



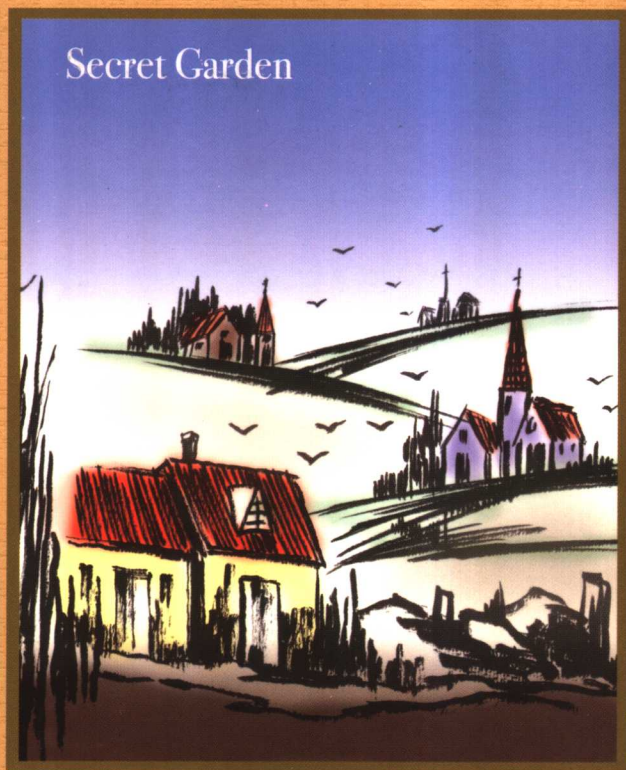
名著名篇双语对照丛书

美国经典文学名著

秘密花园

中英对照

弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特 著 申亚玲 编译



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简介

弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特（1849~1924）生于英国曼彻斯特市，1865年随全家移民美国田纳西州。伯内特的父亲早逝，家境贫寒，她从18岁开始在杂志上发表故事，贴补家用。她的第一本畅销书是28岁时出版的《劳瑞家的那闺女》，取材于她幼年在英国煤矿的生活。可是，让伯内特闻名于世的，是她的儿童文学作品。1886年她发表了小说《小少爷方特罗伊》，写一个美国小男孩成为英国伯爵继承人的故事。“方特罗伊”从此成为英语词汇，指“过分盛装打扮的小孩”。这本书让伯内特成为当时最畅销、最富有的流行作家之一。此书和1905年发表的《小公主》都曾被改编成话剧。1939年，电影《小公主》由当时红极一时的童星秀兰·邓波儿主演。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》。

这本小说于1911年一出版就成为畅销书，后来同时在英国和美国出版，多次再版，版本数不胜数。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。这三部电影都是当时非常卖座的儿童电影。在英语儿童文学里，这部小说是公认的无年龄界限的精品，也是一部打通雅俗之间界限的文学作品，既入严肃文学的殿堂，也是流行市场的赢家。在英国它被收入牛津《世界经典丛书》（Oxford University Press World's Classic），这套丛书是权威的严肃文学经典，所选入的书均有学者写序言、加注解。同样，出版界巨头企鹅出版社也把《秘密花园》收入《企鹅二十世纪经典丛书》（Penguin Twentieth-Century Classic）。BBC网站的“著名作家介绍”里，作者名列其中。而在美国，权威的《纽约书评》把它列入《纽约时报读者目录》（New York Book Reviews' Reader's Catalog）。该目录专门向读者推荐各领域图书中的经典与精品，涵盖老书和新书。《秘密花园》在美国还经常被学校老师当作英语教材，因为它的语言平易而又极为传神，同时

思想丰富，情节精彩曲折，容易吸引小孩子。它被一代代孩子们不断重复阅读，是很多人童年时代记忆最深刻的书。

《秘密花园》讲述了在一个大庄园里，有一个连门都被掩埋了的秘密的废弃的花园。一个名叫玛丽的小女孩无意中从泥土里挖到花园的钥匙，并且在知更鸟的指引下找到了隐藏的小门。这个原本任性、暴戾的小女孩爱上了这个花园。她和佃户的儿子迪肯一起，在花园里重新栽花种草。迪肯是个聪明能干的小家伙，能和很多动物说话。后来，庄园主的儿子柯林也参加进来，他是个多病、瘦弱、脾气暴躁的小男孩。他们在花园里嬉戏，看着各种花草从地底下长出来，像被施了魔法一样。花园里长满了玫瑰、龙胆花、常春藤、番红花、木樨花、罂粟花、飞燕草，还有像铃铛一样的铃兰，有着许多动物：狐狸、羊羔、乌鸦和红胸脯的知更鸟。一切都在阳光下茁壮成长，玛丽和柯林去掉了所有的讨人厌的坏毛病，长成了漂亮的姑娘和健壮的小伙子。他们把这一切，都归功于大自然的魔法。

《秘密花园》是关于友谊、决心和毅力的一本好书，充满了对生命的热爱和激情，对心灵和成长的探索达到了一个很深的地步。展示的是人的态度如何决定人的生活，生活可以无比美好，也可以非常悲惨，完全取决于你对它的态度。《秘密花园》充满了生命力，阅读的过程像在呼吸新鲜的氧气。

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1. *THERE IS NO ONE LEFT*

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 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



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1. 一个不剩

玛丽·雷诺克斯被送到米塞尔威特庄园她姑夫那里的时候，所有人都说他们从来没见过长得这么别扭的小孩。的确如此。玛丽的脸瘦瘦的，身材单薄，头发又细又薄，一脸不高兴的样子。她的头发是黄色的，脸色也是黄的，因为她在印度出生，所以总是生病。她父亲在英国政府工作，非常忙碌，也总是生病。她母亲很漂亮，但只关心宴会，只想着和朋友们一起寻欢作乐。本来她根本不想生这个小孩，玛丽出生的时候，她把她交给印度奶妈，奶妈知道，要想让女主人高兴的话，她就得把孩子带得越远越好。玛丽是个多病、烦躁又难看的孩子，所以她经常被带到不妨碍大人的地方；当她长成一个多病、烦躁、歪歪学步的小东西的时候，她仍然被带到不妨碍大人的地方。她从不记得自己见过任何熟悉的东西，除了印度奶妈和其他印度仆人的黑脸，他们总

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



是服从她，让她随心所欲，因为她的哭声会让女主人发怒。到她六岁的时候，她就成了世界上最残暴、最自私的小猪崽。一个年轻的英国家庭教师来教她读书写字，结果三个月就辞职不干了。其他来应聘的家庭教师，呆的时间比第一个更短。如果不是玛丽自己很想读书的话，她恐怕连一个字母都不认识。

她差不多九岁的时候，一天早晨，天热得可怕，她醒来觉得心里很不顺气。看到站在床边的仆人不是奶妈，她就更不顺气了。

“你来干什么？”她对这位陌生女人说道，“我不会让你留在这儿的。把我奶妈叫来。”

女人看着很害怕，但她只是结结巴巴地说奶妈不能来。玛丽立刻大怒，对她又打又踢，她看着更害怕了，反复说奶妈确实不能到这里来。

那天早晨的气氛有些神秘。没有一件事是正常的，几个土著仆人不见了，玛丽见到的仆人们都面如死灰，神色慌张，不是溜走，就是四处乱窜。没有人告诉她任何事

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



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情，奶妈也没有来。渐渐只剩下她自己了，最后她闲逛到花园里，在走廊旁边的一棵树下自己和自己玩。她假装在造花坛，把一朵朵深红的木槿花插进一个个小土堆里，心里越来越生气，嘴里嘟哝着奶妈回来时要骂她的话。

“猪！猪！猪养的！”她说，因为称印度土著人猪是最能侮辱他们的。

她正咬牙切齿地反复骂着的时候，突然听到她妈妈和一个人来到走廊上。她和一个漂亮小伙子站在一起低声谈话，声音听起来很奇怪。玛丽认识这个长得像个小男孩的年轻人。她听说过他是个年轻军官，刚刚从英国来。

小女孩瞪着他看，更多的是瞪着她母亲看。一有机会见到她母亲，她就这样，因为女主人——玛丽对她最常用的称呼——是如此高挑、苗条，穿着如此美丽的衣服。她的头发如同卷曲的丝缎，小巧玲珑的鼻子好像什么都瞧不起，她的大眼睛像是在笑。她所有的衣服都又轻又薄，玛丽说它们“镶满了花边”。这天早晨，它们的花边好像比任何时候都更多，但是她的眼睛看上去却没有在笑。大大的眼睛充满了恐惧，近乎哀求地

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



仰望着年轻军官的脸。

“这么糟糕吗？噢，真的吗？”玛丽听见妈妈说道。

“糟透了，”年轻人声音颤抖地回答道，“糟透了，雷诺克斯太太。您两个星期之前就应该到山上去。”

女主人双手紧紧绞在一起。

“哦，我知道！”她喊着，“都是为了那个傻头傻脑的聚会，我才没去。我真傻！”

就在这时，一声响亮的哭声从仆人宿舍破空而来，她一把抓住年轻人的手臂，玛丽站起来，从头抖到脚。哭声越来越大。

“什么声音？那是什么？”雷诺克斯太太上气不接下气地问道。

“有人死了。”年轻军官回答，“你没有告诉我仆人那边也爆发了。”

“我不知道！”女主人哭喊着，“跟我来！跟我来！”她转身跑进房子里。

让人毛骨悚然的事情来了，玛丽明白了这个早晨里一切神秘的东西。一种最致命

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.



的霍乱爆发了，人们像蚊蝇一样纷纷死去。奶妈夜里发病，刚才棚屋里的嚎哭就是因为她死了。一天之内，另外三个仆人丧了命，其他人都惊恐地逃走了。到处都是恐惧，小平房里到处都是垂死的人。

在一片混乱之中，玛丽藏到她的婴儿室里，被所有人遗忘了。没有人想起她，没有人想要找她，奇怪的事情发生着，而她对这一切一无所知。那段时间里，玛丽有时哭有时睡。她只知道大家都在生病，她听见那些神秘而急迫的声音。有一次，她爬进饭厅，里面空无一人，桌子上的饭只吃了一半，好像吃饭的人因为什么原因突然站起来，椅子、盘子被慌张地推开。小家伙吃了点儿水果和饼干，她觉得口渴，又喝了一杯酒。那杯酒几乎是满的，而且是甜的，她不知道那酒有多烈。很快她就觉得非常困，她回到自己的房间，把自己又关起来，棚屋里的喊叫声和匆忙的脚步声让她感到害怕。酒让她太困了，几乎睁不开眼睛，她躺到床上，一会儿就什么也不知道了。

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



她沉睡的时候，发生了很多事，小平房里东西抬出抬进，但这种声响也不会再打扰她了。

醒来以后，她躺在床上盯着墙看。房子里一片寂静。以前她从没听到过这座房子这么安静。没有说话声，也听不到脚步声，她猜想着大家是不是都从霍乱里恢复过来了，所有的麻烦都结束了。她想，奶妈突然死了，现在谁会来照顾她呢？也许会来一个能讲新故事的奶妈。那些旧故事玛丽已经非常厌倦了。她没有因为奶妈已经死了而哭泣。她不是个讲人情的孩子，也从来没关心过谁。霍乱带来的各种嘈杂、忙乱和哭叫把她吓坏了，她非常生气，因为看来没有任何人记得她还活着。每一个人都惊慌失措，没有人去想起一个“万人烦”的小女孩。霍乱来的时候，人们似乎只记得他们自己。不过，等大家都好起来了的时候，肯定会有人记起她，然后来找她。

但是没有人来，她躺在那里等着，房子好像变得越来越安静。她听到地毯上窸窣窸窣地响，她低头看到一条小蛇爬过去，眼睛像宝石一样看着她。她不觉得害怕，因

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!”



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为它只是个不会害人的小东西，它只是想赶快离开这个房间。她看着它溜过门缝。

“多么奇怪，多么安静啊，”她说，“听上去好像这房子里只有我和那条蛇。”

差不多一分钟之后，她听见院子里响起脚步声，然后到了走廊上。是男人们的脚步声，他们进了房子，低声说话。没有人去接待他们，跟他们讲话，他们好像打开门，朝一个个房间里看。

“一片废墟！”她听见一个声音说，“一个大美人啊！我想那个孩子也……我听说有个孩子，不过从来没人见过她。”

几分钟之后，他们打开门的时候，玛丽站在自己房间的正中间。她看上去又难看又不顺心，皱着眉头，因为她开始感到饿了，觉得没有人理自己。第一个进来的男人是个高大的军官，她有一次看到过他和她父亲谈话。他看上去疲惫不堪，可是当他看到她的时候，他还是吃惊得几乎要往后跳。

“巴尼！”他惊叫起来，“这儿有个小孩！只有小孩一个人！在这么个地方！天哪，她是谁？”

“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.



“我是玛丽·雷诺克斯，”小女孩往前一步生硬地说道。她觉得这个男人很粗鲁，把她父亲的房子说成“这么一个地方！”

“大家染上霍乱的时候，我睡着了，刚刚才醒过来。怎么没有人来啊？”

“这是那个谁都没见过的孩子！”男人惊呼起来，转向他的伙伴，“她竟然被忘记了！”

“为什么我被忘记了？”玛丽跺着脚问，“为什么没有人来？”

那个叫巴尼的年轻人悲伤地看着她。玛丽甚至觉得她看到他在眨眼睛，想把眼泪眨掉。

“可怜的孩子！”他说，“没有人能来了。”

就这样，玛丽突然得知自己没有父亲，也没有母亲了。他们都在夜里死了，被抬走了，那几个没有死的印度仆人也已经逃离了这座房子，没有人想起还有个玛丽小姐。所以房子里很安静。这么大的一座房子里，只有她和那条窸窸窣窣的小蛇。

2. MISTRESS MARY QUITE CONTRARY

Mary 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



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2. 玛丽小姐真倔强

玛丽以前喜欢远远地看着她的妈妈，觉得她很美。可自从她去世以后，玛丽就不再爱她，也不再想念她了，因为玛丽对她的了解太少了。她压根儿不想她，实际上，她一直是个只关心自己的孩子，整天只想着自己的事情。毫无疑问，如果她年纪大一些的话，孤零零一个人被留在这世上，她一定会焦虑不安，可是她还很小，总是被人照顾，而且她觉得一切都会照这样进行下去。她只想知道的是自己去的是不是好人家。那家人是不是会像奶妈和其他印度仆人一样宠着她。

刚开始她被送到一个英国牧师家，她知道自己不会留在那儿。她不想留下来。这位英国牧师很穷，有五个孩子，都跟玛丽差不多大。他们穿得破破烂烂，总是争吵，相互抢玩具。玛丽讨厌他们邋遢的小房子。她脾气很坏，很难相处，一两天之后就没

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



有人愿意和她玩了。第二天，他们就给她取了个绰号，让她火冒三丈。

是巴兹尔最先想起来的。巴兹尔是个小男孩，长着一双蓝眼睛，鼻子往上翘，玛丽很讨厌他。她自己在树下玩，就像霍乱爆发那天一样。巴兹尔过来，站在旁边看她垒小土堆，造花园里的小路。他觉得很有意思，就突然提了个建议。

“你干吗不在那里垒一堆石头当假山？”他说，“就在中间。”他趴到她头上指着。

“滚开！”玛丽叫道，“我不要男生。滚开！”

巴兹尔生气了一阵子，然后就开始捉弄人。他总爱捉弄他的妹妹们。他围着玛丽一圈圈跳着舞，做着鬼脸，又唱又笑。

“小玛丽，真倔强，

花园修得怎么样？

银风铃和贝壳，

金盏花儿，排成行。”

他一直唱到其他孩子听见，也跟着哄笑起来。玛丽越是觉得生气，他们就唱得越起劲：“小玛丽，真倔强。”从那以后，只要她和他们在一起，他们就称她“小玛丽真