

*The Beauty of English*

《最美的英文》系列

英汉对照

# 最美的英文

## ——梦想篇

◎蔡 莉 编译



上海科学技术出版社

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## 前言

有人说，梦想是保护生命的武器，是造物主赋予人类的一种原始本能。梦想所赋予的美好和未知的神秘感，为我们在压力重重的喧嚣闹市间撑起了一方寥廓晴朗的天空，那里彩云飞舞，幸福祥和。又有人说，梦想是航标，引领我们的生命之船平安穿越险滩，绕过暗礁，行驶在开阔浩荡的人生河流上。不能想像，如果人类丧失了梦想，世界将会变得怎样苍白。

本书为一本以梦想为主题的英语美文选本。编者希望在教育与文化脱节现象日趋严重的背景下，能有多一些的年轻学生读者们空闲时采撷几朵英语花园里的奇葩欣赏品味，感悟一下英语美文的独特韵味。若真能如此，那么编译此书的工作也算得是件美事了。

全书共选英语美文 24 篇，以散文居多，此外，还选有诗歌、演讲及小说片断，其中多为名家名作，其沁人清香，虽历经岁月，依然醇韵悠长。除题材上注意多样性外，编者还有意拉大选文的时间跨度，使其更富有时代气息。因而，除搜罗经典之作外，本书还收入了几篇当代颇受喜爱的英语美文，以期满足读者不同的欣赏需求。在书中，读者不仅能欣赏到查尔斯·狄更斯(Charles Dickens)、查尔斯·兰姆(Charles Lamb)、托马斯·德·昆西(Thomas De Quincey)、伯特兰·罗素(Bertrand Russell)、华盛顿·欧文

(Washington Irving)、亨利·大卫·梭罗(Henry David Thoreau)、沃尔特·惠特曼(Walt Whitman)等英美大家的不同文风,还能聆听到亚伯拉罕·林肯(Abraham Lincoln)、帕特里克·亨利(Patrick Henry)、小马丁·路德·金(Martin Luther King, Jr.)等人的慷慨激昂之声。

本书篇目各异,但都围绕同一主题——“Dream”。选文时,编者着重考虑了思想性和欣赏性两个方面的结合,这也就决定了本书的两种编选方式——节选和全文收录。对于以欣赏为主的篇章,编者多采用节选方式,因为节取片断并不妨碍对原文语言风格的把握。但对于以思想性为主的篇章,则大多采取全文收录,以帮助读者对作者的思想有较为完整的理解和领悟。

从整体上看,全书文章篇幅都较为短小精练,适合反复吟读背诵。每篇文章都配有选文理由、作者简介、译文及注释四个部分,帮助读者理解其文化背景、写作风格和语言难点。有些文章虽然并非人人熟悉的名篇,但意境深远,志趣高雅,能启迪心智,鼓舞精神;而有些篇章则囿于时代的局限性,见地看法或许失之偏颇,但文笔优美,语言地道,相信读者自己有所评判鉴别。

收入本书的文章均由编者本人翻译,译文中若有不当之处,希望能得到读者的理解和指正。在本书的编选和编译工作中,编者曾得到叶兴国老师和温建平老师的大力帮助,在此一并致以诚挚的谢意。

编者

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# 第一篇

## 我的梦想

## Dreams

## 梦 想

兰斯顿·休斯 (Langston Hughes)

**选文理由：**没有梦想——折翅的人生

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曾有人这样描述人生与梦想的关系：人的一生可以什么都没有，但是不能没有梦；没有人生就没有梦，而没有梦也就没有了人生。兰斯顿·休斯在诗里，将没有梦想的人生喻为失去翅膀的小鸟和贫瘠荒芜冰封雪冻的大地。可见没有梦想的生命是何等苍白虚弱，死气沉沉。人生一世，岁月匆匆，胸怀梦想，明天才有希望，平凡琐碎的每一天才会拥有与众不同的光彩。休斯的诗歌从黑人民间音乐和民歌中吸取了很多创作元素，富有爵士乐的韵律和节奏，格调清新，热情奔放，这首诗是休斯广为流传的佳作之一。

## 作者简介

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兰斯顿·休斯 (Langston Hughes, 1902—1967), 美国现代杰出的诗人、小说家。他生于密苏里州一个黑人中产阶级家庭, 1926 年出版了第一部诗集《委靡的布鲁斯》。他著有多种体裁的文学作品, 尤以诗歌最为闻名, 被誉为“哈莱姆的桂冠诗人”。成名后的休斯创作上仍然描写的是黑人尤其是下层劳动人民的生活。他的主要诗集有《犹太人的好衣服》、《梦乡人》、《哈莱姆的莎士比亚》等, 其优秀诗作大部分包含在他亲自选辑的《诗选》中, 他的代表作还有长篇小说《不是没有笑的》以及自传《茫茫大海》等。

## 选文

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Hold fast to dreams,  
For if dreams die  
Life is a broken-winged<sup>1</sup> bird  
That can never fly.

Hold fast to dreams,  
For when dreams go  
Life is a barren<sup>2</sup> field  
Frozen only with snow.

## 译文

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紧紧地拥抱梦想，  
如果梦想消亡，  
人生就像鸟儿拖着残缺的翅膀，  
再也不能翱翔。

紧紧地拥抱梦想，  
如果梦想消逝，  
人生就像贫瘠的土地，  
冰雪覆盖，满目荒芜。

## 注释

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1. broken-winged: 断翅的
2. barren: 贫瘠的

## Three Days to See

### 假如拥有三天光明

海伦·凯勒 (Helen Keller)

选文理由：视而不见的往往是心灵

---

本文选自海伦·凯勒的《假如拥有三天光明》。谁能想像一个没有声音没有光明的世界？谁能了解那种活着却得不到来自这世界任何讯息的生活？海伦·凯勒在她还未具备认识世界的能力的时候，就因病丧失了听说看的本能。她在无尽的黑暗无边的寂静无限的空白中生活了多年，直到遇到改写她一生命运的安妮·沙利文老师。海伦·凯勒格外珍惜自己残缺却同样宝贵的生命，她要让自己的生命焕发出同样甚至更为绚烂的光彩。假如能拥有三天光明，对海伦来说，这是多么奢侈又是多么甜美的梦想啊！

## 作者简介

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海伦·凯勒 (Helen Keller, 1880—1968), 美国女作家及教育家。海伦 19 个月时, 因患猩红热而成为一个又盲又聋又哑的残疾人。幸运的是, 七岁那年, 安妮·沙利文老师来到她身边, 开始教她学习。后又经过在聋人学校及口语学校学习, 凯勒学会用盲文读写, 并学习普通教育的课程。1904 年她以优异成绩完成了哈佛大学的学业。她终生致力于残疾人的公益事业, 为此她曾周游世界, 最终成为一名杰出的慈善家、演讲家、教育家。她写了许多书, 包括《我的一生》、《海伦·凯勒的日记》等, 被认为是美国历史上最伟大的女性之一。

## 选文

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On the first day, I should want to see the people whose kindness and gentleness and companionship have made my life worth living. First I should like to gaze long upon the face of my dear teacher, Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy, who came to me when I was a child and opened the outer world to me. I should want not merely to see the outline of her face, so that I could cherish it in my memory, but to study that face and find in it the living evidence of the

sympathetic tenderness and patience with which she accomplished the difficult task of my education. I should like to see in her eyes that strength of character which has enabled her to stand firm in the face of difficulties, and that compassion for all humanity which she has revealed to me so often.

I do not know what it is to see into the heart of a friend through that "Window of the soul", the eye. I can only "see" through my finger tips the outline of a face. I can detect laughter, sorrow, and many other obvious emotions. I know my friends from the feel of their faces. But I cannot really picture their personalities by touch. I know their personalities, of course, through other means, through the thoughts they express to me, through whatever of their actions are revealed to me. But I am denied that deeper understanding of them which I am sure would come through sight of them, through watching their reactions to various expressed thoughts and circumstances, through noting the immediate and fleeting reactions of their eyes and countenance.

Friends who are near to me I know well, because through the months and years they reveal themselves to me in all their phases; but of casual friends I have only an incomplete impression, an

impression gained from a handclasp, from spoken words which I take from their lips with my finger tips, or which they tap into the palm of my hand.

How much easier, how much more satisfying it is for you who can see to grasp quickly the essential qualities of another person by watching the subtleties of expression, the quiver of a muscle, the flutter of a hand. But does it ever occur to you to use your sight to see into the inner nature of a friend or acquaintance? Do not most of you seeing people grasp casually the outward features of a face and let it go at that<sup>1</sup>?

For instance can you describe accurately the faces of five good friends? Some of you can, but many cannot. As an experiment, I have questioned husbands of long standing<sup>2</sup> about the color of their wives' eyes, and often they express embarrassed confusion and admit that they do not know. And, incidentally, it is a chronic complaint of wives that their husbands do not notice new dresses, new hats, and changes in household arrangements.

The eyes of seeing persons soon become accustomed to the routine of their surroundings, and they actually see only the startling and spectacular. But even in viewing the most spectacular sights the



eyes are lazy. Court records reveal every day how inaccurately “eyewitnesses” see. A given event will be “seen” in several different ways by as many witnesses. Some see more than others, but few see everything that is within the range of their vision.

Oh, the things that I should see if I had the power of sight for just three days!

The first day would be a busy one. I should call to me all my dear friends and look long into their faces, imprinting upon my mind the outward evidences of the beauty that is within them. I should let my eyes rest, too, on the face of a baby, so that I could catch a vision of the eager, innocent beauty which precedes the individual’s consciousness of the conflicts which life develops.

And I should like to look into the loyal, trusting eyes of my dogs—the grave, canny little Scottie, Darkie, and the stalwart, understanding Great Dane, Helga, whose warm, tender, and playful friendships are so comforting to me.

On that busy first day I should also view the small simple things of my home. I want to see the warm colors in the rugs under my feet, the pictures on the walls, the intimate trifles that transform a house into home. My eyes would rest respectfully on