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英语原声读物

Stories Touching Your  
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# 感悟心声

英语童话故事赏听



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# The Hare And The Tortoise

## 龟兔赛跑

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Hare was always laughing at Tortoise for being so slow. “Haha, I... I really can’t think why you bother moving at all,” he said.

“Well,” said Tortoise, “I may be slow, but I always get there in the end. I’ll tell you what, I’ll give you a race.”

“You must be joking, you silly slow coach,” sneered<sup>1</sup> Hare. “But if you really insist...”

So one hot, sunny day, all the animals came to watch the great race.

Mole<sup>2</sup> lifted the starting flag and said: “Ready? Steady? Go!”

Hare raced away, leaving Tortoise coughing in the cloud of dust.

Then Tortoise moved off, slowly, very very slowly. Hare was already out of sight.

“It’s hopeless,” said the grasshoppers<sup>3</sup>, “What chance does poor Tortoise have!”

“That silly Tortoise,” thought Hare, looking back. “He’s so

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<sup>1</sup> sneer 嘲笑, 说轻蔑话

<sup>2</sup> mole 鼹鼠

<sup>3</sup> grasshopper 蚱蜢

slow. I can't lose. Why should I rush? In fact I think I'll just have a little rest."

So he lay back in the warm sun and was soon fast asleep dreaming of cheers and prizes.

All the long morning, Tortoise moved slowly, slowly along the route. Most of the animals got so bored they went home. But Tortoise just kept on going. At noon, he passed Hare dozing<sup>1</sup> gently by the roadside. He didn't stop to wake him. He just kept going.

Eventually, Hare woke up and stretched his legs. The sun was low in the sky. And looking back on the road, he laughed., "Haha, no sight of that silly Tortoise." And with a great leap<sup>2</sup>, he raced off in the direction of the finish line to collect his prize.

But then, to his horror, who should he see in the distance but that silly Tortoise, creeping slowly over the finish line? The flag was down. The Tortoise had won. Even from the top of the hill, Hare could hear the cheering and the clapping.

"That's not fair," whined<sup>3</sup> Hare. "You cheated. Everyone knows that I'm much faster than you, you old slow coach."

"Ah," said Tortoise, looking back over his shoulder, "but I told you I always get there in the end, slow and steady. That's me."

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1 doze 瞌睡

2 leap 跳、跃

3 whine 抱怨

# The Emperor's New Clothes

## 皇帝的新衣

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“The Emperor has to be told,” cried the Chancellor, “there’s no money left in his exchequer<sup>1</sup>. He spent it all on clothes.”

But the soldier at the door of the Emperor’s bedroom would not let the Chancellor in. “I’m sorry, Your Worship, but the Emperor is in his wardrobe<sup>2</sup> again choosing something to wear. You can’t go in.”

And the door burst open, and the emperor appeared followed by the Prime Minister. “I tell you I can’t see anyone today. I haven’t got a thing to wear. Oh, Chancellor, there you are. Put the taxes up another ten per cent, I must have another suit.”

“But you already have so many clothes, Your Majesty. I can’t raise income tax again. The people can’t pay any more money.”

“I don’t care,” said the Emperor. “I want to have another one. I am the emperor. I can have what I want.”

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<sup>1</sup> exchequer 国库

<sup>2</sup> wardrobe 衣柜, 衣室

Nobody could argue with that. So when two foreigners arrived that day at the palace gates, saying they were tailors, they were allowed to see the Emperor.

“The tailors said they made the finest clothes from the most gorgeous and delicate cloth in the whole world.”

“Where is this cloth? Let me see it. I want to see it.” the Emperor demanded.

“No, we haven’t woven it yet.” said one of the tailors. “You supply the materials, a loom<sup>1</sup>, a large bright room and we’ll get weaving, We only supply the skill, and of course, the magic.”

“Magic? Magic? What magic?” said the excited Emperor.

“No one mean, or stupid, no one unfit for their job, no one unworthy of their place in the royal household will be able to see the cloth we weave.”

“Really?” cried the Emperor, “Amazing! Wonderful! Begin right away. I’ll wear them tomorrow for the big parade through the city. Chancellor, give these men everything they need.” And he strolled back upstairs to his dressing room.

The tailors were taken to a big comfortable room of the palace and left to start work on a large loom. But all they did was sitting down, and putting their feet upon the royal chairs. And when the materials were brought—silk, and mole hair,

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<sup>1</sup> loom 织布机

and pearls and cloth of gold, they hid them out of sight.

The Emperor sat in his throne room, thinking about the wonderful cloth being woven downstairs. Suddenly, he grinned wickedly. "I'll use this chance to find out if any of my ministers are mean, or stupid, or unfit for their jobs."

So he sent for the Chancellor. "Ask how soon it will be ready and then come back and tell me how it looks. Of course you may not see anything at all."

So the Chancellor knocked on the sewing room door and one of the tailors opened it. "Oh, come in, Chancellor. Come in. As you can see, it's almost finished."

In the center of the room, stood the big weaving loom, completely empty. The Chancellor just stared at it, "What?" he thought, "Am I stupid? Or mean? Am I unfit for my job? I can't see anything. This is dreadful!"

"Yes, Oh, this is very nice, Lovely," he mumbled<sup>1</sup>: "Much, I like the pattern."

"Well, I can see you have good taste," said one of the tailors, "Tell the Emperor his clothes will be ready early tomorrow. But we need some cloth of gold."

So the Chancellor went back to the Emperor, trembling, and close to tears.

"Well, well, how does it look?"

"Oh, superb, sire<sup>2</sup>. I've never seen anything quite like it."

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<sup>1</sup> mumble 喃喃而言

<sup>2</sup> sire 陛下



The Emperor rubbed his hands gleefully<sup>1</sup> at the thought of his lovely clothes and told himself that he'd been right to appoint the chancellor. "Good man, Good man. Now send the Archbishop along to have a look at my new clothes."

The Archbishop was sent in to see the magic cloth on its loom. After him, it was the Prime Minister, and then the Commander in Chief of the army.

They all stared at the empty loom and thought how dreadful it was not to see any beautiful cloth.

"Am I mean?" thought the Archbishop.

"Am I stupid?" thought the Prime Minister.

"Am I the wrong man to be in charge of the army?" thought the Commander in Chief.

And to hide their doubt, they all threw up their hands and admired the cloth.

"Oh, I particularly like the fringe." said the Archbishop.

"What unusual colours!" said the Prime Minister.

"Yes. Excellent. First class." said the Commander in Chief.

They all trooped upstairs to tell the Emperor how wonderful the cloth was. And then the Emperor went down to be fitted for his new clothes. But as he entered the room, he was suddenly gripped<sup>2</sup> by fear.

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<sup>1</sup> gleefully 高兴地, 愉快地

<sup>2</sup> grip 紧握, 抓紧

“Oh, my goodness. I can’t see a stitch of cloth. Am I more mean, or stupid than all my ministers put together. Or am I not fit to be Emperor? Nobody must know I can’t see the magic cloth.”

“Oh, what do you think of it, Your Majesty?” asked the tailors, busily unrolling tape measures<sup>1</sup>.

“Oh, splendid! Yes, quite splendid,” he stuttered<sup>2</sup> unhappily.

And they pretended to measure the Emperor, undressing him right down to his underwear and fitting the loose cloth. He stood royally in front of the mirror.

“Well, they think I am dressed.” he thought. “So I must be.”

“Feel the quality.” said one tailor.

“It’s all fully lined, you know.” said the other. “We’ll work all night to make them a perfect fit.”

The two tailors did nothing, of course. They just slept.

The next morning, the Emperor walked to their room to put on his new clothes. While the courtiers<sup>3</sup> sat around and clapped, he went through all the actions of getting dressed.

“You look magnificent, Your Majesty.” said the Chancellor, anxious to keep his job.

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<sup>1</sup> tape measure 带尺, 卷尺

<sup>2</sup> stutter 结巴, 口吃而言

<sup>3</sup> courtier 廷臣, 朝臣

“Very regal<sup>1</sup>, I must say.” said the Archbishop.

“The people will love it.” said the Prime Minister.

“The buckles are pretty.” said the Commander in Chief.

News of the Emperor’s magic clothes had spread through the whole city. Crowds were forming outside the palace and the streets were lined with people waiting to see the Emperor in all his splendour. Children sat astride<sup>2</sup> their fathers’ shoulders with flags in their hands. Everybody had turned out to see the Emperor’s new clothes.

Slowly, solemnly behind the royal banner and a band of trumpeters<sup>3</sup>, the Emperor’s procession<sup>4</sup> set off to the streets. Everyone had heard how the magic cloth could not be seen by anyone mean, or stupid, or unworthy of their job. And nobody wanted to submit<sup>5</sup> to being that.

“Hurrah! Hurrah!” shouted the crowd. But there were many unhappy faces as people decided that they must be more mean or stupid than everyone else. “You can see them, can you?” “Of course, I can see them. Do you think I’m stupid?”

Meanwhile, back at the palace, the two crafty<sup>6</sup> tailors

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<sup>1</sup> regal 适于君王的

<sup>2</sup> astride 两腿分开 (而骑)

<sup>3</sup> trumpeter 喇叭手; 号手

<sup>4</sup> procession 队伍

<sup>5</sup> submit 屈服; 顺从

<sup>6</sup> crafty 狡猾的

packed up their store of rich materials and sneaked<sup>1</sup> out of the city as fast as horses would take them.

Bowing to right and left, the Emperor wished that the magic cloth was not so beautifully light. He was bitterly cold. And he wished the magic boots were not so wonderfully thin. The stones on the road were hurting his feet. "Look! Look!" said the father to his little boy. "The Emperor is coming."

"Which one is he, Dady?"

"The one in the wonderful clothes!"

"But he isn't wearing anything, Dady. Look, he's shivering<sup>2</sup>. Why isn't he wearing any clothes?"

People nearby in the crowd stared at the little boy.

"I'm sorry he is too young to know any better," the child's father apologized.

"He is too young to be fooled, you mean?" said his mother. "The Emperor's stark<sup>3</sup> naked<sup>4</sup>. Someone is making a fool of the Emperor, and of us."

One by one, the crowd realized that the person to either side could no more see the new clothes than they could.

"Can you see them?"

"Of course I can't. Do you think I'm stupid?"

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<sup>1</sup> sneak 潜行; 偷偷走

<sup>2</sup> shiver (因寒冷或恐惧)发抖

<sup>3</sup> stark 完全的

<sup>4</sup> naked 裸体的

“The emperor’s stark naked!” they shouted.

“The Emperor is dressed in nothing at all.”

The Emperor blushed with embarrassment<sup>1</sup>. He had been fooled by the tailors and now, here he was, parading<sup>2</sup> in front of all the people, without a stitch of clothing. The poor Emperor turned and fled back to the palace and never again did he waste money on new clothes.



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<sup>1</sup> embarrassment 困窘; 尴尬

<sup>2</sup> parade 游行

## The Last Slice Of Rainbow

### 最后一片彩虹

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Jason walked home from school every day along the side of a steep grassy valley, where harebells<sup>1</sup> grew and sheep nibbled<sup>2</sup>. As he walked, he always whistled<sup>3</sup>. Jason could whistle more tunes than anybody else at school, and he could remember every tune he had ever heard. That was because he had been born in a windmill, just at the moment when the wind changed from south to west. He could see the wind, as it blew and that is a thing not many people can do.

One day, as Jason walked home along the grassy path, he heard the west wind wailing and sighing, "Oh, woe, woe! Oh, bother and blow! I've forgotten how it goes!"

"What have you forgotten, Wind?" asked Jason, turning to look at the wind. It was all brown and blue and wavery, with splashes of gold.

"My tune! My favourite tune."

"The one that goes like this?" said Jason, and he whistled.

The wind was delighted, "That's it! That's the one! Clever Jason!" And it flipped<sup>4</sup> about him, teasing but kindly, turning

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<sup>1</sup> harebell 蓝铃花

<sup>2</sup> nibble 细咬

<sup>3</sup> whistle 吹口哨

<sup>4</sup> flip 飞来飞去

up his collar, ruffling<sup>1</sup> his hair. “I’ll give you a present,” it sang to the tune Jason had whistled. “What shall it be? A golden lock and a silver key?”

Jason could not think what use those things would be, so he said quickly, “Oh, please, what I would like would be a rainbow of my very own to keep.” For in the grassy valley, there were often beautiful rainbows to be seen, but they never lasted long enough for Jason.

“A rainbow of your own? That’s a hard one,” said the wind. “A very hard one. You must take a pail<sup>2</sup> and walk up over the moor<sup>3</sup> till you come to Peacock Force. Catch a whole pailful of spray<sup>4</sup>. That will take a long time. But when you have the pail full to the brim<sup>5</sup>, you may find something in it that might give you a rainbow.”

Luckily the next day was Saturday. Jason took a pail, and his lunch, and walked over the moor to the waterfall that was called Peacock Force—because the water, as it dashed over the cliff, made a cloud of spray in which wonderful peacock colours shone and glimmered.

All day Jason stood by the fall, getting soaked, catching the spray in his pail. At last just at sunset, he had the whole pail

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<sup>1</sup> ruffle 弄绺; 弄乱

<sup>2</sup> pail 桶

<sup>3</sup> moor 沼泽

<sup>4</sup> spray 浪花

<sup>5</sup> brim (杯或碗等的)边; 缘

filled up, right to the brim. And now, in the pail, he saw something that swam swiftly round and round—something that glimmered in brilliant rainbow colours.

It was a small fish.

“Who are you?” said Jason.

“I am the Genius of the waterfall. Put me back and I’ll reward you with a gift.”

“Yes,” said Jason. “Yes, I’ll put you back, and please—may I have a rainbow of my very own, to keep in my pocket?”

“Humph!” said the Genius, “I’ll give you a rainbow, but rainbows are not easy to keep. I’ll be surprised if you can even carry it home. Still, here you are.” And the Genius leapt out of Jason’s pail, in a high soaring leap, back into its water all, and, as it did so, a rainbow poured out of the spray and into Jason’s pail.

“Oh, how beautiful!” And Jason took the rainbow, holding in his two hands like a scarf<sup>1</sup>, and gazed at its dazzling<sup>2</sup> colours. He rolled it up carefully, and put it in his pocket. Then he started walking home.

There was a wood on his way, and in a dark place among the trees he heard somebody crying pitifully. He went to see

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<sup>1</sup> scarf 围巾

<sup>2</sup> dazzling 耀眼的



what it was and found a badger<sup>1</sup> in a trap.

“Boy, dear boy,” groaned the badger, “Let me out, or men will come with dogs and kill me.”

“How can I let you out? I’d be glad to, but the trap needs a key.”

“Push in the end of that rainbow I see in your pocket. You’ll be able to wedge<sup>2</sup> open the trap.”

Sure enough, when Jason pushed the end of the rainbow between the jaws of the trap, they sprang open, and the badger was able to clamber<sup>3</sup> out. “Thanks, thanks,” he gasped, and then he was gone down his hole.

Jason rolled up the rainbow and put it back in his pocket. But a large piece had been torn off by the sharp teeth of the trap, and it blew away.

On the edge of the wood was a little house where old Mrs Scagell lived. She had a very sour<sup>4</sup> nature. If children’s balls bounced into her garden, she baked them in her oven until they turned to coal. And everything she ate was black—burnt toast, black tea, black olives. She called to Jason, “Boy, will you give me a bit of that rainbow I see sticking out of your pocket? I’m very ill. The doctor says I need a rainbow pudding to make me

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<sup>1</sup> badger 獾

<sup>2</sup> wedge 嵌, 插, 挤

<sup>3</sup> clamber 爬

<sup>4</sup> sour 脾气坏的