安徒生童话

(丹麦) 安徒生

中国戏剧出版社



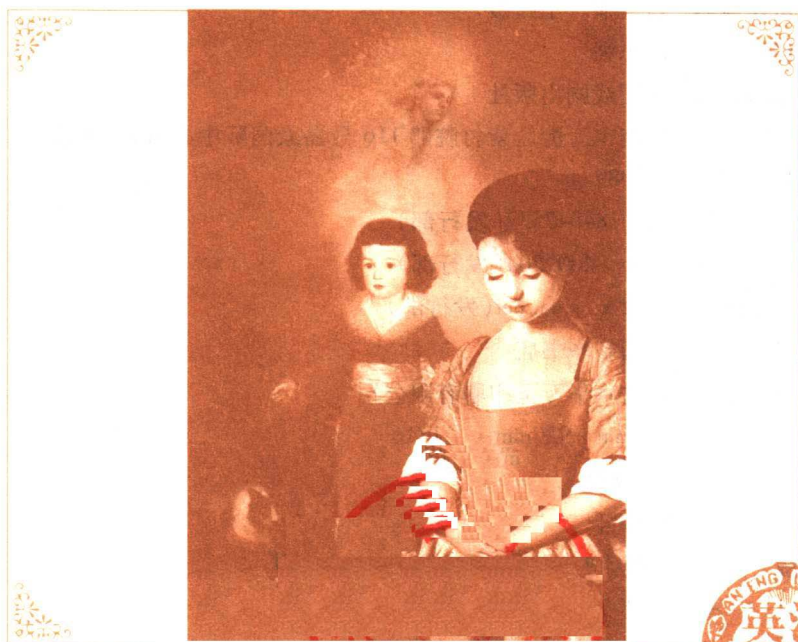
中英文对照全译本

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## 外国文学名著精粹文集

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## 译 序

初读《安徒生童话》，简直难以置信这是一篇针对孩子的“童话”，是的，它符合童话的一切特征，虚拟、夸张……但，它又蕴含着一般童话所没有的深意：对人生，爱情执著无悔的追求，坚持的毅力及牺牲精神，正是这一点，打动了成千上万读者的心，纪念这种高尚的情操，也纪念他们伟大的童话作家——安徒生。

安徒生在他开始写童话的时候，他在给一个朋友的信中写过这样的话：“我用我的一切感情和思想来写童话，但是同时我也没有忘记成年人。当我写一个讲给孩子们听的故事的时候，我永远记住他们的父亲和母亲也会在旁边听，因此我得给他们写一点，让他们想想。”这段话也说明了安徒生童话的特点：他的童话是“讲给孩子们听的”——不只是写给他们读，同时还要让他们旁边的父母“想想”。也就是说，他写童话不仅是为了要教育孩子，而且为了要教育他们的父母一成年人。在给另一个朋友的信中，他说：“我现在爱艺术，是因为艺术负有一个崇高的使命。”写童话也是一种艺术，它“负有一个崇高的使命”——那就是教育人民。

安徒生的童话不是一般民间故事和传说的转述，以“有趣”和“惊险”的题材为主，偶尔夹杂一些劝善惩恶和类似因果报应一类的宗教教义。他的童话立足于现实生活，并且，在这现实的基础上充满了他对人类美好未来所作的思想和愿望。他热爱“人”，当然也热爱“人”的生活。

因为他热爱“人”，他就热情地颂扬“人”应具有的优秀品质：勤劳、勇敢、坚强的毅力、克服困难的决心，牺牲的精神……《野天鹅》中的艾丽莎、《拇指姑娘》中的拇指姑娘，以及本文中的“海的女儿”，就是他在这方面所创造的典型，这都是他理想中的“人”的缩影。具有这些品质的“人”，一定走向光明，创造出美好的生活。因为他热爱“人”，所以他才憎恨人间的黑暗和各种不合理现象：比如贪婪、愚蠢、虚荣、骄傲……对于这些现象，他总是毫无保留地给予批评对于统治阶级的愚蠢和挥霍，他总是无情地加以揭露和抨击。《皇帝的新装》、《豌豆上的公主》就是这样的作品。他把他们的丑态和荒唐暴露在读者面前，而他所用的语言又极其生动风趣。

童话是“讲给孩子们听的故事”，安徒生的童话紧密地与儿童的生活和心理结合起来。在《拇指姑娘》里对于拇指姑娘小巧玲珑体态的形容，都会让小读者觉得生动而逼真。而，成年人也不会认为这只是专为儿童们写的作品，他们对这样的作品也高度欣赏，因为安徒生使用的语言，是一种源自



生活但经过提炼的语言,它更集中的表现出人民的智慧、生活气息和幽默感。如在他最早所写的一篇童话《打火匣》里,他用这样的句子来概括一个王后的形象:“她不仅会坐四轮马车,而且还能做一些别的事情。”所谓“别的事情”就是要点小心眼儿,好不至于一个完全愚蠢的人物。

他的童话创作可以做三个时期。第一个时期的童话,也就是“讲给孩子们听的故事”,是在1835年到1845年这十年间写成的,也就是他在30岁到40岁之间写成的。一般小读者所爱读的故事,如《小意达的花儿》、《豌豆上的公主》、《皇帝的新装》、《拇指姑娘》、《夜莺》和《丑小鸭》等,就是这个时期的作品。这些作品想像丰富、故事生动、语言活泼、诗意浓厚,最能代表他的童话创作的艺术,也是他在童话创作中现实主义和浪漫主义相结合的典范。1845年以后他开始写一种“新的童话”。所谓“新”,其实倒似乎有些“旧”。他减少了故事中的浪漫主义成分,而用比较直截了当的手法描写现实的生活,如《火柴的小女孩》、《影子》和《母亲的故事》等,就是这类的作品。到了1852年,他干脆把他新的创作名为“故事”。《柳树下的梦》、《她是一个废物》、《单身汉的睡帽》和《园丁和主人》等,就是这类作品的代表。它们更是对现实生活的直接描述,但它们又与一般的小说不同,因为它们仍然保持有某些童话的特色和幻想。总的说来,他这个时期的作品的调子是低沉的、忧郁的。

他的这种发展说明,他越深入地描写生活,他就越感到苦闷。重重的矛盾纷纷出现在他的笔下,他无法解决。他早期作品中表现的那种乐观情绪,那种对于生活的美好愿望,对于真、善、美的追求,这时他自己也感觉到不过是一种“幻想”。

安徒生热情地盼望人民能过幸福的生活,一个光明正义的社会能在人间出现。他在现实的生活中既然找不出满足这个愿望的线索,那就只有求助于“上帝”了。所以“上帝”就在他的作品中成了一个经常出现的人物,一把解决问题的钥匙。当然,他的上帝不是教会中的上帝——这一点从他刻画的那些人世间的宣传“爱”和“正义”的化身。人间矛盾、困难和不平,只要提到上帝那里他认为就要可以得到解决。事实当然不是如此。《卖火柴的小女孩》中的那个小女孩,当有钱人在欢度除夕时,她却在大雪纷飞的街头冻得要死。这时安徒生让她亲家的祖母到来,把她迎接到上帝那儿去,也度过一个快乐的除夕。但事实证明,这个可爱的小姑娘到底还是在街头的墙脚冻死了。安徒生也不能否认这个事实。

安是安徒生的苦恼。这种苦恼给他后半期的童话作品带来一种忧郁和消极的气氛。这是他的时代给他造成的局限性。排除了这一点,我们就可以从他的童话创造中吸取许多营养。他的作品中所表现的现实主义和民主主义精神,他的现实主义和浪漫主义相结合的创作方法,以及他生动活泼的语言和文风,在今天对我们来说,仍能起到有益的借鉴作用。



# 目 录

A STORY FROM THE SAND - HILLS .....	( 1 )	沙丘的故事 .....	( 1 )
JACK THE DULLARD AN OLD STORY TOLD ANEW .....	( 51 )	笨汉汉斯 .....	( 51 )
LITTLE CLAUS AND BIG CLAUS .....	( 58 )	小克劳斯和大克劳斯 .....	( 58 )
LITTLE IDA'S FLOWERS .....	( 74 )	小伊达花儿 .....	( 74 )
LITTLE TINY OR THUMBELINA .....	( 85 )	拇指姑娘 .....	( 85 )
OLE - LUK - OIE, THE DREAM - GOD ...	( 101 )	梦神 .....	( 101 )
THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER .....	( 117 )	坚定的锡兵 .....	( 117 )
THE BUTTERFLY .....	( 124 )	蝴蝶 .....	( 124 )
THE DRYAD .....	( 127 )	树精 .....	( 127 )
THE ELF OF THE ROSE .....	( 158 )	玫瑰花精 .....	( 158 )
THE EMPEROR'S NEW SUIT .....	( 165 )	皇帝的新装 .....	( 165 )
THE GARDEN OF PARADISE .....	( 172 )	天国花园 .....	( 172 )
THE GOBLIN AND THE HUCKSTER ...	( 193 )	小鬼和小商人 .....	( 193 )
THE ICE MAIDEN .....	( 198 )	冰 姑 娘 .....	( 198 )
THE LITTLE MATCH - SELLER .....	( 273 )	卖火柴的小女孩 .....	( 273 )
THE NIGHTINGALE .....	( 309 )	夜莺 .....	( 309 )
THE STORY OF A MOTHER .....	( 324 )	母亲的故事 .....	( 324 )
THE THORNY ROAD OF HONOR .....	( 331 )	光荣的荆棘路 .....	( 331 )
THE UGLY DUCKLING .....	( 337 )	丑小鸭 .....	( 337 )
THE WILD SWANS .....	( 351 )	野天鹅 .....	( 351 )
THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA .....	( 375 )	豌豆公主 .....	( 375 )



## A STORY FROM THE SAND - HILLS

THIS story is from the sand - dunes or sand - hills of Jutland, but it does not begin there in the North, but far away in the South, in Spain.

The wide sea is the highroad from nation to nation; journey in thought; then, to sunny Spain. It is warm and beautiful there; the fiery pomegranate flowers peep from among dark laurels; a cool refreshing breeze from the mountains blows over the orange gardens, over the Moorish halls with their golden cupolas and coloured walls. Children go through the streets in procession with candles and waving banners, and the sky, lofty and clear with its glittering stars, rises above them. Sounds of singing and castanets can be heard, and youths and maidens dance upon the flowering acacia trees, while even the beggar sits upon a block of marble, refreshing himself with a juicy melon, and dreamily enjoying life. It all seems like a beautiful dream.

Here dwelt a newly married couple who completely gave themselves up to the charm of life; indeed they possessed every good thing they could desire - health and happiness, riches and honour.

"We are as happy as human beings can be," said the young couple from the depths of their hearts. They had indeed only one step higher to mount on the ladder of happiness they hoped that God would give

## 沙丘的故事

这是关于尤兰岛许多沙丘上的一个传说,但故事不是在那里开始的,而是在南方遥远的西班牙开始的。

海是通往国与国之间的途径——请你想像一下那里,想像你到了西班牙吧!那里温暖、美丽,茂密的月桂树之间开着火红的石榴花。一阵清凉的风从山上吹来,吹到橙子园,吹到摩尔人的有涂金的圆顶和色彩斑斓墙壁的宏伟的大殿上。孩子们举着蜡烛和飘扬的旗帜,在街道上奔跑;广阔、清澈的天上有明亮的星星在他们的头上闪耀。处处荡漾着欢快歌声和响板,青年男女在开满槐花的槐树下跳舞,而乞丐则坐在雕花的大理石上吃着汁水四溢的西瓜,然后在昏睡中打发日子。这一切就像一个美丽的梦一样!

日子就是这样地过去了……是的,一对新婚夫妇就是这样;此外,他们享受着人世间一切美好的东西:健康和愉快、财富和尊崇。

"我们的快乐到了极点了!"他们发自内心深处这样说。然而,在幸福的阶梯上他们还可以再上一级,如果上帝能赐给他们一个孩子——在身心都像他们的一个孩子,



them a child, a son like them inform and spirit. The happy little one was to be welcomed with rejoicing, to be cared for with love and tenderness, and enjoy every advantage of wealth and luxury that a rich and influential family can give. So the days went by like a joyous festival.

"Life is a gracious gift from God, almost too great a gift for us to appreciate!" said the young wife. "Yet they say that fullness of joy for ever and ever can only be found in the future life. I cannot realise it!"

"The thought arises, perhaps, from the arrogance of men," said the husband. "It seems a great pride to believe that we shall live for ever, that we shall be as gods! Were not these the words of the serpent, the father of lies?"

"Surely you do not doubt the existence of a future life?" exclaimed the young wife. It seemed as if one of the first shadows passed over her sunny thoughts.

"Faith realises it, and the priests tell us so," replied her husband; "but amid all my happiness I feel that it is arrogant to demand a continuation of it — another life after this. Has not so much been given us in this world that we ought to be, we must be, contented with it?"

"Yes, it has been given to us," said the young wife, "but this life is nothing more than one long scene of trial and hardship to many thousands. How many have been cast into this world only to endure poverty, shame, illness, and misfortune? If

而这也是可能的。这样一个幸福的孩子是会受到最大的欢迎的,他会得到最亲切的关怀和爱,会过一个富足和名门望族所能提供的一切优裕的生活。日子一天一天地过去,每天像一个节日。

"生活是一件上天赐予的,充满了爱的、无限大的礼物!"年轻的妻子说,"圆满的幸福只有在死后的生活中才能接近永恒!这对我来说实在太深奥了。"

"这无疑的是人类自欺欺人的一种妄想而已!"丈夫说。"有人相信人可以像上帝那样永恒地活下去——这种想法,说到底,就是一种自大狂。这也就是那条蛇——说谎的祖宗——说的话!"

"你对于死后的生活不会有什么担心和疑虑吧?"年轻的妻子说。这话就像在他们阳光明媚的想像世界中,第一次飘来了一片阴影。

"牧师们说过,只有信仰才能保证死后的生活!"年轻人回答说。"不过在我的幸福之中,我也认识到,如果我们还要求有死后的生活——永恒的幸福——那么我们就未免太大胆,太狂妄了。难道此生上天给予我们的这么多的东西,还不能令我们满意吗?"

"是的,我们得到了许多东西,"年轻的妻子说。"但是对于其他成千上万的人说来,这辈子不是一个很艰苦的历程吗?多少人生到这个世界上来,难道专门为了得到穷困、羞辱、疾病和不幸么?不,



there were no future life, everything here would be too unequally divided, and God would not be the personification of justice.”

“The beggar there,” said her husband, “has joys of his own which seem to him great, and cause him as much pleasure as a king would find in the magnificence of his palace. And then do you not think that the beast of burden, which suffers blows and hunger, and works itself to death, suffers just as much from its miserable fate? The dumb creature might demand a future life also, and declare the law unjust that excludes it from the advantages of the higher creation.”

“Christ said: ‘In my father’s house are many mansions,’” she answered. “Heaven is as boundless as the love of our Creator; the dumb animal is also His creature, and I firmly believe that no life will be lost, but each will receive as much happiness as he can enjoy, which will be sufficient for him.”

“This world is sufficient for me,” said the husband, throwing his arm round his beautiful, sweet-tempered wife. He sat by her side on the open balcony, smoking a cigarette in the cool air, which was loaded with the sweet scent of carnations and orange blossoms. Sounds of music and the clatter of castanets came from the road beneath, the stars shone above them, and two eyes full of affection those of his wife — looked upon him with the expression of undying love. “Such a moment,” he said, “makes it worth while to be born, to die, and to be annihilated!” He smiled — the

如果此生以后再没有来世,那么尘世上的一切东西就分配得太不公平,上天也就太不公正了。”

“街上的那个乞丐也有他自己的快乐,对他说来,他的快乐并不比住在辉煌的皇宫里的国王逊色,”年轻的丈夫说,“难道你觉得那艰辛劳作,天天挨打挨饿,劳累到死的牲口,它能够感觉到自己生命的痛苦么?难道它也会要求一个未来的生活,也会抱怨上帝的安排不公平,没有把它列入更高贵生灵之中吗?”

“天国里有许多房间,基督说过,”年轻的妻子回答说。“天国是没有边际的,上帝的爱也是无穷尽的!牲畜也是一种生灵呀!我相信,没有什么生命会被遗忘:每个生命都会得到自己可以享受的、适宜于自己的一份幸福。”

“不过我觉得,这辈子已经足够使我感到满意了!”丈夫伸出双臂,拥抱着他美丽的、温存的妻子。于是他就在这宽敞的阳台上抽一支香烟。阳台上凉爽的空气中充满了橙子和石竹花的芳香。音乐声和响板声在街上飘荡;星星在天上眨着眼睛。一对充满了深情的眼睛——他的妻子的眼睛——带着一种永恒的爱情之光,在凝视着他。“这样的一瞬间,”他说,“就让生命的开始、生命的体验和它的灭亡都有价值。”于是他就微笑起来。妻子举起手,作出一个温柔略带责



young wife raised her hand in gentle reproof, and the shadow passed away from her mind, and they were happy - quite happy.

Everything seemed to work together for their good. They advanced in honour, in prosperity, and in happiness. A change came certainly, but it was only a change of place and not of circumstances. The young man was sent by his Sovereign as ambassador to the Russian Court. This was an office of high dignity, but his birth and his acquirements entitled him to the honour. He possessed a large fortune, and his wife had brought him wealth equal to his own, for she was the daughter of a rich and respected merchant. One of this merchant's largest and finest ships was to be sent that year to Stockholm, and it was arranged that the dear young couple, the daughter and the son-in-law, should travel in it to St. Petersburg. All the arrangements on board were princely and silk and luxury on every side.

In an old war song, called "The King of England's Son," it says: "Farewell, he said, and sailed away. And many recollect that day. The ropes were of silk, the anchor of gold, And everywhere riches and wealth untold."

These words would aptly describe the vessel from Spain, for here was the same luxury, and the same parting thought naturally arose: "God grant that we once more

备的姿势——那阵阴影又散去了,他们太幸福了。

一切都似乎都是为他们的荣誉、幸福和快乐而安排的。后来生活有了一点变化,但这只不过是地点不同罢了,丝毫不影响他们享受生活的幸福和快乐。年轻人被国王派到俄罗斯的宫廷去当公使。这是一个很荣耀的职位,与他的出身和学问都相称。他拥有巨大的家产,他的妻子也带来了与他同样多的财富,因为她是一个富有的、有地位的商人的女儿。这一年,这位商人恰巧有一条最大最美的船要开到斯德哥尔摩去;这条船将要把这对亲爱的年轻人——商人的女儿和女婿——送到圣彼得堡去。船上布置得简直就像是皇宫一样;脚下是柔和的地毯,四周尽是丝锦,说不尽的荣华。

每个丹麦人都会唱一支很古老的战歌,叫做《英国的王子》。王子也是乘着一艘豪华的船:它的锚镶着赤金,每根缆绳里夹着丝条。当你看到这条从西班牙开出的船的时候,人们必定会想到这艘船,那豪华是一样的,那离情别绪也是一样的:愿上帝祝福我们在快乐中团聚。海风轻快地从西班牙的海岸吹过来,

别离只不过是暂时的事情,因为几个星期以后,他们就会到达目的地。不过当他们来到海面上的时候,风就停了。海是安静平滑,



may meet In sweet unclouded peace and joy."

There was a favourable wind blowing as they left the Spanish coast, and it would be but a short journey, for they hoped to reach their destination in a few weeks; but when they came out upon the wide ocean the wind dropped, the sea became smooth and shining, and the stars shone brightly. Many festive evenings were spent on board. At last the travellers began to wish for wind, for a favourable breeze; but their wish was useless not a breath of air stirred, or if it did arise it was contrary. Weeks passed by in this way, two whole months, and then at length a fair wind blew from the south - west. The ship sailed on the high seas between Scotland and Jutland; then the wind increased, just as it did in the old song of "The King of England's Son."

"Mid storm and wind, and pelting hail,

Their efforts were of no avail.

The golden anchor forth they threw;

Towards Denmark the west wind blew."

This all happened a long time ago; King Christian VII, who sat on the Danish throne, was still a young man. Much has happened since then, much has altered or been changed. Sea and moorland have been turned into green meadows, stretches of heather have become arable land, and in the shelter of the peasant's cottages, apple - trees and rose - bushes grow, though

海水在闪光,天上的星星也在闪光。豪华的船舱里每晚都充满了宴会的气氛。

最后,大家还是开始盼望有风吹来,盼望有一股令人振奋的顺风,但是风却没有吹来。当风吹起来的时候,却总是逆风。几个星期这样过去了,两个月这样过去了。最后,顺风算是吹起来了,它是从西南方吹来的。这时,他们正在苏格兰和尤兰之间行进着。正如在《英国的王子》那支古老的歌中说的一样,风越吹越大:

暴风雨升起,阴霾密布,

看不到陆地,也找不到隐蔽的处所,

于是他们只好抛出他们的锚,

但是风从西来,将他们吹向丹麦的海岸。

那已经是很久很久以前的事情了。国王克利斯蒂安七世坐上了丹麦的王位;他那时还是一个年轻人。从那时起,发生了许多事情。许多事改换了,许多东西变化了。海和沼泽地变成了繁茂的草原;荒地变成了耕田。在西尤兰的那些房屋的掩蔽下,苹果树和玫瑰花生长出来了。不过,你得仔细看



they certainly require much care, as the sharp west wind blows upon them.

In West Jutland one may go back in thought to old times, farther back than the days when Christian VII ruled. The purple heather still extends for miles, with its barrows and aerial spectacles, intersected with sandy uneven roads, just as it did then; towards the west, where broad streams run into the bays, are marshes and meadows encircled by lofty, sandy hills, which, like a chain of Alps, raise their pointed summits near the sea; they are only broken by high ridges of clay, from which the sea, year by year, bites out great mouthfuls, so that the overhanging banks fall down as if by the shock of an earth - quake. Thus it is there today and thus it was long ago, when the happy pair were sailing in the beautiful ship.

It was a Sunday, towards the end of September; the sun was shining, and the chiming of the church bells in the Bay of Nisum was carried along by the breeze like a chain of sounds. The churches there are almost entirely built of hewn blocks of stone, each like a piece of rock. The North Sea might foam over them and they would not be disturbed. Nearly all of them are without steeples, and the bells are hung outside between two beams. The service was over, and the congregation passed out into the churchyard, where not a tree or bush was to be seen; no flowers were planted there, and they had not laced a single wreath upon any of the graves. It is just the

才能找到它们,因为它们为了躲避刺骨的西风,都藏起来了。

在这个地方人们很可以回溯了远古时期里去——比克利斯蒂安七世统治的时期还要久远。现在的尤兰仍然和那时一样,棕黄色的荒地四向延绵不绝,上面的古冢,天上的海市蜃楼和一些纵横交错的、多沙的、蜿蜒曲折的道路。往西走,许多河流汇向海湾,扩展成为沼泽地和草原。环绕着它们的一起沙丘,像峰峦起伏的阿尔卑斯山脉一样,耸立在海的范围,只有那些黏土形成的高高的陡壁才把它们切断。由于每年不断被海水大口大口地吞噬,使得那些悬崖绝壁下塌,好像被地震摇撼过一次似的。今天它依旧是这样;在许多年以前,当那幸福的一对乘着华丽的船在它沿岸航行的时候,它也是这样。

那是九月的最后的一个星期天,那天阳光明媚。教堂的钟声,像一连串音乐似的,向尼松湾沿岸飘来。这一带所有的教堂都像整齐的巨石,而每一个教堂就像是一个石块。西海可以在它们上面滚过来,它们依然矗立无恙。大多数教堂没有钟塔,教堂的钟便随意吊在两根横木之间。礼拜仪式结束之后,信徒们走出上帝的屋子来到教堂坟园。那里直到现在都找不到树木或矮丛,坟上没有人摆上自家栽种的花或者花环。在那个时候,正像现在一样,一棵树,一个灌木林也没有。粗陋的土丘就可能是埋葬死人的地方。整个墓地上



same now. Rough mounds show where the dead have been buried, and rank grass, tossed by the wind, grows thickly over the whole churchyard; here and there a grave has a sort of monument, a block of half-decayed wood, rudely cut in the shape of a coffin; the blocks are brought from the forest of West Jutland, but the forest is the sea itself, and the inhabitants find beams, and planks, and fragments which the waves have cast upon the beach. One of these blocks had been placed by loving hands on a child's grave, and one of the women who had come out of the church walked up to it; she stood there, her eyes resting on the weather-beaten memorial, and a few moments afterwards her husband joined her. They were both silent, but he took her hand, and they walked together across the purple heath, over moor and meadow towards the sandhills. For a long time they went on without speaking.

"It was a good sermon to-day," the man said at last. "If we had not God to trust in, we should have nothing."

"Yes," replied the woman, "He sends joy and sorrow, and He has a right to send them. To-morrow our little son would have been five years old if we had been permitted to keep him."

"It is no use fretting, wife," said the man. "The boy is well provided for. He is where we hope and pray to go to."

They said nothing more, but went out to-wards their houses among the sand-hills. All at once, in front of one of the

只有被风吹得零乱的荒草。各处偶尔有一个纪念物从墓里露出来：它是一块半朽的木头，曾经做成一个类似棺材的东西。这块木头是从西部的树林、狂暴的大海那里搬来的。大海为这些沿岸的居民生长出大梁和板子，把它们像柴火一样漂到岸上来；风和浪涛很快就腐蚀掉这些木块。一个小孩子的坟上就有这样一块木头；从教堂里走出的女人中有一位就向这座坟墓走去。她肃立着不动，呆呆地望着这块半朽的木块。过了一会儿，她的丈夫也来了。他们一言不发。他挽着她的手，离开这座坟墓，一同走过那棕黄色的荒原，走过沼泽地，走过那些沙丘。他们沉默地走了很久。

"今天牧师讲的道很好，"丈夫说。"如果我们没有上帝，我们就什么也没有了。"

"是的，"妻子回答说。"他让人快乐，也让人痛苦，而他有权利这么对我们的！到明天，我们亲爱的孩子就有五周岁了——如果上帝让他活着的话。"

"不要这样痛苦吧，你这样也不会有什么结果的，"丈夫说，"他现在一切都好！他现在所在的地方，正是我们想要去的地方。"

他们没有再说什么了，只是继续向前走，回到他们在沙丘之间的屋子里去。忽然间，在一个沙丘



houses where the sea grass did not keep the sand down with its twining roots, what seemed to be a column of smoke rose up. A gust of wind rushed between the hills, hurling the particles of sand high into the air; another gust, and the strings of fish hung up to dry flapped and beat violently against the walls of the cottage; then everything was quiet once more, and the sun shone with renewed heat.

The man and his wife went into the cottage. They had soon taken off their Sunday clothes and come out again, hurrying over the dunes which stood there like great waves of sand suddenly arrested in their course, while the sandweeds and dune grass with its bluish stalks spread a changing colour over them. A few neighbours also came out, and helped each other to draw the boats higher up on the beach. The wind now blew more keenly, it was chilly and cold, and when they went back over the sand-hills, sand and little sharp stones blew into their faces. The waves rose high, crested with white foam, and the wind cut off their crests, scattering the foam far and wide.

Evening came; there was a swelling roar in the air, a wailing or moaning like the voices of despairing spirits, that sounded above the I thunder of the waves. The fisherman's little cottage was on the very margin, and the sand rattled against the window panes; every now and then a violent gust of wind shook the house to its foundation. It was dark, but about midnight the moon would rise.

旁,在一个没有海水挡住的流沙的地带,好像升起了一股浓烟,原来是一阵吹进沙丘的狂风,将许多细沙卷到了空中。接着又刮起另一阵大风,它使挂在渔网上的鱼乱打着屋子的墙。然后,一切又平静下来了,太阳射出灼热的光。

丈夫和妻子走进屋子里去,立刻换下礼拜天穿的干净整齐的衣服,然后匆匆忙忙的走到沙丘那边。这些沙丘像忽然停止了波动的浪涛。海草的淡蓝色的草梗和杂草把白沙染成种种颜色。还有好几个邻居也来了,他们一同把几条船只拖到沙上更高的地方。风吹得更猛了,天气变得刺骨的冷;当他们再回到沙丘间来的时候,沙粒和细石子砸向他们的脸。海风卷起了白头大浪,而风却把浪头截断,水花向四周飞溅着。

夜黑了,天空中充满了一种越来越大的呼啸声,它像在痛号着,又像在哭诉着,好像一群无依无靠的失望的精灵,发出一种要淹没一切浪涛的声音——虽然渔人的房屋离海很近。沙子敲打着窗玻璃,时而又一股暴风忽然袭来,仿佛要把整个房子都撼动。天色黑沉沉的,但是到半夜的时候,月亮升起来了。



Later on the air became clearer, but the storm swept over the perturbed sea with undiminished fury; the fisher folks had long since gone to bed, but in such weather there was no chance of closing an eye. Presently there was a tapping at the window; the door was opened, and a voice said:

“There’s a large ship stranded on the farthest reef.”

In a moment the fisher people sprung from their beds and hastily dressed themselves. The moon had risen, and it was light enough to make the surrounding objects visible to those who could open their eyes in the blinding clouds of sand; the violence of the wind was terrible, and it was only possible to pass among the sand-hills if one crept forward between the gusts; the salt spray flew up from the sea like down, and the ocean foamed like a roaring cataract towards the beach. Only a practised eye could discern the vessel out in the offing; she was a fine brig, and the waves now lifted her over the reef, three or four cables’ length out of the usual channel. She drove towards the shore, struck on the second reef, and remained fixed. It was impossible to render assistance; the sea rushed in upon the vessel, making a clean breach over her. Those on shore thought they heard cries for help from those on board, and could plainly distinguish the busy but useless efforts made by the stranded sailors.

Now a wave came rolling onward. It fell with enormous force on the bowsprit, tearing it from the vessel, and the stem was

空中晴朗了,但是风暴仍然来势汹汹,狂扫着这深邃的大海。渔人们早已上床了,然而在这样的天气中,要合上眼睛安睡是不可能的。不一会儿,他们就听到有人在敲窗子。门打开后,一个声音说:

“有一条大船在最远的那个沙滩上搁浅了!”

渔人们一个个立刻跳下床来,穿好衣服。月亮已经升起。月光亮得足以使人看清东西——只要他们能在弥漫的风沙中睁开眼睛的话。风真是够猛烈的;人们简直都要被它刮起来了。人们费很大的气力,在阵阵狂风的间歇间才穿过那些沙丘。又咸又涩的浪花像天鹅绒毛似的从海里向空中飞舞,而海里的惊涛骇浪则像喧闹的瀑布似的冲击海滩。要想立刻发现那外面的船,你还真得有一双受过训练的眼睛才行。这是一只漂亮的双桅船。巨浪把它簸出了平时航道的半海里以外,把它送到一个沙丘上去。它冲向陆地,但马上又撞着第二个沙滩,搁了浅不能动弹。要去救它已经是不可能的了。海水非常狂暴,击打着船身,狂扫着甲板。人们好像听到呼救的喊声,一种对死的恐惧的喊叫,人们可以瞥见船上的慌乱和无望的挣扎。

这时有一股巨浪袭来;它像一块能毁灭一切的石头,向牙樯打去,一下子就把牙樯折断,于是船



lifted high above the water. Two people were seen to embrace and plunge together into the sea, and the next moment one of the largest waves that rolled towards the sand - hills threw a body on the beach. It was a woman; the sailors said that she was quite dead, but the women thought they saw signs of life in her, so the stranger was carried across the sand - hills to the fisherman's cottage. How beautiful and fair she was! She must be a great lady, they said.

They laid her upon the humble bed; there was not a yard of linen on it, only a woollen coverlet to keep the occupant warm.

Life returned to her, but she was delirious, and knew nothing of what had happened or where she was; and it was better so, for everything she loved and valued lay buried in the sea. The same thing happened to her ship as to the one spoken of in the song about "The King of England's Son."

"Alas! how terrible to see  
The gallant bark sink rapidly."

Fragments of the wreck and pieces of wood were washed ashore; they were all that remained of the vessel. The wind still blew violently on the coast.

For a few moments the strange lady seemed to rest; but she awoke in pain, and uttered cries of anguish and fear. She opened her wonderfully beautiful eyes, and spoke a few words, but nobody understood her. - And lo! as a reward for the sorrow and suffering she had undergone, she held in her arms a newborn babe. The child that

尾立刻就高高地翘出水面。有两个人同时跳进海里,很快就不见了——这只不过是一眨眼的工夫。一股巨浪向沙丘滚来,把一个尸体卷到岸上。这是一个女人,看样子已经死了;不过有几个妇女拖动她时觉得她还有些生气,因此就把她抬过沙丘,送到一个渔人的屋子里去。她是多么美丽啊!她显然是一位高贵的妇人。

大家把她放在一张简陋的床上,上面连一没有什么铺垫,只有一条足够裹着她的身躯的薄毛毯。这已经很温暖了。

她的生命慢慢缓了过来,但是她还是在发烧;她一点也不知道发生了什么事情,也不知道自己现在在什么地方。这样倒也很好,因为,她心爱的一切都已深深沉入海底。正如《英国的王子》中的那支歌一样,这条船也是:

这惨状真使人感到悲哀,  
这艘船全部都成了碎片。

船的某些残骸碎块陆续被冲到岸上来了;她算是唯一一个还有口气的。风仍然在岸上呼啸。

她略略安静片刻,可是很快便又受到痛苦的折磨,喊叫起来。她睁开一对美丽的眼睛,讲了几句话——但是谁也不懂。作为她所受的苦痛和悲哀的报偿,现在她怀里抱着一个新生的婴儿——一个应该在豪华的公馆里、一张四周有丝绸围幔遮着的华贵的床上休息的