



Hans Christian Andersen,
1805-1875

安徒生童话全集



安徒生的文学童话

带给了全世界的儿童和他们的父母以无限快乐。

蓝宝石卷

英汉对照版插图本



安徒生 著
聂静 译

陕西师范大学出版社



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汉斯·克里斯钦·安徒生（Hans Christian Andersen）（1805-1875）
1805年4月2日出生于丹麦奥登塞。

文学童话的首创人，人类文学史上最伟大的童话作家之一，其作品对后世的人们产生了无可估量的巨大影响。从1835年6月7日起第一部童话集《讲给孩子20年的童话·第一册》到1872年的三十七年中，安徒生一共写成了二百一十二篇童话。

作为“文学童话”的开拓者，他不仅收集、整理、发表民间的传说，还在创作童话。在上世纪初安徒生的童话就已经传到了中国，现在《卖火柴的小女孩》、《小美人鱼》、《皇帝的新装》，在中国已是家喻户晓的故事了。在二百年后的今天安徒生的肉体已在这个世界上消失了一百三十年，但是他的灵魂，他的思想，他的情操，依然活在世界上，活在任何一个有文字、有梦想，有爱与温暖的角落。正如奥斯特断言“小说使安徒生成名，童话将使安徒生不朽”，安徒生将会永远地活下去，永远活在全世界的孩子和他们的父母心中。

译者：聂静（河南许昌人氏，上海大学英美文学硕士）

◆ 安徒生童话全集英汉对照版插图本



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THE MARSH KING'S DAUGHTER

THE storks tell their little ones very many stories, all of the swamp and the marsh. These stories are generally adapted to the age and capacity of the hearers. The youngest are content if they are told 'Cribble-crabble, plurry-murry' as a story, and find it charming; but the older ones want something with a deeper meaning, or at any rate something relating to the family. Of the two oldest and longest stories that have been preserved among the storks we all know the one, namely, that of Moses, who was exposed by his mother on the banks of the Nile, and whom the King's daughter found, and who afterwards became a great man and the place of whose burial is unknown. That story is very well known.

The second is not known yet, perhaps because it is quite an inland story. It has been handed down from storkmamma to stork-mamma, for thousands of years, and each of them has told it better and better; and now we'll tell it best of all.

The first Stork pair who told the story had their summer residence on the wooden house of the Viking, which lay by the wild moor in Wendsyssel; that is to say, if we are to speak out of the abundance of our knowledge, hard by the great moor in the circle of Hjörning, high up by Skagen, the most northern point of Jutland. The wilderness there is still a great wild moss, about, which we can read in the official description of the district. It is said that in old times there was here a sea, whose bottom was upheaved; now the moss extends for miles on all sides, surrounded by damp meadows, and unsteady shaking swamp, and turfy moor, with blueberries and stunted trees. Mists are almost always hovering over this region, which seventy years ago was still inhabited by the wolves. It is certainly rightly called the 'wild moss'; and one can easily think how dreary and lonely it must have been, and how much marsh and lake there was here a thousand years ago. Yes, in detail, exactly the same things were seen then that may yet be beheld. The reeds had the same height, and bore the same kind of long leaves and bluish-brown feathery plumes that they bear now; the birch stood there, with its white bark and its fine loosely-hanging



The marsh king's daughter

沼泽王的女儿

鹤给它们的孩子讲了许多故事，全是关于沼泽地和水潭的。这样的故事一般说来都是按孩子的年龄和理解力加以修改的。最小的孩子只要听到“叽叽、喳喳、嘎嘎、啾啾！”一类的东西就很满足，觉得很有趣了。可是大一点儿的却想听些更有意思的，或者是和自己的家族有关的东西。鹤家族中代代相传的那两个最古老、最长的故事中有一个我们大家都知道了，就是关于摩西的故事。故事讲的是他母亲把他放在尼罗河的水里，法老的女儿发现了他，后来他成了一个伟大人物，可没有人知道他究竟葬在哪里。这个故事广为流传，妇孺皆知。

第二个故事不太有名，恐怕只有国内的人才知道。故事是由鹤鸟妈妈口口相传，已经传了几千年，一代比一代讲得好。现在我们讲的是最好的。

第一对讲述这个故事的鹤鸟在汶苏塞尔那边荒沼泽附近的一所海盗木屋上安家避暑。如果我们耍弄一下学识的话，可以说那片地方在约尔林郡的大沼泽附近，靠近斯卡兰根一带的日德兰半岛最北端。现在那儿还是一片茫茫沼泽地，可以在地方志中查到关于此地的描述。据说古时候这里曾是一片大海，海底升高，就成了方圆数公里的沼泽地，四周是长着蓝梅和矮树丛的湿草烂泥地和泥炭沼。这片地方差不多终年有迷雾笼罩，七十年前还有狼群出没。这一带真是名副其实的“荒沼泽”，不难想象一千年前这里是多么荒凉孤寂，有多少沼泽湖泊！是的，有些地方至今仍能看到当年的景物。那时芦苇也那么高，也是这样长长的叶子，开着和现在一样的带蓝头的褐色绒毛花；桦树也一样，白花花的树皮，叶子柔嫩、稀疏。说到那里住的动





leaves, just as now; and as regards the living creatures that dwelt here—why, the fly wore its gauzy dress of the same cut that it wears now, and the favourite colours of the stork were white picked out with black, and red stockings. The people certainly wore coats of a different cut from those they now wear; but whoever stepped out on the shaking moss, be he huntsman or follower, master or servant, met with the same fate a thousand years ago that he would meet with to-day. He sank and went down to the Marsh King, as they called him, who ruled below in the great empire of the moss. They also called him Quagmire King; but we like the name Marsh King better, and by that name the storks also called him. Very little is known of the Marsh King's rule; but perhaps that is a good thing.

In the neighbourhood of the moss, close by Limfjorden, lay the wooden house of the Viking, with its stone watertight cellars, with its tower and its three projecting stories. On the roof the Stork had built his nest, and Stork-mamma there hatched the eggs, and felt sure that her hatching would come to something.

One evening Stork-papa stayed out very late, and when he came home he looked very bustling and important.

'I've something very terrible to tell you,' he said to the Stork-mamma.

'Let that be,' she replied. 'Remember that I'm hatching the eggs, and you might agitate me, and I might do them a mischief.'

'You must know it,' he continued. 'She has arrived here—the daughter of our host in Egypt—she has dared to undertake the journey here—and she's gone!'

'She who came from the race of the fairies? Oh, tell me all about it! You know I can't bear to be kept long in suspense when I'm hatching eggs.'

'You see, mother, she believed in what the doctor said, and you told me true. She believed that the moss flowers would bring healing to her sick father, and she has flown here in swan's plumage, in company with the other Swan Princesses, who come to the North every year to renew their youth. She has come here, and she is gone!'

'You are much too long-winded!' exclaimed the Storkmamma, 'and the eggs might catch cold. I can't bear being kept in such suspense!'

沼泽王的女儿

物，苍蝇身上的纱衣裳样式也和今天的一样，鹳鸟钟爱的颜色也是白中夹黑，袜子也是红色的。可那个时候的人穿衣服的式样却和我们今天不一样。无论是猎人还是随从，主人还是奴隶，不管他是谁，只要走在这稀和的沼泽地上，他的命运于一千年后的今天没什么两样：他会陷进去，落到统治着下面大沼泽王国，人们称之为沼泽王那里去。也有人叫他烂泥王，不过我们还是喜欢叫他沼泽王。鹳也是这么叫他的。很少有人知道有这么个统治者存在，不过这倒是件好事。

海盗的木房子就在沼泽地附近靠近林姆海湾的地方，房子有三层，还有一个塔楼，地下室是用石头砌的。鹳鸟在屋顶搭了巢，鹳鸟妈妈正在孵蛋，而且坚信它孵出的小鹳鸟能成个人物。

一天的傍晚，鹳鸟爸爸很晚才回家。进门时他慌慌张张的，像是出了什么大事。

"我要告诉你一件非常可怕的事。"他对鹳鸟妈妈说。

"不要说了，"她说，"我在孵蛋呢，你说的事要是吓到我，蛋会受影响的。"

"你一定得知道!"他还是想说，"她到这儿来了，我们在埃及的主人的女儿!她竟大胆跑到这里来玩，可现在她不见啦!"

"她，那可是仙女的后裔呀!啊，快把这一切都告诉我!要知道我在孵蛋的时候是不能胡思乱想的!"

"孩子他妈，要知道她是信了医生的话。这一点你说得很对。她相信了这边沼泽地的花能治好她父亲的病。于是她披了天鹅羽衣，和两个每年都到北方来重获青春的天鹅公主一起飞来了。她到了这里，现在却不见了!"

"你太啰嗦了!"鹳鸟妈妈说，"蛋会受凉的。这么提心吊胆我可受不了!"

‘I have kept watch,’ said the Stork-papa; ‘and to-night, when I went into the reeds—there where the marsh ground will bear me—three swans came. Something in their flight seemed to say to me, “Look out! That’s not altogether swan; it’s only swan’s feathers!” Yes, mother, you have a feeling of intuition just as I have; you can tell whether a thing is right or wrong.’

‘Yes, certainly,’ she replied; ‘but tell me about the Princess. I’m sick of hearing of the swan’s feathers.’

‘Well, you know that in the middle of the moss there is something like a lake,’ continued Stork-papa. ‘You can see one corner of it if you raise yourself a little. There, by the reeds and the green mud, lay a great elder stump, and on this the three swans sat, flapping their wings and looking about them. One of them threw off her plumage, and I immediately recognized her as our own Princess from Egypt! There she sat, with no covering but her long black hair. I heard her tell the others to pay good heed to the swan’s plumage, while she dived down into the water to pluck the flowers which she fancied she saw growing there. The others nodded, and picked up the empty feather dress and took care of it. “I wonder what they will do with it?” thought I; and perhaps she asked herself the same question. If so, she got an answer, for the two rose up and flew away with her swan’s plumage. “Do thou dive down!” they cried; “thou shalt never fly more in swan’s form, thou shalt never see Egypt again! Remain thou there in the moss!” And so saying, they tore the swan’s plumage into a hundred pieces, so that the feathers whirled about like a snow-storm; and away they flew—the two faithless Princesses!’

‘Why, that is terrible!’ said Stork-mamma. ‘I can’t bear to hear it. But now tell me what happened next.’

‘The Princess wept and lamented. Her tears fell fast on the elder stump, and the latter moved, for it was the Marsh King himself—he who lives in the moss! I myself saw it—how the stump of the tree turned round, and ceased to be a tree stump; long thin branches grew forth from it like arms. Then the poor child was terribly frightened, and sprang away on to the green slimy ground; but that cannot even carry me, much less her. She sank immediately, and the elder stump dived down too; and it was he who drew her down. Great black bubbles rose up, and there was no more trace of them. Now the Princess is buried in the wild moss, and never more will she bear away a flower to Egypt. Your heart would have burst, mother, if you had seen it.’

The marsh king's daughter 9

“我注意了一下,” 鹳鸟爸爸说, “今晚我走进芦苇丛烂泥能托住我的地方, 三只天鹅飞了过来。它们飞行的姿势像是在说: 注意! 这几只不是天鹅, 只是天鹅的羽衣! 孩子他妈, 你也有这种感觉的, 你能分辨出真假来。”

“当然!” 她说, “快跟我讲讲公主吧, 天鹅羽衣我听都听烦了。”

“要知道沼泽地的中央就像一个湖,” 鹳鸟爸爸接着说, “稍微站高点就可以看到其中的一角。在芦苇和绿色稀泥的旁边有一大根赤杨树干, 那三只天鹅落在那上边, 扇着翅膀四下里看。有一只甩掉了身上的羽衣, 我一眼就认出了她就是我们在埃及的公主! 她坐在那儿, 除了一头黑色长发身上没有什么遮盖的。我听见她请另外两个在她跳进水里摘花的时候好好看着天鹅羽衣。她以为自己看到那朵花了。她们点点头, 捡起天鹅羽衣, 拿走了。她们要干什么, 我这么想着, 公主也许在想同样的问题。如果她真这么想了, 答案就是: 她们拿着她的天鹅羽衣飞走了。‘呆在里面吧!’ 她们叫着, ‘你再也不能化成天鹅飞了, 再也见不到埃及了! 你就呆在沼泽地里吧!’ 她们说着便把那件天鹅羽衣撕成了碎片, 羽毛四处乱飞就像一场暴风雪。然后那两个不讲信用的公主飞走了!”

“啊, 真是太可怕啦!” 鹳鸟妈妈说, “我实在不忍心! 还是跟我讲讲后来怎么了。”

“公主伤心地哭了, 泪水落到赤杨树干上, 树干动了。原来树干就是住在沼泽地里的沼泽王本人! 我亲眼看到那树干是如何转了个身就不见了, 细长的枝条伸了出来, 像手臂一样。那可可怜的孩子吓坏了, 一下子跳到绿稀泥地里。可是那地方连我都托不起, 更不用说她了。眨眼间她就沉了下去, 赤杨树干也沉下去了。其实是沼泽王把她拉下去的。稀泥地里冒起大黑水泡, 然后什么都看不见了。现在公主埋在沼泽里, 再也不能带着花回埃及了。孩子他妈, 你若是看了也会不忍心的。”





‘You ought not to tell me anything of the kind at such a time as this,’ said Stork-mamma; ‘the eggs might suffer by it. The Princess will find some way of escape; some one will come to help her. If it had been you or I, or one of our people, it would certainly have been all over with us.’

‘But I shall go and look every day to see if anything happens,’ said Stork-papa.

And he was as good as his word.

A long time had passed, when at last he saw a green stalk shooting up out of the deep moss. When it reached the surface a leaf spread out and unfolded itself broader and broader; close by it, a bud came out. And one morning, when the Stork flew over the stalk, the bud opened through the power of the strong sunbeams, and in the cup of the flower lay a beautiful child—a little girl—looking just as if she had risen out of the bath. The little one so closely resembled the Princess from Egypt, that at the first moment the Stork thought it must be the Princess herself; but, on second thoughts, it appeared more probable that it must be the daughter of the Princess and of the Marsh King; and that also explained her being placed in the cup of the water-lily.

‘But she cannot possibly be left lying there,’ thought the Stork; ‘and in my nest there are so many already. But stay, I have a thought. The wife of the Viking has no children, and how often has she not wished for a little one! People always say, “The stork has brought a little one;” and I will do so in earnest this time. I shall fly with the child to the Viking’s wife. What rejoicing there will be there!’

And the Stork lifted the little girl, flew to the wooden house, picked a hole with his beak in the bladder-covered window, laid the child on the bosom of the Viking’s wife, and then hurried up to the Stork-mamma, and told her what he had seen and done; and the little Storks listened to the story, for they were big enough to do so now.

‘So you see,’ he concluded, ‘the Princess is not dead, for she must have sent the little one up here; and now that is provided for too.’

‘Ah, I said it would be so from the very beginning!’ said the Stork-mamma; ‘but now think a little of

沼泽王的女儿

“这个时候你不应该对我讲这种事,” 鹤鸟妈妈说, “蛋会受影响的。——公主会想办法逃出来, 会有人去救她。这事要出在你我身上, 或是我们族人身上, 我们肯定都完了!”

“我还是要每天去看看。” 鹤鸟爸爸说。

他很善良, 也真这么做了。

过了很长一段时间, 他看见从深深的沼泽地里冒出一根绿杆。这根绿杆露出水面的时候长出了一片叶子。叶子越长越大, 旁边还开出一个花蕾。一天早上鹤鸟从它上方飞过, 花蕾在



强烈的阳光下绽开了。花朵中央睡着一个漂亮的孩子, 一个小姑娘, 好像刚刚沐浴完毕。这孩子和埃及公主长得神似, 一开始鹤鸟还以为这一定是公主本人。不过转念一想, 她更有可能是公主和沼泽王的女儿, 正因为如此她才睡在睡莲的花心里。

“不能把她留在那儿。” 鹤鸟想。“我们巢里的孩子已经不少了。不过, 有了, 海盗老婆没有孩子, 她不是一直都想要个小孩吗? 人们总说: ‘鹤鸟送子。’ 在这种时候我就来送送看。我把这孩子送给海盗的老婆, 她该有多高兴呢!”


鹤鸟衔了小姑娘飞到木屋, 用嘴把膀胱皮包的窗子啄了个洞, 将孩子放在海盗

your own family. Our travelling time is drawing on; sometimes I feel quite restless in my wings already. The cuckoo and the nightingale have started, and I heard the quails saying that they were going too, as soon as the wind was favour-able. Our young ones will behave well at the exercising, or I am much deceived in them.'

The Viking's wife was extremely glad when she woke next morning and found the charming infant lying in her arms. She kissed and caressed it, but it cried violently, and struggled with its arms and legs, and did not seem rejoiced at all. At length it cried itself to sleep, and as it lay there it looked exceedingly beautiful. The Viking's wife was in high glee: she felt light in body and soul; her heart leapt within her; and it seemed to her as if her husband and his warriors, who were absent, must return quite as suddenly and unexpectedly as the little one had come.

Therefore she and the whole household had enough to do in preparing everything for the reception of her lord. The long coloured curtains of tapestry, which she and her maids had worked, and on which they had woven pictures of their idols, Odin, Thor, and Freia, were hung up; the slaves polished the old shields that served as ornaments; and cushions were placed on the benches, and dry wood laid on the fireplace in the midst of the hall, so that the fire could be lighted at a moment's notice. The Viking's wife herself assisted in the work, so that towards evening she was very tired, and slept well.

When she awoke towards morning, she was violently alarmed, for the infant had vanished! She sprang from her couch, lighted a pine torch, and searched all round about; and, behold, in the part of the bed where she had stretched her feet, lay, not the child, but a great ugly frog! She was horror-struck at the sight, and seized a heavy stick to kill the frog; but the creature looked at her with such strange mournful eyes, that she was not able to strike the blow. Once more she looked round the room—the frog uttered a low, wailing croak, and she started, sprang from the couch, and ran to the window and opened it. At that moment the sun shone forth, and flung its beams through the window on the couch and on the great frog; and suddenly it appeared as though the frog's great mouth contracted and became small and red, and its limbs moved and stretched and became beautifully symmetrical, and it was no longer an ugly frog which lay there, but her pretty child!

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老婆的胸口，然后急忙回到鹤鸟妈妈那儿，把他见到的和做了的事讲给她听。小鹤鸟们也听了这个故事，它们已经大到能听故事了。

“你看见了吧，”最后他说，“公主没有死，一定是她把孩子送到上面来的。现在孩子已经有了归宿。”

“啊，打一开始我就说会是这样的！”鹤鸟妈妈说，“现在你也该想想你自己的家了。动身的时候快到了，有时我感觉翅膀都快闲不住了。杜鹃和夜莺都已经走了，我听鹤鸟说要是风顺的话它们也要走呢。咱们的孩子演习的时候一定会做得很好，否则我会被它们害苦的。”

第二天早上海盗的老婆醒来发现手臂上躺着一个漂亮的婴儿，简直乐坏了。她又是吻又是摸，可小孩哭得厉害，小胳膊小腿一阵乱踢，看起来一点都不高兴。最后她哭着哭着睡着了，睡姿别提有多美了。海盗头的老婆心花怒放，象要飘起来。她的心咚咚地跳着，憧憬着自己丈夫和他部下一定会像小家伙一样突然回来，让她大吃一惊。

于是，她和佣人们为这个上帝赐予的礼物忙活着准备了好一阵子。长长的彩色挂毯挂了起来，那是她和女佣亲手织的。上面织有他们的神像，有奥丁、托尔和佛列亚。奴隶们把用作装饰的古盾牌也擦得锃亮，长椅上加了垫子，客厅中央的火炉里备好了干柴，只要需要火就能立刻点起来。海盗老婆也帮着干活，到晚上时她累极了，睡了个好觉。

天快亮的时候她醒过来，真是太可怕：孩子不见了！她一下子跳下床，点了一根松枝四下里找。她看到了。就在她床上放脚的那一头，可那不是孩子，而是一只又大又丑的青蛙！看到这一幕她惊呆了，操起一根粗棍要把这只青蛙打死。可是青蛙用一种奇怪、忧伤的眼神望着她，让她怎么也下不去手。她又朝房间四周望了一眼，青蛙发出一声低沉的哀叫，她惊了一下，从





‘What is this?’ she said. ‘Have I had a bad dream? Is it not my own lovely cherub lying there?’

And she kissed and hugged it; but the child struggled and fought like a little wild cat.

Not on this day nor on the morrow did the Viking return, although he was on his way home; but the wind was against him, for it blew towards the south, favourably for the storks. A good wind for one is a contrary wind for another.

When one or two more days and nights had gone, the Viking’s wife clearly understood how the case was with her child, that a terrible power of sorcery was upon it. By day it was charming as an angel of light, though it had a wild, savage temper; but at night it became an ugly frog, quiet and mournful, with sorrowful eyes. Here were two natures changing inwardly as well as outwardly with the sunlight. The reason of this was that by day the child had the form of its mother, but the disposition of its father; while, on the contrary, at night the paternal descent became manifest in its bodily appearance, though the mind and heart of the mother then became dominant in the child. Who might be able to loosen this charm that wicked sorcery had worked?

The wife of the Viking lived in care and sorrow about it; and yet her heart yearned towards the little creature, of whose condition she felt she should not dare tell her husband on his return, for he would probably, according to the custom which then prevailed, expose the child on the public highway, and let whoever listed take it away. The good Viking woman could not find it in her heart to allow this, and she therefore determined that the Viking should never see the child except by daylight.

One morning the wings of storks were heard rushing over the roof; more than a hundred pairs of those birds had rested from their exercise during the previous night, and now they soared aloft, to travel southwards.

‘All males here, and ready,’ they cried; ‘and the wives and children too.’

‘How light we feel!’ screamed the young Storks in chorus: ‘it seems to be creeping all over us, down into our very toes, as if we were filled with living frogs. Ah, how charming it is, travelling to foreign lands!’

‘Mind you keep close to us during your flight,’ said papa and mamma. ‘Don’t use your beaks too much, for that tires the chest.’

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床边冲到窗口，打开了窗户。阳光一下子射了进来，光线投在床上，投在那只大青蛙身上。青蛙的那张大嘴好像突然就抽缩，变小变红，四肢舞动伸展，变得匀称极了。躺在那里的不再是那只丑陋的青蛙，而是她漂亮的孩子！

“这是怎么回事？”她说，“刚才我是在做恶梦吗？躺在这儿的难道不是我可爱的小天使吗？”

她又吻又抱，可那孩子对她又抓又打，好像一只小野猫。

这一天和接下来的一天海盗仍没有回来，他已经在回家的路上了。不过他是逆风走的，因为刮的是送鹳鸟南下的风。你顺风，他便逆风。

又过了一两个昼夜，海盗老婆总算明白她的孩子是怎么回事了。这孩子身上附着一种可怕的魔力，白天她漂亮得像光明的天使，性格却粗野、蛮横，到了夜里她就变成了一只丑陋的青蛙，安静、忧伤，眼神悲凉。这两种性格随着阳光交替出现，外表和内在轮流变换。这是因为孩子白天外表和她的母亲一样，却有着父亲的性情；相反，晚上父亲的遗传在她外貌上表现出来，母亲的思想和品行左右着她的内在。怎样才能把这漂亮的孩子从可恶的巫术里解救出来呢？

海盗的老婆又担心又难过，可她心里对这孩子十分疼爱。孩子是这种情况，丈夫回来的话她不知道该如何跟他讲。因为他很有可能会按照当时的惯例，把孩子丢在大道上，让随便什么人给抱走。善良的海盗老婆不忍心让他这么做，她决定只让海盗在白天时看到孩子。

一天早晨，屋顶响起了鹳鸟拍翅膀的声音。一百多对鹳鸟已经演习完毕，在上面休息了一夜。现在它们要动身南下了。“所有雄鹳鸟准备好了！”它们叫道，“妻子孩子们也准备

And the Storks flew away.

At the same time the sound of the trumpets rolled across the heath, for the Viking had landed with his warriors; they were returning home, richly laden with spoil, from the Gallic coast, where the people, as in the land of the Britons, sang in their terror:

'Deliver us from the wild Northmen!'

And, life and tumultuous joy came with them into the Viking's castle on the moorland. The great mead-tub was brought into the hall, the pile of wood was set ablaze, horses were killed, and a great feast was to begin. The officiating priest sprinkled the slaves with the warm blood; the fire crackled, the smoke rolled along beneath the roof, soot dropped from the beams, but they were accustomed to that. Guests were invited, and received handsome gifts; all feuds and all malice were forgotten. And the company drank deep, and threw the bones of the feast in each other's faces, and this was considered a sign of good humour. The bard, a kind of minstrel, who was also a warrior and had been on the expedition with the rest, sang them a song in which they heard all their warlike deeds praised, and everything remarkable was specially noticed. Every verse ended with the burden:

Goods and gold, friends and foes will die; every man must one day die; But a famous name will never die!

And with that they beat upon their shields, and hammered the table with bones and knives.

The Viking's wife sat upon the crossbench in the open hall. She wore a silken dress and golden armlets, and great amber beads; she was in her costliest garb. And the bard mentioned her in his song, and sang of the rich treasure she had brought her rich husband. The latter was delighted with the beautiful child, which he had seen in the daytime in all its loveliness; and the savage ways of the little creature pleased him especially. He declared that the girl might grow up to be a stately heroine, strong and determined as a man. She would not wink her eyes when a practised hand cut off her eyebrows with a sword by way of a jest.

The full mead-barrel was emptied, and a fresh one brought in, for these were people who liked to enjoy all things plentifully. The old proverb was indeed well known, which says, 'The cattle know when they



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好了!”

“我们觉得身子好轻啊!”小鹤鸟们欢叫道,“我们浑身发痒,一直痒到脚趾头,好像肚子里填满了活青蛙。啊,真是太棒了,要飞到国外去啦!”

“你们要紧跟着队伍飞,”鹤鸟爸爸和妈妈说,“闲话少说,会消耗胸腔里的氧气的。”

然后鹤鸟们飞走了。

与此同时,荒原上响起了胜利的号角,海盗头带着他的部下上岸了。他们满载着从高卢人居住的海岸掠夺到的战利品回到家乡。那里的人民像威尔士的人民那样惊恐地唱道:

请把我们从野蛮的诺曼人手中解救出来吧!

沼泽地海盗的堡垒里欢天喜地,充满了欢乐!大桶的蜜酒桶抬进了大厅,火堆点了起来,马也宰了。一场盛宴就要开始。祭司把马的热血洒到奴隶的身上,篝火噼啪作响,烟一直冲到屋顶,烟灰从屋梁上落下,不过大家都习惯了。他们还邀请了许多客人,送给他们丰厚的礼物,往日的恩怨一笔勾销。这伙人喝了个痛快,把啃净的肉骨头扔到对方的脸上,这是他们玩的高兴的表现方式。一个游唱诗人,他算是一个歌者,同时也是海盗的部下,和大伙一起战斗,唱了一支歌赞美他们所有的斗争和功勋。歌中提到了每一段了不起的战绩。每一节结尾都是同样的副歌:



善事金钱、朋友敌人,终将灰飞烟灭。人人难免一死,名声却万古长存!



should quit the pasture, but a foolish man knoweth not the measure of his own appetite.' Yes, they knew it well enough; but one knows one thing, and one does another. They also knew that 'even the welcome guest becomes wearisome when he sitteth long in the house'; but for all that they sat still, for pork and mead are good things; and there was high carousing, and at night the bondmen slept among the warm ashes, and dipped their fingers in the fat grease and licked them. Those were glorious times!

Once more in the year the Viking sallied forth, though the storms of autumn already began to roar: he went with his warriors to the shores of Britain, for he declared that was but an excursion across the water; and his wife stayed at home with the little girl. And thus much is certain, that the foster-mother soon got to love the frog with its gentle eyes and its sorrowful sighs, almost better than the pretty child that bit and beat all around her.

The rough damp mist of autumn, which devours the leaves of the forest, had already descended upon thicket and heath. 'Birds featherless,' as they called the snow, flew in thick masses, and the winter was coming on fast. The sparrows took possession of the storks' nests, and talked about the absent proprietors according to their fashion; but these—the Stork-pair, with all the young ones—what had become of them?

The Storks were now in the land of Egypt, where the sun sent forth warm rays, as it does here on a fine midsummer day. Tamarinds and acacias bloomed in the country all around; the crescent of Mohammed glittered from the cupolas of the temples, and on the slender towers sat many a stork-pair resting after the long journey. Great troops divided the nests, built close together on venerable pillars and in fallen temple arches of forgotten cities. The date-palm lifted up its screen as if it would be a sunshade; the greyish-white pyramids stood like masses of shadow in the clear air of the far desert, where the ostrich ran his swift career, and the lion gazed with his great grave eyes at the marble Sphinx which lay half buried in the sand. The waters of the Nile had fallen, and the whole river bed was crowded with frogs; and that was, for the Stork family, the finest spectacle in the country. The young Storks thought it was optical illusion, they found every-thing so glorious.

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他们一起敲着各自的盾牌，用骨头和小刀打着鼓点。

海盗老婆坐在宽敞的宴会厅的十字椅上。她穿着一件丝绸衣服，戴着金镯子和用大颗琥珀珠子穿成的项链。这是她最华贵的装扮。游唱诗人在歌里也提到了她，提到她给她富足的丈夫带来丰厚的嫁妆。她丈夫在白天时看到了孩子最迷人的模样，很喜欢这个漂亮的孩子。孩子身上的野性尤其让他高兴。他说这女孩将来会成为一个堂堂女英雄，像男子一样强悍、果断。当一只训练有素的手开玩笑似地用刀子把她的眉毛割掉的时候，她的眼睛没眨一下。

一桶蜜酒喝干了又抬来一桶。这帮人都喜欢开怀畅饮。有一句老谚语很有名，说：“牲畜知道何时该离开草地，愚蠢的人却不知道自己的胃口有多大。”其实，他们对自己的胃口有多大知道得很清楚。可是知道是一回事，做起来却是另外一码事。他们也知道：“在主人家若呆得太久，受欢迎的客人也会让人讨厌。”可是他们还是赖着不走，因为肉和蜜酒都是好东西。大家纵情欢闹，晚上奴隶们睡在热灰里，用指头蘸一蘸油脂，再舔一舔。真是快活的日子！

在同一年里，尽管秋天风暴开始肆虐，海盗又出海了。他带着他的部下去不列颠海岸，他说那只不过是一水之遥。他的妻子和小女孩留在家里。可以肯定的是，比起在她身边打闹不休的漂亮小孩，这位养母更加喜欢有着温柔的眼神和哀愁叹息的青蛙。

在秋天潮湿浓雾的笼罩下，树林里的叶子都看不清楚。迷雾的统治范围还扩展到了灌木丛和荒原。雪，人们称之为“没有羽毛的鸟”，纷纷扬扬飘落下来，冬天快来临了。麻雀占了鸛鸟的巢，以它们自己的理解谈论主人的离去。可那些鸛鸟——那对鸛鸟夫妻和它们的孩子——现在在怎么样了呢？

‘Yes, it’s delightful here; and it’s always like this in our warm country,’ said the Stork-mamma.

And the young ones felt quite frisky on the strength of it.

‘Is there anything more to be seen?’ they asked. ‘Are we to go much farther into the country?’

‘There’s nothing further to be seen,’ answered Stork-mamma. ‘Behind this delightful region there are only wild forests, whose branches are interlaced with one another, while prickly climbing plants close up the paths—only the elephant can force a way for himself with his great feet; and the snakes are too big and the lizards too quick for us. If you go into the desert, you’ll get your eyes full of sand when there’s a light breeze, but when it blows greatguns you may get into the middle of a pillar of sand. It is best to stay here, where there are frogs and locusts. I shall stay here, and you shall stay too.’

And there they remained. The parents sat in the nest on the slender minaret, and rested, and yet were busily employed smoothing their feathers, and whetting their beaks against their red stockings. Now and then they stretched out their necks, and bowed gravely, and lifted their heads, with their high foreheads and fine smooth feathers, and looked very clever with their brown eyes. The female young ones strutted about in the juicy reeds, looked slyly at the other young storks, made acquaintances, and swallowed a frog at every third step, or rolled a little snake to and fro in their bills, which they thought became them well, and, moreover, tasted nice. The male young ones began a quarrel, beat each other with their wings, struck with their beaks, and even pricked each other till the blood came. And in this way sometimes one couple was betrothed, and sometimes another, of the young ladies and gentlemen, and that was just what they lived for: then they took to a new nest, and began new quarrels, for in hot countries people are generally hot tempered and passionate. But it was pleasant for all that, and the old people especially were much rejoiced, for all that young people do seems to suit them well. There was sunshine every day, and every day plenty to eat, and nothing to think of but pleasure. But in the rich castle at the Egyptian host’s, as they called him, there was no pleasure to be found.

The rich mighty lord reclined on his divan, in the midst of the great hall of the many-coloured walls,

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鹤正在埃及的土地上，那儿的太阳照得暖暖的，和这里晴朗的盛夏差不多。周围村子里罗望子树和洋槐树开满了花，穆罕默德的新月在清真寺的圆屋顶上散着银辉。许多对鹳鸟经过长途跋涉后在细长的塔上栖息。大群大群的鹳鸟在宏伟的柱子上，在已成废墟的城市坍塌的寺庙拱门上筑起自己的巢。椰枣树叶向上高高伸着，像一把遮阳伞。晴朗的天空下浅灰色的金字塔矗立在广袤的沙漠上，好像一大片阴影。那里的鸵鸟奔跑灵活，狮子瞪着骇人的大眼睛瞅着半埋在沙里的大理石人面狮身像。尼罗河的水位降了，河床上全是青蛙。对鹳鸟家族来说，这是这个国家最美丽的景象。小鹳鸟们以为是自己眼花，它们觉得这一切真是太棒了。

“是啊，这里真叫人高兴，这片温暖的国度总是这样。”鹳鸟妈妈说。

看到这番景象小鹳鸟们都兴奋得不得了。

“还有什么好看的东西吗？”它们问，“我们还要再往内地深入一点吗？”

“没有别的什么可看了！”鹳妈妈说道，“这片富饶的土地再往后只是原始森林。枝枝条条交错在一起，带刺的藤蔓把路都封死了，只有大象的大脚板能踏出条路来。蛇对我们来说太大了，蜥蜴又逃得太快。如果飞到沙漠，只要一点轻风，你们的眼里就会灌满沙子。要是风刮得猛些，你们都要被卷进旋沙暴里。这地方最好了，有的是青蛙和蝗虫。我要呆在这儿，你们也一样。”

它们留下来了。鹳鸟夫妇坐在细塔上的巢中休息，却又忙着梳理羽毛，用嘴磨着它们的红袜子。然后它们伸长脖子，严肃地点着头。它们抬着头，露出高高的额头和那精致顺滑的羽毛，棕色的眼睛闪着聪慧的光芒。年轻的雌鹳鸟在水草肥嫩的芦苇丛中踱着步，害羞地望着别的小





looking as if he were sitting in a tulip; but he was stiff and powerless in all his limbs, and lay stretched out like a mummy. His family and servants surrounded him, for he was not dead, though one could not exactly say that he was alive. The healing moss flower from the North, which was to have been found and brought home by her who loved him best, never appeared. His beauteous young daughter, who had flown in the swan's plumage over sea and land to the far North, was never to come back. 'She is dead!' the two returning Swan-maidens had said, and they had made up a complete story, which ran as follows:

'We three together flew high in the air: a hunter saw us, and shot his arrow at us; it struck our young com-pa-nion and friend, and slowly, singing her farewell song, she sank down, a dying swan, into the woodland lake. By the shore of the lake, under a weeping birch tree, we buried her. But we had our revenge. We bound fire under the wings of the swallow who had her nest beneath the huntsman's thatch; the house burst into flames, the huntsman was burned in the house, and the glare shone over the sea as far as the hanging birch beneath which she sleeps. Never will she return to the land of Egypt.'

And then the two wept. And when Stork-papa heard the story, he clapped with his beak so that it could be heard a long way off.

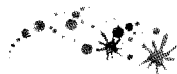
'Falsehood and lies!' he cried. 'I should like to run my beak deep into their chests.'

'And perhaps break it off,' interposed the Stork-mamma: 'and then you would look well. Think first of yourself, and then of your family, and all the rest does not concern you.'

'But to-morrow I shall seat myself at the edge of the open cupola, when the wise and learned men assemble to consult on the sick man's state: perhaps they may come a little nearer the truth.'

And the learned and wise men came together and spoke a great deal, out of which the Stork could make no sense—and it had no result, either for the sick man or for the daughter in the swampy waste. But for all that we may listen to what the people said, for we have to listen to a great deal of talk in the world. But then it will be an advantage to hear what went before, and in this case we are well informed, for we know just as much about it as Stork-papa.

10 沼泽王的女儿



鹤鸟，然后大家成了朋友。它们每走上三步吞掉一只青蛙，或者叼着一条小蛇甩来甩去。它们认为这些东西有益于健康，味道也好。小雄鹤鸟则打起了架，翅膀扑打着，嘴啄来啄去，甚至啄出血来。有时这对年轻的先生小姐订婚了，有时那对订婚了，这就是它们生活的目的。它们筑起新巢，又有了新的打斗，因为热带国家的人总得来说就是脾气暴躁、易怒。不过大家还是很开心，老一辈的尤其快活，自己的孩子干的事总是很得体的！这里天天都有阳光，每天都有许多吃的，除了快乐地过日子没有什么可烦心的。——可是在那个被称为埃及主人的富丽堂皇的宫殿里却找不到一点快乐。

在四面墙壁装饰有彩画的大厅中，这个威严、富有的国王斜倚在宝座上，像是坐在一朵郁金香花里。可是他四肢僵硬、无力，直挺挺地伸着像具木乃伊。族人和佣人们围着他，因为他还没有死，不过也不好说他还活着。那朵北国沼泽地里，该由最爱他的女儿带回来救命的花永远也不会有了。他的年轻貌美的女儿，那个披着天鹅羽衣翻山越岭飞到遥远北国去的女儿，不会回来了。“她死了！”那两个回来的天鹅姑娘是这么说的。她们俩编了一个完整的故事，故事是这样的：

“我们三个一起在高空飞行，一个猎人看见了，就用箭来射我们。我们年轻的伙伴和朋友被射中了，她像一只将死的天鹅唱着告别的歌，缓缓落了下去，掉进了林间湖泊里。我们把她埋在湖畔一棵垂枝桦树下。不过我们为她报了仇。我们在猎人屋檐下筑巢的那只燕子翅膀上绑了一把火，房子烧了起来，猎人烧死在里面。火光映到海面上，远远映到她安眠的垂枝桦树下。她永远回不到埃及了。”

她们两个哭了起来。鹤鸟爸爸听了这个故事就用嘴到处啄，啄出一阵响声。

“骗子，一派胡言！”他叫了起来，“我真想用嘴刺进她们的胸膛。”