

美丽英文系列丛书

浪漫之旅

THE TRAVEL OF ROMANCE

爱情的故事中总是写满浪漫，似乎那是童话的世界。本书选取了多篇感人至深的爱情故事和诗歌，全书充满着诗情画意，充满着爱情的唯美浪漫，充满着爱情的真挚感动。

余平姣◎编著

励志美文 英汉对照



企业管理出版社

ENTERPRISE MANAGEMENT PUBLISHING HOUSE

美丽英文系列丛书

浪漫之旅

THE TRAVEL OF ROMANCE

励志美文 英汉对照

余平姣◎编著



企业管理出版社

ENTERPRISE MANAGEMENT PUBLISHING HOUSE

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

浪漫之旅: 英汉对照/余平姣编著. —北京: 企业管理出版社, 2013. 11
ISBN 978-7-5164-0532-1

I. ①浪… II. ①余… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读物②故事-作品集-世界
③诗集-世界 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2013) 第 232195 号

书 名: 浪漫之旅

作 者: 余平姣

选题策划: 申先菊

责任编辑: 申先菊

书 号: ISBN 978-7-5164-0532-1

出版发行: 企业管理出版社

地 址: 北京市海淀区紫竹院南路 17 号 邮编: 100048

网 址: <http://www.emph.com>

电 话: 总编室 (010) 68701719 发行部 (010) 68701073
编辑部 (010) 68456991

电子信箱: emph003@sina.cn

印 刷: 三河市兴国印务有限公司

经 销: 新华书店

规 格: 160 毫米×230 毫米 16 开本 13 印张 160 千字

版 次: 2013 年 11 月第 1 版 2013 年 11 月第 1 次印刷

定 价: 30.00 元

版权所有 翻印必究·印装有误 负责调换

Contents

目录

The Small Gift / 1
小礼物 / 2
My Love is Like to Ice / 3
我的爱人冷如冰 / 5
Love Never Come Back / 6
爱情不再来 / 8
The Rose / 9
玫瑰 / 13
On Wings of Song / 17
乘着歌声的翅膀 / 19
The Kiss / 21
吻 / 23
Annabel Lee / 26
安娜贝尔·李 / 29
Oh Tell Me The Truth About Love / 31
哦,告诉我爱情的真相 / 33
True Love / 35
浪漫之旅 1

- 37 / 真爱
- 39 / Flame of Love
- 40 / 爱的火焰
- 41 / Love Island
- 43 / 爱之岛
- 45 / The Sorrows Of Young Werther
- 47 / 少年维特的烦恼
- 49 / Strange Fits of Passion Have I Known
- 51 / 我的心曾莫名悸动
- 53 / Recollections of Love
- 55 / 爱的回想
- 57 / When We Two Parted
- 60 / 当我俩分手时
- 62 / To——
- 64 / 致——
- 65 / The Lovers
- 67 / 爱人树
- 69 / Bright Star
- 71 / 璀璨的星辰
- 72 / Love from the Beginning
- 74 / 自始至终的爱
- 76 / Whatever
- 79 / 什么都行
- 82 / As Through the Land at Eve We Went

傍晚当我们穿过田地 / 84	
A Rose for Marly / 85	
献给玛莉的玫瑰 / 90	
Love and Hope / 95	
爱与希望 / 99	
Out of the Rolling Ocean the Crowd / 103	
人潮人海中 / 105	
The Rainy Season Won't Come Again / 106	
那个雨季不再到来 / 109	
Silent Noon / 111	
静谧的午后 / 113	
Love Is a Telephone / 114	
爱情是一部电话 / 116	
The First Day / 118	
第一天 / 120	
A Perfect Wife / 121	
完美的妻子 / 124	
Love Exchange / 128	
爱的交换 / 129	
The Gardener(XXVIII) / 130	
《园丁集》节选(28) / 132	
Protector / 133	
保护者 / 135	
Love is Just Like a Broken Arm / 137	

- 140 / 爱如断臂
- 142 / Love
- 151 / 爱
- 159 / In Search Of Lost Time
- 163 / 追忆似水年华
- 166 / The Gift Of Magi
- 172 / 麦琪的礼物
- 178 / The Love letter
- 183 / 迟到的情书
- 188 / How to Tell When She Flirts with You
- 191 / 如何识别女性示爱的信号
- 194 / Difference Between Love and Like
- 196 / 爱和喜欢的区别
- 197 / David and Lilly
- 200 / 大卫和丽丽

The Small Gift

Auyhor Unknown

Reverend Chalfant tells of a couple who were celebrating their golden wedding anniversary. The husband was asked what the secret was to his successful marriage. As the elderly are wont to do, the old gentleman answered with a story.

His wife, Sarah, was the only girl he ever dated. He grew up in an **orphanage** and worked hard for everything he had. He never had time to date until Sarah swept him off his feet. Before he knew it she had managed to get him to ask her to marry him.

After they had said their vows on their wedding day, Sarah's father took the new groom aside and handed him a small gift. He said, "Within this gift is all you really need to know to have a happy marriage." The nervous young man **fumbled** with the paper and ribbon until he got the package unwrapped. Within the box lay a large gold watch. With great care he picked it up. Upon close examination he saw etched across the face of the watch a prudent **reminder** he would see whenever he checked the time of day, words that, if heeded, held the secret to a successful marriage. They were, "Say something nice to Sarah."

热词空间

reverend n. 教士，牧师，神职人员 adj. 应受尊敬的，牧师的

orphanage n. 孤儿院，孤儿身份

fumble n. 摸索，漏接 v. 摸索，笨手笨脚；笨拙的处理

reminder n. 提醒者，令人回忆的东西，提醒物；催函；提示，帮助记忆的记号

小礼物

佚名

瑞文莱德·查尔芬特讲述了一对正在庆祝金婚的夫妇的故事。有人向这位丈夫讨教他婚姻成功的秘诀。像老人们一贯的做法一样，这位老绅士讲述了一个故事。

他唯一约会过的女孩就是他的妻子萨拉。他在孤儿院长大，并为他所拥有的一切东西努力地工作着。在爱上萨拉之前，他从来都没有时间约会。萨拉曾试图让他向自己求婚，而他却毫不知情。

他们结婚那天，读完婚姻誓词之后，这个新郎被萨拉的父亲叫到一边，并送了一个小礼物给他。他说：“这个礼物是维护好婚姻的法宝。”这位年轻的新郎十分紧张地打开了盒子。里面装着一款硕大的金表。他小心翼翼地把它拿了起来，仔细一看，上面刻着几行字，每次他看时间的时候都会看到。如果你足够仔细，上面的字正是婚姻成功的秘诀。上面写着：“说些萨拉爱听的话。”

没有付出就没有收获。

No pleasure without pain.

My Love is Like to Ice

Edmund Spenser

埃德蒙·斯宾塞 (Edmund Spenser, 1552?—1599), 英国诗人。斯宾塞的主要作品是《仙后》。1596年斯宾塞译过法国诗人杜倍雷的诗歌, 还用法文转译了意大利诗人彼特拉克的诗歌。他最早的诗作《牧人月历》是仿罗马诗人维吉尔等古代牧歌写成的。

从思想内容说, 他既热爱生活, 又有新柏拉图主义的神秘思想, 甚至还带有清教徒的伦理宗教观念和强烈的资产阶级爱国情绪。他一向乐于探索诗歌形式, 在《仙后》中他找到一种适用于长诗的格律形式, 这种格律形式后来被称为“斯宾塞诗节”, 拜伦、雪莱都使用过这种格律形式。由于他技巧上很用功夫, 后人称之为“诗人的诗人”。无论在思想上、语言上、诗歌艺术上, 斯宾塞对后世英国诗人(包括弥尔顿)有很深远的影响。马洛便深受他的启发, 并让十音节诗行在无韵诗体里臻于完美。他也影响了18世纪前期浪漫主义诗人汤姆逊、格雷以及19世纪浪漫主义诗人雪莱和济慈。

My love is like to ice, and I to fire;
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not **dissolved** through my so hot desire,
But harder grows the more I her entreat!
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not delayed by her heart-frozen cold;
But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
And feel my **flames** argumented **manifold**!

What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should harden ice;
And ice, which is **congealed** with senseless cold,
Should kindle fire by wonderful device!
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kind.

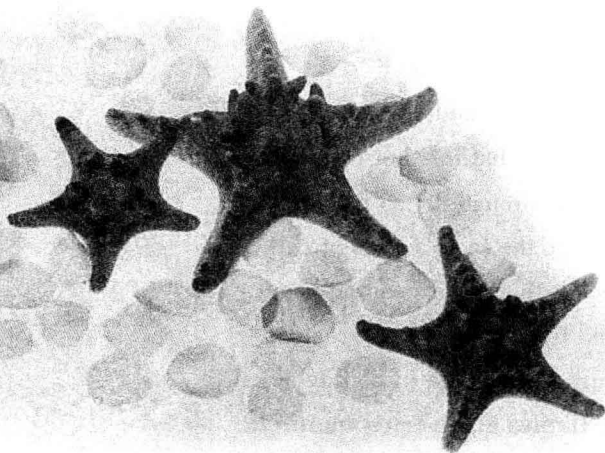
热词空间

dissolve v. 分解；使融化；使溶解；使液化；分解；融化；溶解；液化

flame n. 火焰，热情，火舌 v. 燃烧，起火，火焰，闪耀；激动，暴跳如雷

manifold n. 复印本；多种 v. 复写；增多；繁殖 adj. 多种的，多方面的，有许多部分的

congeal v. 冻结；瘫痪；凝结；使冻结；使固定；使凝结；使瘫痪



我的爱人冷如冰

[英] 埃德蒙·斯宾塞

我的爱人冷如冰，我却热情似火，
为何她的冰冷是如此坚定，
连我这如此火热的激情都无法将其融化，
却在我的乞求声中变得愈加冰冷！
冰冷，这冻透的冰又为何冷却不了？
我对她如火的激情高昂，
而我却烧得愈发大汗淋漓！
世上哪会有更离奇的事情，
消融一切的火竟使冰更硬；
而冰凝自没有知觉的寒气，
竟用神奇的方法将火点燃？
这就是温柔心间爱的力量，
它能让世间万物改变方向。

Where there is no desire, there will be no industry.

——John Locke

哪里缺乏热情，哪里就不会有勤奋。

——约翰·洛克

Love Never Come Back


J. K. Jerome

J.K.杰罗姆 (J.K.Jerome, 1859——1927), 英国现代著名幽默大师、小说家、散文家、戏剧家,《纽约客》专栏作家。以幽默杰作《三人同舟》奠定其在文坛上的地位。本文节选自《懒人懒思录》。其作品以幽默睿智见长,充满人生智慧和生活情趣,对人生有深刻的洞察。风格轻松幽默,笔触细腻,尤为可贵的是作者全无洞察世事后的沧桑和沉重,仍能保持着善良的童心。

You've been in love, of course! If not you've got it to come. Love is like the measles we all have to go through it. Also like the measles, we take it only once. One never need be afraid of catching it a second time. The man who has had it can go into the most dangerous places and play the most **foolhardy** tricks with perfect safety. He can picnic in **shady** woods, ramble through leafy aisles, and linger on mossy seats to watch the sunset. He fears a quiet country-house no more than he would his own club. He can join a family party to go down the Rhine. He can, to see the last of a friend, venture into the very jaws of the marriage ceremony itself. He can keep his head through the whirl of a ravishing waltz, and rest afterward in a dark **conservatory**, catching nothing more lasting than a cold. He can brave a moonlight walk down sweet-scented lanes or a twilight pull among the somber rushes. He can get over a stile without danger, scramble through a tangled hedge without being caught, come down a slippery path without falling. He can look into sunny eyes and not be dazzled. He listens to the siren voices, yet sails on with un veered helm. He clasps white hands in

his, but no electric “Lulu” like force holds him bound in their dainty pressure.

No, we never sicken with love twice. Cupid spends no second arrow in the same heart. Love’s handmaids are our life-long friends. Respect, and admiration, and affection, our doors may always be left open for, but their great **celestial** master, in his royal progress, pays but one visit and departs. We like, we cherish, we are very, very fond of—but we never love again. A man’s heart is a firework that once in its time flashes **heavenward**. Meteor-like, it blazes for a moment and lights with its glory the whole world beneath. Then the nigh of our sordid commonplace life closes in around it, and the burned-out case, falling back to earth, lies useless and uncared for, slowly smoldering into ashes.



热词空间

foolhardy adj. 愚勇的；有勇无谋的

shady adj. 成荫的，阴暗的，多荫的

conservatory n. 温室；音乐学校

celestial adj. 天的，天空的，天国的

heavenward adv. 朝天空地；朝天堂地

爱情不再来

[英] J.K.杰罗姆

你肯定热恋过！如果还没有，那将来会有的。爱情如同麻疹，一人一生都要经历一次。它的结局也像麻疹一样，得过一次便终身免疫，永远没有再次染上的担心。经历过恋爱的人，身入险境仅凭匹夫之勇就能毫发无损。他会在幽暗的树林里野餐，可以徜徉在铺满落叶的小道上，然后坐在长满青苔的石头上呆呆地目送日落西山。都市酒吧的喧闹吓不着他，乡间小屋的寂静也不会让他感到恐惧。他会参加家庭聚会并随他们泛舟莱茵河。他会与朋友诀别，冒险闯入婚姻的围城。他能在销魂的华尔兹旋转中保持镇定，而后在黑暗的暖房中休息片刻，他得到的东西不一定有一场感冒般持久。他敢漫步在月光下香气袭人的小径，也有胆量跋涉在黎明前阴暗的草丛中。他能够安然无恙地跨越栅栏，能够攀过纷乱的树篱而不被刮伤，也能够走过光滑的地面而不跌倒。他可以直视女人迷人的眼睛而不眩晕；可以聆听女人诱惑的声音而不迷失方向；他将白白的小手握在手中，但那种触电般的感觉不能将他迷惑。

是的，我们不会为爱痴狂两次。爱神之箭，不会两次射向同一颗心脏。爱的侍女是我们终身的朋友。敬重、崇拜、喜爱，我们的大门永远对她们敞开，可她们伟大的爱之神，仅仅访问我们一次便不再归来。我们愿意，我们珍惜，我们非常非常喜欢——可我们没有办法再爱了。人的心是烟火，只能在天空绽放一次；像流星，燃烧片刻，用它瞬间的美丽点亮夜空。随后我们卑俗生活的夜幕将它覆盖，燃尽的碎屑飘落下来，没有用处，没人在意，于是慢慢地归于尘土，化为灰烬。

The Rose

Logan Pearsall Smith

洛根·皮尔索尔·史密斯 (Logan Pearsall Smith, 1865-1946), 美国著名作家。主要作品有《读莎士比亚》、《弥尔顿和他的现代评论家》、《难忘的年代》等。洛根·皮尔索尔·史密斯生于美国费城, 但大半生在英国度过, 主要致力于英国语言的研究。他的格言“检验一个人是否具备某种职业才能, 就是看他能否热爱其中包含的枯燥劳动”。

The old lady had always been proud of the great rose-tree in her garden, and was fond of telling how it had grown from a cutting she had brought years before from Italy, when she was first married. She and her husband had been traveling back in their carriage from Rome (it was before the time of railways), and on a bad piece of road south of Siena they had broken down, and had been forced to pass the night in a little house by the roadside. The accommodation was wretched of course, she had spent a sleepless night, and rising early had stood, wrapped up, at her window, with the cool air blowing on her face, to watch the dawn. She could still, after all these years, remember the blue mountains with the bright moon above them, and how a far-off town on one of the peaks had gradually grown whiter and whiter, till the moon faded, the mountains were touched with the pink of the rising sun, and suddenly the town was lit as by an illumination, one window after another catching and reflecting the sun's beams, till at last the whole little city twinkled and sparkled up in the sky like a nest of stars.

That morning, finding they would have to wait while their carriage was being repaired, they had driven in a local conveyance up to the city on the mountain, where they had been told they would find better quarters; and there they had stayed two or three days. It was one of the miniature Italian cities with a high church, a pretentious piazza, a few narrow streets and little palaces, perched, all compact and complete, on the top of a mountain, within an enclosure of walls hardly larger than an English kitchen garden. But it was full of life and noise, echoing all day and all night with the sounds of feet and voices.

The Caf of the simple inn where they stayed was the meeting-place of the notabilities of the little city; the Sindaco, the avocado, the doctor, and a few others; and among them they noticed a beautiful, slim, talkative old man, with bright black eyes and snow-white hair—tall and straight and still with the figure of a youth, although the waiter told them with pride that the Conte was molto vecchio—would in fact be eighty in the following year. He was the last of his family, the waiter added—they had once been great and rich people—but he had no descendants, in fact the waiter mentioned with complacency, as if it were a story on which the locality prided itself, that the Conte had been unfortunate in love, and had never married.

The old gentleman, however, seemed cheerful enough; and it was plain that he took an interest in the strangers, and wished to make their acquaintance. This was soon effected by the friendly waiter; and after a little talk the old man invited them to visit his villa and garden which were just outside the walls of the town. So the next afternoon, when the sun began to descend, and they saw in glimpses through doorways and windows, blue shadows beginning to spread over the brown mountains, they went to pay their visit. It was not much of a place, a small, modernized, stucco villa, with a hot pebbly garden, and in it a stone basin with torpid gold fish, and a statue of Diana and her hounds against the wall. But what gave a glory to it was a gigantic rose-tree which clambered over the house, almost smothering the windows, and filling the air with the perfume of its