

The background of the entire cover is a vibrant, monochromatic red and orange, evoking a sunset or sunrise. In the upper right, a bright yellow sun is partially obscured by dark, silhouetted tree branches. Several birds are seen in flight against the glowing sky. In the lower right, the silhouette of a young girl in a dress is captured in a dynamic running pose, her hair and dress flowing. The overall mood is one of mystery and hope.

中文导读英文版

*The Secret Garden*

# 秘密花园

[美] 弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特 原著

刘乃亚 纪飞 编译

清华大学出版社

( 中 文 导 读 英 文 版 )

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弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特（1849—1924），英裔美国人，是 19 世纪和 20 世纪美国最著名的小说家、童话作家和剧作家。1849 年 11 月 24 日生于英国曼彻斯特市，1865 年随全家移民美国田纳西州。她从 18 岁开始在杂志上发表故事。1877 年，编著出版了《劳瑞家的那闺女》，该书取材于幼年她在英国煤矿的生活，一经出版便获得读者认可并成为当时最畅销的小说之一。然而，让弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特闻名于世的，是她的儿童文学作品。1886 年，她发表了小说《小爵爷》，描写一个美国小男孩成为英国伯爵继承人的故事，该书让伯内特成为当时最畅销、最富有的流行作家之一。1905 年，伯内特发表了《小公主》，该书通过一位遭遇家庭变故，善良、美丽的印度富家千金的成长和生活经历，讲述一个关于财富、地位以及人生态度的故事。1909 年，当她在纽约长岛布置自己家花园的时候，突发灵感，构思出《秘密花园》，该书于 1911 年出版，成为当时英国和美国最畅销童话图书。她的许多作品被改编为话剧和电影，这其中包括《小少爷方特罗伊》、《小公主》和《秘密花园》。

作为伯内特最成功的童话作品，《秘密花园》于 1919 年、1949 年、1993 年三度在美国被拍成电影，1994 年制作成电视卡通片。除此之外，根据《秘密花园》制作的各種产品，从磁带有声书籍、幼儿图书、简写本、缩写本，到玩具书、文具、手工艺品，不计其数。该书出版近 100 年来，被译成世界上 50 多种文字，销售册数以千万记。目前，仅在美国的图书市场上，全文的《秘密花园》超过 30 个版本，其中包括由著名的蓝登书屋（Random House）、企鹅出版集团（Penguin Group）、牛津大学出版社（Oxford University Press）等出版公司出版的相关图书。由于《秘密花园》语言平易，故事却极富传神，同时思想丰富、情节精彩曲折，容易吸引青少年学

# 前言



生，因而在世界各地常被选作英文教材教学或英语课外阅读用书。

在中国，《秘密花园》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典童话作品之一。自 20 世纪 20 年代引进中国以来，各种版本总计不下百种。作为世界童话文学宝库中的传世经典之作，它影响了一代又一代中国人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。目前，在国内数量众多的《秘密花园》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种，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读者的欢迎，这主要得益于中国人热衷于学习英语的大环境。而从英语学习的角度上来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，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。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《秘密花园》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。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。我们希望能够编出为当代中国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。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由刘乃亚、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、王勋、赵雪、左新杲、黄福成、冯洁、徐鑫、马启龙、王业伟、王旭敏、陈楠、王多多、邵舒丽、周丽萍、王晓旭、李永振、孟宪行、熊红华、胡国平、熊建国、徐平国和王小红等。限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，书中难免会有一些不当之处，我们衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。

译者

2007.12



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## 1. 一个也不剩

There is No One Left



人们都说没见过长得像玛丽这么难看的小孩。她看上去是那么的令人不愉快，又瘦又黄的脸，又薄又黄的头发，身材单薄，而脸上整天都是一副气呼呼的样子。自从她在印度出生后，她就只熟悉印度奶妈和仆人的黑脸，因为她的妈妈心里只有宴会和玩乐。那些仆人们对这个病恹恹又难看的小女孩百依百顺。玛丽就这样随心所欲地生活着，长成了一个自私、暴躁又孤单的孩子。

然而，她的生活发生了巨大的变化。那是在她差不多九岁的一天早上，霍乱爆发了，奶妈死了，她在混乱中藏到婴儿室里，时哭时睡，没有人想起来找她。

不知道什么时候她醒来了，听不到说话声，也没有脚步声，房子里从未如此寂静过。过了一段时间，一个军官和一个年轻男人打开门走了进来，从他们的对话中，玛丽得知自己已经没有父亲母亲了。

When Mary Lennox was sent to Misselthwaite Manor to live with her uncle, everybody said she was the most disagreeable-looking child ever seen. It was true, too. She had a little thin face and a little thin body, thin light hair and a sour expression. Her hair was yellow, and her face was yellow because she had been born in India and





可怜的玛丽

had always been ill in one way or another. Her father had held a position under the English Government and had always been busy and ill himself, and her mother had been a great beauty who cared only to go to parties and amuse herself with gay people. She had not wanted a little girl at all, and when Mary was born she handed her over to the care of an Ayah, who was made to understand that if she wished to please the Mem Sahib, she must keep the child out of sight as much as possible. So when she was a sickly, fretful, ugly little baby, she was kept out of the way, and when she became a sickly, fretful, toddling thing, she was kept out of the way also. She never remembered seeing familiarly anything but the dark faces of her Ayah and the other native servants, and as they always obeyed her and gave her her own way in everything, because the Mem Sahib would be angry if she was disturbed by her crying, by the time she was six years old she was as tyrannical and selfish a little pig as ever lived. The young English governess who came to teach her to read and write disliked her so much that she gave up her place in three months, and when other governesses came to try to fill it they always went away in a shorter time than the first one. So if Mary had not chosen to really want to know how to read books, she would never have learned her letters at all.

One frightfully hot morning, when she was about nine years old, she awakened feeling very cross, and she became crosser still when she saw that the servant who stood by her bedside was not her Ayah.

“Why did you come?” she said to the strange woman. “I will not let you stay. Send my Ayah to me.”

The woman looked frightened, but she only stammered that the Ayah could not come and when Mary threw herself into a passion and beat and kicked her, she looked only more frightened and repeated that it was not possible for the Ayah to come to Missie Sahib.

There was something mysterious in the air that morning. Nothing was done in its regular order and several of the native servants seemed missing, while those whom Mary saw slunk or hurried about with ashy and scared faces. But no one would tell her anything and her Ayah did not come. She was actually left alone as the morning went on, and at last she wandered out into the garden and began to play by herself under a tree near the veranda. She

pretended that she was making a flower-bed, and she stuck big scarlet hibiscus blossoms into little heaps of earth, all the time growing more and more angry and muttering to herself the things she would say and the names she would call Saidie when she returned.

“Pig! Pig! Daughter of Pigs!” she said, because to call a native a pig is the worst insult of all.

She was grinding her teeth and saying this over and over again when she heard her mother come out on the veranda with some one. She was with a fair young man and they stood talking together in low strange voices. Mary knew the fair young man who looked like a boy. She had heard that he was a very young officer who had just come from England.

The child stared at him, but she stared most at her mother. She always did this when she had a chance to see her, because the Mem Sahib-Mary used to call her that oftener than anything else—was such a tall, slim, pretty person and wore such lovely clothes. Her hair was like curly silk and she had a delicate little nose which seemed to be disdaining things, and she had large laughing eyes. All her clothes were thin and floating, and Mary said they were “full of lace”. They looked fuller of lace than ever this morning, but her eyes were not laughing at all. They were large and scared and lifted imploringly to the fair boy officer’s face.

“Is it so very bad? Oh, is it?” Mary heard her say.

“Awfully,” the young man answered in a trembling voice. “Awfully, Mrs. Lennox. You ought to have gone to the hills two weeks ago.”

The Mem Sahib wrung her hands.

“Oh, I know I ought!” she cried. “I only stayed to go to that silly dinner party. What a fool I was!”

At that very moment such a loud sound of wailing broke out from the servants’ quarters that she clutched the young man’s arm, and Mary stood shivering from head to foot. The wailing grew wilder and wilder.

“What is it? What is it?” Mrs. Lennox gasped.

“Some one has died,” answered the boy officer. “You did not say it had

broken out among your servants.”

“I did not know!” the Mem Sahib cried. “Come with me! Come with me!” and she turned and ran into the house.

After that, appalling things happened, and the mysteriousness of the morning was explained to Mary. The cholera had broken out in its most fatal form and people were dying like flies. The Ayah had been taken ill in the night, and it was because she had just died that the servants had wailed in the huts. Before the next day three other servants were dead and others had run away in terror. There was panic on every side, and dying people in all the bungalows.

During the confusion and bewilderment of the second day Mary hid herself in the nursery and was forgotten by everyone. Nobody thought of her, nobody wanted her, and strange things happened of which she knew nothing. Mary alternately cried and slept through the hours. She only knew that people were ill and that she heard mysterious and tightening sounds. Once she crept into the dining-room and found it empty, though a partly finished meal was on the table and chairs and plates looked as if they had been hastily pushed back when the diners rose suddenly for some reason. The child ate some fruit and biscuits, and being thirsty she drank a glass of wine which stood nearly filled. It was sweet, and she did not know how strong it was. Very soon it made her intensely drowsy, and she went back to her nursery and shut herself in again, frightened by cries she heard in the huts and by the hurrying sound of feet. The wine made her so sleepy that she could scarcely keep her eyes open and she lay down on her bed and knew nothing more for a long time.

Many things happened during the hours in which she slept so heavily, but she was not disturbed by the wails and the sound of things being carried in and out of the bungalow.

When she awakened she lay and stared at the wall. The house was perfectly still. She had never known it to be so silent before. She heard neither voices nor footsteps, and wondered if everybody had got well of the cholera and all the trouble was over. She wondered also who would take care of her now her Ayah was dead. There would be a new Ayah, and perhaps she would

know some new stories. Mary had been rather tired of the old ones. She did not cry because her nurse had died. She was not an affectionate child and had never cared much for any one. The noise and hurrying about and wailing over the cholera had frightened her, and she had been angry because no one seemed to remember that she was alive. Everyone was too panic-stricken to think of a little girl no one was fond of. When people had the cholera it seemed that they remembered nothing but themselves. But if everyone had got well again, surely some one would remember and come to look for her.

But no one came, and as she lay waiting the house seemed to grow more and more silent. She heard something rustling on the matting and when she looked down she saw a little snake gliding along and watching her with eyes like jewels. She was not frightened, because he was a harmless little thing who would not hurt her and he seemed in a hurry to get out of the room. He slipped under the door as she watched him.

"How queer and quiet it is," she said. "It sounds as if there were no one in the bungalow but me and the snake."

Almost the next minute she heard footsteps in the compound, and then on the veranda. They were men's footsteps, and the men entered the bungalow and talked in low voices. No one went to meet or speak to them and they seemed to open doors and look into rooms.

"What desolation!" she heard one voice say. "That pretty, pretty woman! I suppose the child, too. I heard there was a child, though no one ever saw her."

Mary was standing in the middle of the nursery when they opened the door a few minutes later. She looked an ugly, cross little thing and was frowning because she was beginning to be hungry and feel disgracefully neglected. The first man who came in was a large officer she had once seen talking to her father. He looked tired and troubled, but when he saw her he was so startled that he almost jumped back.

"Barney!" he cried out. "There is a child here! A child alone! In a place like this! Mercy on us, who is she!"

"I am Mary Lennox," the little girl said, drawing herself up stiffly. She



thought the man was very rude to call her father's bungalow "A place like this!"

"I fell asleep when everyone had the cholera and I have only just wakened up. Why does nobody come?"

"It is the child no one ever saw!" exclaimed the man, turning to his companions. "She has actually been forgotten!"

"Why was I forgotten?" Mary said, stamping her foot. "Why does nobody come?"

The young man whose name was Barney looked at her very sadly. Mary even thought she saw him wink his eyes as if to wink tears away.

"Poor little kid!" he said. "There is nobody left to come."

It was in that strange and sudden way that Mary found out that she had neither father nor mother left; that they had died and been carried away in the night, and that the few native servants who had not died also had left the house as quickly as they could get out of it, none of them even remembering that there was a Missie Sahib. That was why the place was so quiet. It was true that there was no one in the bungalow but herself and the little rustling snake.



## 2. 玛丽小姐相当倔强

Mistress Mary Quite Contrary



玛丽以前一直喜欢看她的母亲，因为她年轻漂亮，总穿着美丽的衣服。可是很快就不再想她了，因为玛丽对她了解太少，更因为玛丽一直是个只关心自己的孩子。她只关心自己要被送去的人家好不好。

起初，玛丽被送到一个穷困的英国牧师家，以玛丽的坏脾气，是无法跟五个穷孩子相处的。起初，那些孩子们想和她一起玩耍，可是玛丽对他们极不友好。所以孩子们开始捉弄她，给她起绰号，编成歌谣对她唱。从那以后，只要他们在一起，就叫她“小玛丽真倔强”。这让她更生气，根本无法相处下去了。

后来玛丽听那些孩子们说自己将要被送去姑夫阿奇博尔德·克莱文那里，还说他的姑夫是个驼子，很吓人，住在一个又大又荒凉的风房子里。

玛丽刚开始不去听这些，她不想理会这些，她总是神情很漠然。直到一天，一个军官的妻子护送玛丽长途航行到了英国，米塞尔威特庄园的女管家——默德劳克太太来接玛丽时，玛丽开始好奇了，她的姑夫会是什么样？真的是驼子吗？

军官妻子如释重负般把玛丽交给了默德劳克太太，她可不想和这个一脸倔强的孩子再多呆一分钟了。默德劳克太太看到眼前这个长相平平、又黄又瘦的小女孩，觉得有些意外。因为她听说过玛丽的母亲是多么漂亮的一个入。

就这样，玛丽一脸不高兴地跟默德劳克太太在火车里坐着，一身黑衣让她显得更黄。她也不喜欢这个脸色很红、看起来很结实的女人。默德劳克太太毫不理会玛丽，自顾自地介绍起那个奇怪的地方。刚开始，玛丽一言不发，可是听到那座房子有六百年，是在旷野的边缘，园子里到处都是树木花草，玛丽开始不由自主地听了起来。这对她来说有些新鲜。

“你的姑夫背不好，这让他脾气变得很坏，整天闷闷不乐。即使他有那么多钱和大房子。直到有一天，他遇到他的妻子，那个亲切又漂亮的人，他才快乐起来。她喜欢大自然，喜欢花园和鲜花。为了她，克莱文先生任何事情都愿意做。有人说她是为了钱才跟他结婚，但不是，绝对不是。她去世以后，他的脾气变得比以前更古怪，躲在屋子里，谁也不想见。不然就外出，一走就是很长时间。我想你也见不到他。你最好自己玩，不要到处乱逛，有很多房间是不能随便进去的。这非常重要，否则，克莱文先生会生气的。”

“我才不会。”玛丽不高兴地说，刚开始对克莱文先生产生的一丝的怜悯顿时消失得无影无踪。

她转过头，看着窗外的雨，好像要无休止地下了，外面灰蒙蒙的，她看了很久，直到眼前的灰色越来越沉，她睡着了。

*M*ary had liked to look at her mother from a distance and she had thought her very pretty, but as she knew very little of her she could scarcely have been expected to love her or to miss her very much when she was gone. She did not miss her at all, in fact, and as she was a self-absorbed child she gave her entire thought to herself, as she had always done. If she had been older she would no doubt have been very anxious at being left alone in the world, but she was very young, and as she had always been taken care of, she supposed she always would be. What she thought was that she would like to know if she was going to nice people, who would be polite to her and give her her own way as her Ayah and the other native servants had done.

She knew that she was not going to stay at the English clergyman's house where she was taken at first. She did not want to stay. The English clergyman was poor and he had five children nearly all the same age and they wore

shabby clothes and were always quarreling and snatching toys from each other. Mary hated their untidy bungalow and was so disagreeable to them that after the first day or two nobody would play with her. By the second day they had given her a nickname which made her furious.

It was Basil who thought of it first. Basil was a little boy with impudent blue eyes and a turned-up nose, and Mary hated him. She was playing by herself under a tree, just as she had been playing the day the cholera broke out. She was making heaps of earth and paths for a garden and Basil came and stood near to watch her. Presently he got rather interested and suddenly made a suggestion.

“Why don’t you put a heap of stones there and pretend it is a rockery?” he said. “There in the middle,” and he leaned over her to point.

“Go away!” cried Mary. “I don’t want boys. Go away!”

For a moment Basil looked angry, and then he began to tease. He was always teasing his sisters. He danced round and round her and made faces and sang and laughed.

“Mistress Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow? With silver bells, and cockle shells, And marigolds all in a row.”

He sang it until the other children heard and laughed, too; and the crosser Mary got, the more they sang, “Mistress Mary, quite contrary”; and after that as long as she stayed with them they called her “Mistress Mary Quite Contrary” when they spoke of her to each other, and often when they spoke to her.

“You are going to be sent home,” Basil said to her, “at the end of the week. And we’re glad of it.”

“I am glad of it, too,” answered Mary. “Where is home?”

“She doesn’t know where home is!” said Basil, with seven-year-old scorn. “It’s England, of course. Our grandmama lives there and our sister Mabel was sent to her last year. You are not going to your grandmama. You have none. You are going to your uncle. His name is Mr. Archibald Craven.”

“I don’t know anything about him,” snapped Mary.

“I know you don’t,” Basil answered. “You don’t know anything. Girls