



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。

紫宝石卷

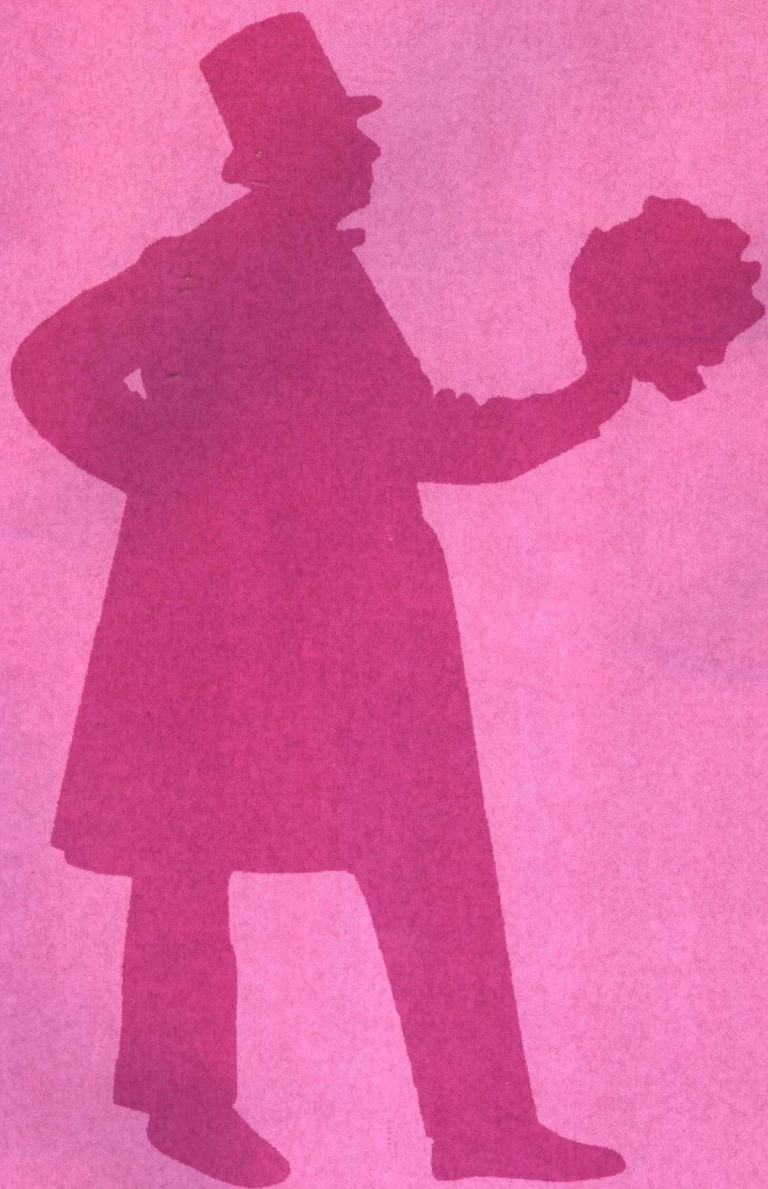
英汉对照版插图本



安徒生 著  
聂静 译

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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



◆ 安徒生童话全集插图本（中文版）



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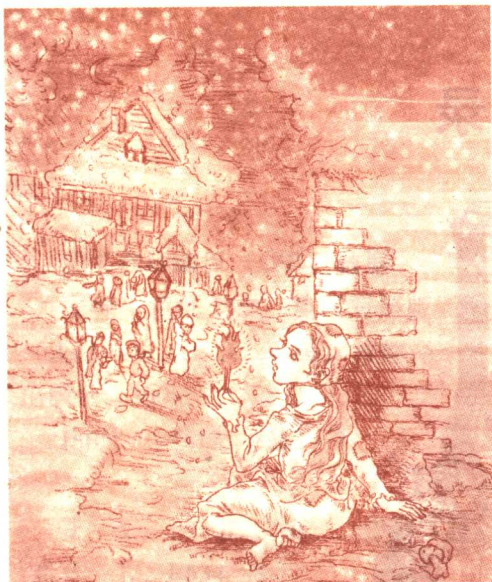
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## THE BELL

AT evening, in the narrow streets of the great city, when the sun went down and the clouds shone like gold among the chimneys, there was frequently heard, sometimes by one, and sometimes by another, a strange tone, like the sound of a church bell; but it was only heard for a moment at a time, for in the streets there was a continual rattle of carriages, and endless cries of men and women—and that is a sad interruption. Then people said, 'Now the evening bell sounds, now the sun is setting.'

Those who were walking outside the city, where the houses stood farther from each other, with gardens and little fields between, saw the evening sky looking still more glorious, and heard the sound of the bell far more clearly. It was as though the tones came from a church, deep in the still quiet fragrant wood, and people looked in that direction, and became quite meditative.

Now a certain time passed, and one said to another, 'Is there not a church out yonder in the wood? That bell has a peculiarly beautiful sound! Shall we not go out and look at it more closely?' And rich people drove out, and poor people walked; but the way seemed marvellously long to them; and when they came to a number of willow trees that grew on the margin of the forest, they sat down and looked up to the long branches, and thought they were now really in the green wood. The pastrycook from the town came there too, and pitched his tent; but another pastrycook came and hung up a bell just over his own tent, a bell, in fact, that had been tarred so as to resist the rain, but it had no clapper. And when the people went home again, they declared the whole affair had been very romantic, and that meant much more than merely that they had taken tea. Three persons declared that they had penetrated into the wood to where it ended, and that they had always heard the strange sound of bells, but it had appeared to them as if it came from the town. One of the three wrote a song about it, and said that the sound was like the voice of a mother singing to a dear good child; no melody could be more beautiful than the sound of that bell.



The bell

## 钟 声

傍晚，在一个大城市狭窄的街道上空，晚霞闪耀的金光笼罩着一排排烟囱。这时有人就听到一个奇怪的声音，像是教堂的钟声。有时是这个人听到，有时被那个人听到，不过他们听的时间不长，街道上车水马龙，人声鼎沸，很快就把声音给盖住了。于是大家说：“现在晚钟敲响，太阳落山了。”

那些住在城外的人房屋相隔得很远，邻里之间还隔着花园和小块菜地，所以他们看到的晚霞更加壮观，听到的钟声也更清楚悦耳，好像钟声是从宁静芳香的树林深处的教堂里传出的。

过了一段时间，大家互相议论：“树林那边有个教堂吗？那钟声真是奇妙动听！我们走近点看个究竟吧。”有钱人坐车，没钱的人走路，不过这条路对他们来说似乎是遥遥无期。他们来到树林边缘的一些柳树林时，就坐下来抬头望着柳树长长的枝条，还以为自己已经来到了树林。做糕点的人从城里也来了，他支起了帐篷。而另一个做糕点的人则在他的帐篷上挂了一个钟。钟上为了防雨涂了层焦油，不过没有钟锤。这些人回家后都说这次的活动非常浪漫，比喝茶要有意思的多。有三个人声称他们走到了树林的尽头，一路上都能听到奇怪的钟声，不过他们觉得声音好像是从城里传来的。他们其中的一个为此还写了首歌，把这声音比喻成母亲为她亲爱的乖宝宝唱歌的声音。没有什么曲调能与这种声音相媲美了。

这个国家的国王也听说了这件事，下旨说如果有谁能查出声音是从哪里发出的，就赐他





The Emperor of that country was also informed of it, and promised that the person who could really find out whence the sound came should have the title of The World's Bell-ringer, even if it should turn out not to be a bell.

Many went to the forest, on account of the good entertainment there; but there was only one who came back with a kind of explanation. No one had penetrated deep enough into the wood, nor had he; but he said that the sound came from a very great owl in a hollow tree; it was an owl of wisdom, that kept knocking its head continually against the tree, but whether the sound came from the owl's head, or from the trunk of the tree, he could not say with certainty. he was invested with the title of The World's Bell-ringer, and every year wrote a short treatise upon the owl; and people were just as wise after reading his works as they were before.

On a certain day a confirmation was held. The old clergyman had spoken well and impressively, and the candidates for confirmation were quite moved. it was an important day for them; for from being children they became grown-up people, and the childish soul was as it were to be transformed to that of a more sensible person. The sun shone gloriously as the confirmed children marched out of the town, and from the wood the great mysterious bell sounded with peculiar strength. They at once wished to go out to it, and all felt this wish except three. One of these desired to go home, to try on her ball dress, for it was just on account of that dress and that ball that she was being confirmed at that time, otherwise she would not have been so; the second was a poor boy, who had borrowed the coat and boots in which he was confirmed from the son of his landlord, and he had to give them back at an appointed time; the third said he never went to a strange place unless his parents went with him, that he had always been an obedient son, and would continue to be so, even after he was confirmed, and they were not to laugh at him. But they did laugh at him, nevertheless.

So these three did not go, but the others trotted on. The sun shone, and the birds sang, and the young people sang too, and held each other by the hand, for they had not yet received any office, and were all alike before Heaven on that day. But two of the smallest soon became weary and returned to the town, and two little girls sat down to bind wreaths, and did not go with the rest. And when the others came to the

## 2 钟声

“世界撞钟人”的头衔，即使最后找到的不是一个钟也没关系。

许多人为了生计跑进了树林，不过只有一个人带回了一种解释。没有人曾真正的走到树林深处的，这个人也没有。不过他说，那声音来自一只住在空树心的巨大的猫头鹰。它是一只智慧的猫头鹰，不断地用头撞着树干，不过究竟声音是从猫头鹰的头还是从树干发出的他就说不准了。他被赐予“世界撞钟人”的头衔，每年要写论文描绘那只猫头鹰。大家读完他的文章后对这件事的了解就和从前一样少。



一天教堂施了坚信礼。老牧师发表了一篇精彩感人的演讲，那些参加坚信礼的孩子都被感动了。对他们来说，这是重要的一天，他们要从孩子变成大人了，幼稚的心灵将变得更加理智。阳光灿烂，参加完坚信礼孩子们结伴走出教堂。神奇的钟声奇妙、有力，从树林里传了出来。他们立刻提议到树林里去找它，除了三个人以外大家都响应了这个提议。这三个人有一个是要赶着回家试她舞会穿的裙子。她是为了裙子和舞会才来参加坚信礼的，否则她才不会来呢。第二个是个穷苦的男孩，他从主人儿子那里借来了外罩和靴子，必须按时归还。另一个说没有父母的陪伴他是不会到陌生的地方去的。他从



willow trees where the pastrycook lived, they said, 'Well, now we are out here, the bell does not really exist — it is only an imaginary thing.'

Then suddenly the bell began to ring in the forest with such a deep and solemn sound that four or five determined to go still deeper into the wood. The leaves hung very close, and it was really difficult to get forward; woodruff and anemones grew almost too high to go, and blooming convolvulus and blackberry bushes stretched in long garlands from tree to tree, where the nightingales sang and the sunbeams played. It was splendid; but the path was not one for girls to go, they would have torn their clothes. There lay great blocks of stone covered with mosses of all colours; the fresh spring water bubbled forth, and it sounded strangely, almost like 'cluck, cluck.'

'Can that possibly be the bell?' said one of the party, and he laid himself down and listened. 'That should be properly studied!'

And he remained there, and let the others go on.

They came to a house built of the bark of trees and of twigs; a great tree laden with wild apples stretched out its branches over the dwelling, as though it would pour its whole blessing upon the roof, which was covered with blooming roses, the long branches turned about the gables. And from the gable hung a little bell. Could that be the bell they had heard? They all agreed that it was, except one; he said that the bell was far too small and too delicate to be heard at such a distance as they had heard it, and that they were quite different sounds that had so deeply moved the human heart. He who spoke thus was a King's son, and the others declared that a person of that kind always wanted to be wiser than every one else.

Therefore they let him go alone, and as he went his mind was more and more impressed with the solitude of the forest, but still he heard the little bell, at which the others were rejoicing; and sometimes, when the wind carried towards him sounds from the pastrycook's abode, he could hear how the party there were singing at their tea. But the deep tones of the bell sounded louder still; sometimes it was as if an organ were playing to it; the sound came from the left, the side in which the heart is placed.



The bell

前一直是一个听话的孩子，尽管施了坚信礼，他以后还要做听话的人。尽管大家不该笑话他，事实上他们还是把他嘲笑了一番。

除了那三个孩子，其余的人又蹦又跳地出发了。阳光普照，鸟儿歌唱，孩子们手拉着手也唱了起来。他们还没接受任何职位，所以这天这些孩子在上帝面前都是平等的。不过两个最小的孩子走累了就转身回到城中。两个小女孩坐下来编花环，不愿和其他人一起上路。剩下的人来到做糕点的人住的柳树林，他们说：“那么，现在我们到这里了。那钟根本不存在，——不过是人们幻想出的东西。”

这时树林里突然传来了钟声，声音悠扬肃穆。有四五个孩子决定向树林更深处走去。树林里枝叶压得很低，难以继续前行，车前草和银莲花长得高高的越不过去，牵牛花和红梅丛在树木之间一圈圈地盘绕，夜莺在枝头歌唱，阳光在林间嬉戏。这景象真是美极了。不过这条路不适合女孩走，会把她们的裙子挂破的。他们坐在大石块上，上面覆盖着五颜六色的苔藓。清清的泉水汨汨流出，发出类似“咯，咯”的奇怪声响。

“这会是那口钟吗？”他们当中有人说。他耳朵贴在地面仔细听，“这么做可真蠢！”

于是他留下来，让其他人继续前行。

他们来到一座用树皮和树枝搭的房子跟前，长满苹果的大树张开树枝棚在房上，像是要把它所有的祝福都倾倒在满是玫瑰花的房顶，长长的枝条把屋角团团缠住，屋角上挂了一个小钟。这会是他们听到的那口钟吗？除了一个人大家都这么认为。他说这个钟太小太精巧了，发出的声音那么远的距离不可能听到。他们听到的钟声一定是与之大不相同能深深地打动人心的声音。说这话的人是国王的儿子，于是其他人就说，这种人总希望自己比别的人都聪明。



Now there was a rustling in the bushes, and a little boy stood before the Prince, a boy with wooden shoes, and such a short jacket that one could plainly see what long wrists he had. They knew one another. The boy was the youngster who had been confirmed that day, and had not been able to come with the rest because he had to go home and give up the borrowed coat and boots to his landlord's son. This he had done, and had then wandered away alone in his poor clothes and his wooden shoes, for the bell sounded so strongly and so deeply, he had been obliged to come out.

'We can go together,' said the Prince.

But the poor lad in the wooden shoes was quite embarrassed. He pulled at the short sleeves of his jacket, and said he was afraid he could not come quickly enough; besides, he thought the bell must be sought on the right hand, for there the place was great and glorious.

'But then we shall not meet at all,' said the Prince; and he nodded to the poor boy, who went away into the darkest, thickest part of the forest, where the thorns tore his shabby garments and scratched his face, his feet, and his hands. The Prince also had two or three brave rents, but the sun shone bright on his path; and it is he whom we will follow, for he was a brisk lad.

'I must and will find the bell,' said he, 'though I have to go to the end of the world.'

Ugly apes sat up in the trees, and grinned and showed their teeth.

'Shall we beat him?' said they. 'Shall we smash him? He's a King's son!'

But he went courageously farther and farther into the forest, where the most wonderful trees grew: there stood white star-lilies with blood-red stamens, sky-blue tulips that glittered in the breeze, and apple trees whose apples looked quite like great shining soap bubbles; only think how those trees must have gleamed in the sunbeams! All around lay the most beautiful green meadows, where hart and hind played in the grass, and noble oaks and beech trees grew there; and when the bark of any tree split, grass and long climbing plants grew out of the rifts; there were also great wooded tracts with quiet lakes on which white swans floated and flapped their wings. The Prince often stood still and listened; often he thought that the bell sounded

## 钟 声

他们让他独自继续前进，他越向前走，就越是被树林的静寂所感染。不过他仍能听到那口小钟还有其他人嬉戏玩耍的声音。有时风从做糕点的人的住处吹来，他能听到那群人开茶话会的歌声。不过，那口钟深沉的声音比起这些声音来更洪亮，有时像是管风琴演奏出的。声音从左边传来，就是心脏所在的那个方向。

灌木丛中传来了沙沙声，一个小男孩出现在王子面前。他穿着木鞋，夹克短的露出了一大截手臂。他们彼此已经认识，他就是那个参加坚信礼，因为要回家归还向主人的儿子借来的外罩和靴子而不能和大家一起来的男孩。事情办完后，他就穿着破衣服和木鞋独自来了，因为钟声那么强烈、深沉，他非来看看不可。

“我们一起走吧。”王子说。

不过这个穿木鞋的穷小伙显得很不自在，他拉了拉夹克的短袖子说他恐怕走得不够快，而且他认为钟声是从右边传来的，因为那边看上去空旷又美丽。

“那我们就可能碰不着面了。”王子说。他朝男孩点了点头，男孩就朝森林里最幽暗茂密的方向走去。荆棘割破了他的破衣服，划破了他的脸和手脚。王子也被划了两、三道伤痕，不过他走的这条路阳光明媚。我们就跟着他，因为他是个活泼开朗的小伙子。

“就算走到天涯海角，”王子说，“我一定，也定会找到那口钟。”

丑陋的猿猴坐在树上吡着牙。

“我们要打他吗？”他们说，“我们要砸他吗？他是国王的儿子！”

不过他勇敢地向森林深处走去，走得越来越远。那里生长着最奇妙的树木，有含着血红花蕊的白色星百合，有在微风中光艳耀眼的天蓝色郁金香，还有满树的苹果像肥皂泡闪闪发光的苹果树。想想看这些树在阳光照射下怎样的光彩夺目啊！四周长满了最美丽的青草地，



upwards to him from one of the deep lakes; but soon he noticed that the sound did not come from thence, but that the bell was sounding deeper in the wood.

Now the sun went down. The sky shone red as fire; it became quite quiet in the forest, and he sank on his knees, sang his evening hymn, and said,

'I shall never find what I seek, now the sun is going down, and the night, the dark night, is coming. But perhaps I can once more see the round sun before he disappears beneath the horizon. I will climb upon the rocks, for they are higher than the highest trees.'

And he seized hold of roots and climbing plants, and clambered up the wet stones, where the water-snakes writhed and the toads seemed to be barking at him; but he managed to climb up before the sun, which he could see from this elevation, had quite set. Oh, what splendour! The sea, the great glorious sea, which rolled its long billows towards the shore, lay stretched out before him, and the sun stood aloft like a great flaming altar, there where the sea and sky met; everything melted together in glowing colours; the wood sang and the sea sang, and his heart sang too. All nature was a great holy church, in which trees and floating clouds were the pillars and beams, flowers and grass the velvet carpet, and the heavens themselves the vaulted roof. The red colours faded up there when the sun sank to rest; but millions of stars were lighted up and diamond lamps glittered, and the Prince stretched forth his arms towards heaven, towards the sea, and towards the forest. Suddenly there came from the right hand the poor lad who had been confirmed, with his short jacket and his wooden shoes; he had arrived here at the same time, and had come his own way. And they ran to meet each other, and each took the other's hand in the great temple of nature and of poetry. And above them sounded the holy invisible bell; and blessed spirits surrounded them and floated over them, singing a rejoicing song of praise!



雄鹿和母鹿在草地上嬉戏。只要有树皮从树上脱落，青草和藤蔓就会从裂缝里长出。那儿还有大片的林地和静静的湖泊，天鹅扑闪着翅膀飘浮在湖面上。王子常常会驻足倾听，觉得钟声似乎是从深深的湖水里传出。不过他马上就觉察出声音不是从那儿传出来的，而是从树林更深处发出的。

太阳下山了，天边的晚霞烧得火一样地红。树林里静悄悄的，他屈膝跪下做了晚祷，然后说：

“我可能不会找到我要找的东西了。现在太阳正落山，黑夜就要来临。或许我能趁圆圆的太阳还没有落到地平线下面之前再看它一眼。我要爬到岩石上去，那些岩石比最高的树木还要高。

他抓住树根和藤蔓爬上潮湿的石头，水蛇扭动着身子，癞蛤蟆朝他“呱呱”地叫，不过在太阳落山之前他还是爬了上去。从这个高度看，太阳已经落得很低。啊，多么壮观的美景！海，那伟大壮丽的大海卷起层层巨浪拍打着堤岸，冲到他跟前然后又退了回去。太阳在海天交接处像一个燃烧的大祭坛悬在海面上，万物交融发出万道光芒。树林在歌唱，大海在歌唱，他的心也在歌唱。大自然就是一座伟大神圣的教堂，树木和浮云是它的圆柱和房梁，鲜花和绿草是它柔软的地毯，天穹组成了教堂的拱顶。太阳沉下休息后天边的红色也渐渐消失，亿万颗星星又亮了起来，像钻石一样熠熠生辉。王子朝着天空，朝着大海，朝着树林伸出双臂。这时那个参加坚信礼，穿短夹克和木鞋的穷小伙从右边走了出来。他在同一时间赶到了这里，不过走的是自己选的路。他们朝对方跑去，在这自然和诗篇的伟大神殿里手挽着手。神圣而无形的钟声在他们头顶敲响，幸福的精灵在空中围着他们飘浮，唱起了欢乐的赞美诗。





## GRANDMOTHER

GRANDMOTHER is very old; she has many wrinkles, and her hair is quite white; but her eyes, which shine like two stars, and even more beautifully, look at you mildly and pleasantly, and it does you good to look into them. And then she can tell the most wonderful stories; and she has a gown with great flowers worked in it, and it is of heavy silk, and it rustles. Grandmother knows a great deal, for she was alive long before father and mother, that's quite certain! Grandmother has a hymn-book with great silver clasps, and she often reads in that book; in the middle of the book lies a rose, quite flat and dry; it is not as pretty as the roses she has standing in the glass, and yet she smiles at it most pleasantly of all, and tears even come into her eyes. I wonder why Grandmother looks at the withered flower in the old book in that way? Do you know? Why, each time that Grandmother's tears fall upon the rose, its colours become fresh again; the rose swells and fills the whole room with its fragrance; the walls sink as if they were but mist, and all around her is the glorious green wood, where the sunlight streams through the leaves of the trees; and Grandmother — why, she is young again, a charming maid with yellow curls and full blooming cheeks, pretty and graceful, fresh as any rose; but the eyes, the mild blessed eyes, they have been left to Grandmother. At her side sits a young man, tall and strong: he gives the rose to her, and she smiles; Grandmother cannot smile thus now! — yes, now she smiles! But now he has passed away, and many thoughts and many forms of the past; and the handsome young man is gone, and the rose lies in the hymn-book, and Grandmother sits there again, an old woman, and glances down at the withered rose that lies in the book.

Now Grandmother is dead. She had been sitting in her arm-chair, and telling a long, long lovely tale; and she said the tale was told now, and she was tired; and she leaned her head back to sleep awhile. One could hear her breathing as she slept; but it became quieter and more quiet, and her countenance was full

6 祖母

## 祖母

祖母很老了。她脸上满是皱纹，头发也完全白了。不过她那双像星星般闪烁的眼睛，比从前更漂亮了。她温柔、慈祥地看着你，那双眼睛让人觉得很舒服。她还会讲很多奇妙的故事。她有件有大朵绣花的长裙，裙子是用沉重的丝绸做成，走起路来沙沙作响。祖母知道很多事，因为爸爸妈妈出生之前她就活了很久了。一定是这么回事！祖母有本赞美诗集，上面还带着银锁扣。她经常翻看这本书。书里夹着一朵玫瑰，已经压得干枯扁平了。它没有祖母插在玻璃花瓶里的玫瑰美，然而她却对它展露最慈祥的笑容，连眼泪都流出来了。我不知道祖母为什么会把那朵夹在旧书里的枯萎的花如此动容。你知道吗？为什么每次祖母的眼泪滴在玫瑰花上，它都会变得鲜艳起来？花瓣张开了，花香溢满整个房间。四周的墙壁沉了下去，变得好像只是一层薄雾。她置身于一大片绿树林里，阳光透过树叶射了进来，而祖母，——这是怎么回事，她又变得年轻了，变成一个迷人的少女，有一头金黄的卷发和如花的面庞，美丽、文雅，就像玫瑰花一样娇嫩。不过她的眼睛，那双温柔圣洁的眼睛，和祖母现在的眼睛一样。她身边坐着一个青年男子，长得高大结实。他给了她一朵玫瑰花，她笑了起来。现在祖母从没这样笑过！——是的，她笑了！可是这时他却消失了，所有的前尘往事都过去了。那个英俊的年轻人没有了，玫瑰花还夹在赞美诗集里，祖母又变成了一个老婆婆，坐在那里，低头看着书里那朵枯萎的玫瑰花。

现在祖母死了。那天她就坐在摇椅里讲了一个很长很长的动听的故事。她说现在故事讲完了她也累了，于是她头向后靠着就睡着了。我们可以听到她睡着时的呼吸声，可是她的呼吸变



of happiness and peace; it seemed as if a sunshine spread over her features; and then the people said she was dead.

She was laid in the black coffin; and there she lay shrouded in the white linen folds, looking beautiful and mild, though her eyes were closed; but every wrinkle had vanished, and there was a smile around her mouth; her hair was silver-white and venerable; and we did not feel at all afraid to look on her who had been the dear good Grandmother. And the hymn-book was placed under her head, for she had wished it so, and the rose was still in the old book; and then they buried Grandmother.

On the grave, close by the churchyard wall, they planted a rose tree; and it was full of roses; and the nightingale sang over the flowers and over the grave. In the church the finest psalms sounded from the organ — the psalms that were written in the old book under the dead one's head. The moon shone down upon the grave, but the dead one was not there. Every child could go safely, even at night, and pluck a rose there by the churchyard wall. A dead person knows more than all we living ones. The dead person knows more than all we living ones. The dead know what a terror would come upon us, if the strange thing were to happen that they appeared among us: the dead are better than we all; the dead return no more. The earth has been heaped over the coffin, and it is earth that lies in the coffin; and the leaves of the hymn-book are dust, and the rose, with all its recollections, has returned to dust likewise. But above there bloom fresh roses; the nightingale sings and the organ sounds, and the remembrance lives of the old Grandmother with the mild eyes that always looked young. Eyes can never die! Ours will once again behold Grandmother young and beautiful, as when for the first time she kissed the fresh red rose that is now dust in the grave.

Grandmother 7

得越来越轻，显露出幸福和安宁的神色，好像有阳光照在她脸上。然后人们说，她死了。

她被放在一口黑棺材里，浑身裹着白色亚麻布。尽管那双眼睛闭着，可她看上去还是那么美丽温柔。她每一条皱纹都舒展开了，嘴角挂着美丽的微笑，那满头的银发令人肃然起敬。我们看着她，一点也不害怕，因为她是我们亲爱的好祖母。那本赞美诗按照她的意愿放在她头下，玫瑰花还夹在这本旧书里。然后他们就埋葬了祖母。

人们在教堂墓地墙边的一座坟墓上种了一株玫瑰，上面开满了玫瑰花。夜莺在花和坟墓上空歌唱，教堂里管风琴演奏着美妙的赞美诗，就和死者头下枕的那本旧书一样。月光照在坟墓上，死去的人却不在那儿。每个孩子，就是在夜晚也能很安全的走到教堂墓地墙边摘一朵玫瑰花。死人比我们知道的要多，他们知道如果他们出现在我们面前，我们会被这种怪事吓坏的，所以他们从不再回来。棺材上面盖满了土，棺材里的人也化成了土，那本赞美诗集的书页变成尘土，那朵玫瑰花以及它对往事的回忆都会化成尘土之类的东西。可是在它们上面开着鲜艳的玫瑰花，夜莺在歌唱，管风琴也在演奏，那段关于老祖母和那双温柔的眼睛的记忆将永远年轻下去。眼睛永远不会死！我们会再次看到年轻、美丽的祖母，就像她第一次亲吻那朵现在已经在坟墓里化成尘土的娇艳的红玫瑰一样。







## THE ELF-HILL

A FEW great Lizards race nimbly about in the clefts of an old tree; they could understand each other very well, for the spoke the lizards' language.

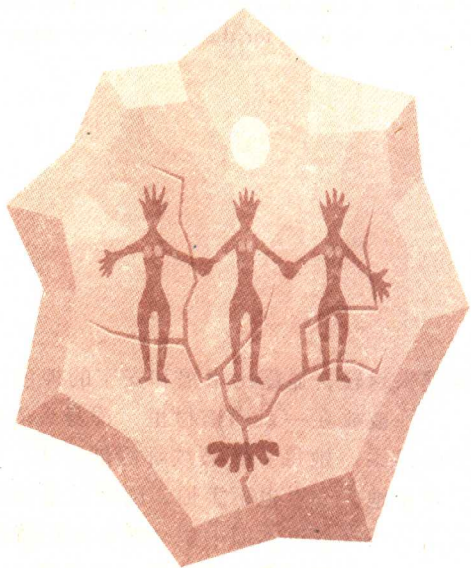
'How it grumbles and growls in the old elf-hill!' said one Lizard. 'I've not been able to close my eyes for two nights, because of the noise; I might just as well lie and have the toothache, for then I can't sleep either.'

'There's something going on in there,' said the other Lizard. 'They let the hill stand on four red posts till the cock crows at morn. It is regularly aired, and the elf girls have learned new dances. There's something going on.'

'Yes, I have spoken with an earthworm of my acquaintance,' said the third Lizard. 'The earthworm came straight out of the hill, where he had been grubbing in the ground night and day: he had heard much. He can't see, the miserable creature, but he understands how to feel his way about and listen. They expect some friends in the elf-hill — grand strangers; but who they are the earth worm would not tell, or perhaps, indeed, he did not know. All the Will-o'-the-wisps are ordered to hold a torchlight procession, as it is called; and silver and gold, of which there is enough in the elf-hill, is being polished and put out in the moonshine.'

'Who may these strangers be?' asked all the Lizards. 'What can be going on there? Hark, how it hums! Hark, how it murmurs!'

At the same moment the elf-hill opened, and an old elf maing<sup>①</sup>, hollow behind, but otherwise very respectably dressed, came tripping out. She was the old Elf King's housekeeper. She was a distant relative of the royal family, and wore an amber heart on her forehead. Her legs moved so rapidly — trip, trip! Gracious! how she could trip! straight



8 妖山

## 妖山

几只大蜥蜴沿着一棵老树的树缝轻快地爬上爬下。他们沟通起来很容易，因为他们讲的都是蜥蜴话。

“那座老妖山上轰轰响得可真厉害!”一只蜥蜴说，“我已经被噪音搅得两夜没合眼了，就像躺在床上牙病犯了一样睡不着觉。”

“那边正准备什么活动吧。”另一只蜥蜴说，“他们用四根红柱子把山一直支到黎明鸡叫的时候。山通了回风，女妖们还学会了新舞蹈。一定是在准备什么活动。”

“是呀，我和我的老朋友蚯蚓谈过话了。”第三只蜥蜴说。“它就是从那座山上来的，在那儿日夜不停地挖土，所以听到了不少。虽然这个可怜的家伙看不见东西，不过它懂得如何去摸去听。妖山上的那些妖精们在等几个朋友，是些身份高贵的外乡人。不过究竟是谁那只蚯蚓没说，或许它压根就不知道。所有的鬼火都接到命令举行一个所谓的火炬游行，所有的金银器皿，当然这些东西那座山上应有尽有，都要擦的亮亮的，呈在月光下。”

“这些外乡人都是些什么人呢?”蜥蜴们都问，“那里要举行什么呢?听，鼓敲得多响啊!听，他们闹得多凶啊!”

与此同时山门开了，一个老妖妇<sup>①</sup>跌跌撞撞地跑了出来。她后背是空的，不过衣着整齐。她

① A prevailing superstition regarding the elf maid, or elle maid, is, that she is fair to look at in front, but behind she is hollow, like a mask.

① 关于妖妇的一个盛行的迷信。据说妖妇正面看来美丽动人，但后背空空，就像面具一样。

down to the moss, to the night Raven.

‘You are invited to the elf-hill for this evening,’ said she; ‘but will you not first do us a great service and undertake the invitations? You must do something, as you don’t keep any house yourself. We shall have some very distinguished friends, magicians who have something to say; and so the old Elf King wants to make a display.’

‘Who’s to be invited?’ asked the night Raven.

‘To the great ball the world may come, even men, if they can talk in their sleep, or do something that falls in our line. But at the first feast there’s to be a strict selection; we will have only the most distinguished. I have had a dispute with the Elf King, for I declared that we could not even admit ghosts. The merman and his daughters must be invited first. They may not be very well pleased to come on the dry land, but they shall have a wet stone to sit upon, or something still better, and then I think they won’t refuse for this time. All the old demons of the first class, with tails, and the river man and the goblins we must have; and then I think we may not leave out the grave pig, the death horse<sup>②</sup>, and the church lamb; they certainly belong to the clergy, and are not reckoned among our people. But that’s only their office; they are closely related to us, and visit us diligently.’

‘Bravo!’ said the night Raven, and flew away to give the invitations.

The elf girls were already dancing on the elf-hill, and they danced with shawls which were woven of mist and moonshine; and that looks very pretty for those who like that sort of thing. In the midst, below the elf-hill, the great hall was splendidly decorated; the floor had been washed with moonshine, and the walls rubbed with withches’ salve, so that they glowed like tulips in the light. In the kitchen, plenty of frogs were turning on the spit, snailskins with children’s fingers in them and salads of mushroom spawn, damp mouse muzzles, and hemlock; beer brewed by the marsh witch, gleaming saltpetre wine from grave cellars: everything very grand; and rusty nails and church window glass among the sweets.

The old Elf King had one of his crowns polished with powdered slate pencil; it was slate pencil from the

The elf-hill

是老妖精王的管家，是一个贵族世家的远房亲戚，额前还戴着一块心型琥珀。她的腿跑起来真利索——哒！哒！真妙！跑得可真快！她一直跑到沼泽地的夜鸦那儿。

“今晚您被邀请去妖山做客。”她说，“不过劳您大驾，能不能先帮我们把这几封邀请函送出去？您不操持家务，就帮忙做点事吧。我们几位显贵的客人要来，都是些魔术师。老妖王想展示一番呢。”

“都邀请了谁？”夜鸦问。

“这场盛大的舞会是面向全世界的，甚至是人类，如果他们梦里能说话或是做些我们要求的事也能参加。不过因为是第一次盛宴，我们进行了严格的筛选，只邀请那些最有名望的人。我和妖王甚至争论起来，因为我坚持连幽灵都不能获准参加。首先要邀请人鱼和他的女儿们。他们或许不大乐意到旱地上来，不过他们可以坐在潮湿的石头上，或是找些更好的东西。我想这次他们不会拒绝了。所有一流的长尾巴老魔鬼、河人和小狐仙都得请到。我想我们也不能漏掉墓猪、地狱马<sup>②</sup>和教堂羊羔，他们都是神职人员，和我们不是同一类人，不过那只是他们的官职。他们和我们有相近的血缘关系，而且常常到这儿来串门。”

“好极了！”夜鸦说完就飞去送邀请函了。

妖山上的女妖跳起了舞，跳舞用的披肩用薄雾和月光织成，在喜欢这类东西的人的眼中非

② It is a popular superstition in Denmark, that under every church that is built, a living horse must be buried; the ghost of this horse is the death horse, that limps every night on three legs to the house where some one is to die. Under a few churches a living pig was buried, and the ghost of this was called the grave pig.

② 丹麦的一个众所周知的传说：在当初建教堂时，要在下面埋一匹活马。这些马的幽灵就是地狱马。每天晚上它们都用三条腿跑到那些有人要死的门前。一些教堂下面埋着活猪，这些猪的幽灵就被称作墓猪。