

· 英汉对照 · 英汉对照 ·

周晓霞 编译

东方出版中心

ENGLISH—CHINESE  
A CHOICE SELECTION  
OF ENGLISH FAIRY TALES

英语童话精选



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## 说 明

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## 前 言

本书共选世界童话 48 篇,其中大部分是广为人们熟悉的经典童话,也适当选入了一些现当代童话。这些童话有颂扬友谊、讴歌爱情的,有百折不挠、勇于探险的,有扬善抑恶、匡扶正义的,有传播知识、启发灵感的,有讽刺辛辣、幽默诙谐的……

本书的使用对象为中学生和英语初学者,采用的是英汉对照的形式。编译者精心挑选了这些故事性和趣味性较强的英文版童话,其英语文字常见,语句通俗,篇幅长短兼顾。这些脍炙人口的优美童话有利于增强读者学习英语的自信心和阅读兴趣。书中各篇童话的汉译文基本上是采用直译法翻译的,以便读者阅读英语时对照参考。

由于编译者的水平有限,错误和疏漏之处在所难免,恳请有关专家、同行和广大读者批评指正。

本书编译过程中得到 B. L. Decoster 博士(美国)和 Peter Monkivitch 先生(澳大利亚)等诸多朋友的热情帮助,谨此表示衷心的感谢。

编译者

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## The Selfish Giant

Once there was a Giant who owned a large garden. When the Giant was away from home, the children used to go and play on its lovely meadows.

It was a most beautiful garden. Here and there over the meadows grew flowers like stars. The fruit trees blossomed in the springtime and were heavy with fruit in autumn. The birds sat in the trees and sang sweetly. The children used to stop their games in order to listen to them.

One day the Giant came home. He became very angry when he saw the children.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted in a harsh voice, and the children ran away.

"My garden is my garden," cried the Giant. "I will not allow anybody to play in it."

So the Giant built a high wall all round the garden.

It was now spring, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Giant it was still winter. The birds did not come to sing as there were no children in it, and the trees forgot to blossom. Only the snow and the frost

were pleased. "Spring has forgotten the garden," they said, "so we can live here all the year round." The snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak and the frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the north wind to stay with them, and he came.

"I cannot understand why spring is so late," said the Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at the cold, snow-covered garden. "I hope there will be a change in the weather."

But spring and summer did not come. Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but she did not give any to the Giant's. "He is too selfish," she said. So it was always winter there, and the north wind, the frost and the snow danced among the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It was a little bird singing outside his window. The north wind had stopped. A sweet perfume came to him through the open window.

"I believe spring has come at last," said the Giant. He jumped out of bed and looked out of the window.

And what did he see?

He saw a most wonderful picture. Through a little hole in the wall the children had entered the garden, and they were sitting on the branches of the

trees. In every tree there was a little child. The trees were so glad to see the children back again that they covered themselves with blossoms. The birds were flying about and singing happily, and the flowers were looking through the green grass. It was a lovely picture. Only in one corner of the garden it was still winter. A little boy was standing there crying. He was so small that he could not reach the branches of the tree. The poor tree was still covered with frost and snow, and the north wind was blowing above it.

The Giant's heart was touched as he saw all this. "How selfish I have been!" he said. "Now I know why spring did not want to come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of that tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden will be the children's playground for ever." He was really sorry for what he had done.

So he opened the door softly and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him, they were so frightened that they all ran away, and winter again came into the garden. Only the little boy did not run away, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant. The Giant came up to him, took him carefully in his arms, and put him on the top of the tree. At once the tree burst into blossom, the birds came back and began to sing in it, and the little boy put his arms round the Giant's neck, and

kissed him.

When the other children saw this, they were not afraid of the Giant any more. They came back, and with them came spring.

“It is your garden now, little children,” said the Giant. He took a great axe and knocked down the wall.

After this the children again came to play in the Giant's garden every day. Sometimes the Giant played with them. Sometimes he sat in an armchair and watched them play. “I have many beautiful flowers,” he said, “but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all.”

## 自私的巨人

从前有一个巨人，他有一座大花园。巨人不在家时，孩子们总要到美丽的草坪上玩耍。

花园非常美丽，草坪到处开遍了繁星似的鲜花。春天，果树里鲜花盛开；秋天，枝头挂满了沉甸甸的果实。鸟儿栖息树林中，甜美地歌唱，孩子们总是停止游玩，倾听鸟儿的鸣叫。

一天，巨人回到家中，看见了孩子们，感到很生气。

“你们在这里干什么？”他嘶哑地扯着嗓子大声喊道。孩子们都跑开了。

“我的花园就是我的花园，”巨人大声叫道，“我不准任何人进来玩。”

于是，巨人在花园四周筑起了一道高高的围墙。

春天来了，全国各地花儿初放，小鸟飞舞，可巨人的花园还是冬天。因为没有孩子，鸟也不飞进来歌唱，树也忘了开花，只有雪花和冰霜觉得很开心。他们说：“春天已经遗忘了这片花园，我们可以终年住在里面。”雪花厚厚地覆盖在草地上，冰霜把所有的树木涂成了银色。后来，他们又请北风来作客，于是北风也来了。

巨人坐在窗前，看着外面冰雪覆盖的花园说：“我真不明白为什么春天迟迟不来。真希望天气

转暖。”

可春天和夏天就是没有光临。秋天送给每座花园金色的果实，可却一点也没有给巨人。秋天说：“他太自私自利了，所以他的花园总是冬季，只有北风、冰霜和雪花在树林中穿梭舞蹈。”

一天早上，巨人醒来躺在床上，突然听见一阵优美的乐曲声，是只小鸟在他窗外鸣叫。北风停了，一缕扑鼻的香味从敞开的窗外飘了进来。

巨人说：“我想春天终于来临了。”他跳下床，朝窗外望去。

他看见了什么呢？

他看见了一幅异常生动的画面。从围墙的一个小洞，孩子们走进了花园。他们坐在树枝上，每个枝头上都坐着一个孩子。树木高兴地看到孩子们又回来了，都开出了美丽的鲜花；鸟儿到处飞舞，快活地歌唱；绿丛中鲜花探出了头，四处张望。多么可爱的情景啊，花园的一角还残存着冬日的迹象，一个小男孩个头太小，爬不上树，站在那里哭泣。那棵可怜的树还覆盖着霜和雪，北风还在树梢上呼啸。

巨人看见所有这一切，心被深深打动了。他说：“我实在太自私自利了。现在我才明白为什么春天不肯来这里。我要把那个可怜的小男孩放到树梢上，然后推倒围墙。我的花园要永远成为孩子们的乐园。”他的确在为自己过去的所作所为感到内疚。

于是，他悄悄地推开门，走进花园。可孩子们看见他，都惊恐万分地全跑了。花园里又成了冬天。只有那个小男孩没有跑，因为他双眼充满泪水，没有

看见巨人。巨人走到他跟前，小心翼翼地抱起他，放到树梢上。树霎时开出了花朵，鸟儿飞回来并开始歌唱。小男孩用手臂搂住巨人的脖子，亲吻着他。

其他孩子看到这一情景，不再害怕巨人，又纷纷回到花园中，春天也随着他们而来临。

“现在花园是你们的啦，孩子们！”巨人说着，拿来一把大斧撞倒了围墙。

从此以后，孩子们每天又来巨人的花园玩。有时，巨人和他们一同游戏；有时，他则坐在安乐椅上看着孩子们嬉戏。他说：“我有许许多多美丽的花朵，但孩子们才是其中最最美丽的鲜花。”

## The Wisdom Of A Poor Man

Once a poor man tied his horse to a tree and sat down to rest.

It so happened that a proud rich man who was going by saw him and also decided to rest. So he began tying his horse to the same tree.

“Don’t tie your horse to that tree!” shouted the poor man. “My horse is wild, it will kill yours. Tie yours to some other tree.”

The rich man answered proudly, “I’ll tie my horse where I wish!”

So he tied his horse to the same tree to which the poor man had tied his. Then he sat down and began to eat his dinner.

Suddenly they heard a terrible noise. This made both men jump to their feet; the horses were fighting! The two men ran up to stop them, but it was too late. The rich man, who was very proud of his horse, saw that the poor animal lay dead.

Then the rich man got very angry. “See what your horse has done!” he shouted. “Oh, my horse! Now you will have to pay for my horse! I’ll make you pay for it!”

Saying so, he took the poor man to the judge. "Oh, judge, whose wisdom is so much spoken of." he said. "This man's horse has killed mine. Put the man in prison and don't let him out until he pays for my horse."

"Is that true?" asked the judge, turning to the poor man. "Has your horse really killed his?" But the poor man did not say a word.

"Can't you speak?" asked the judge again.

The poor man was silent.

He was asked many more questions, but he did not answer them.

At last the judge said, "It's all in vain. The poor man cannot speak."

"Oh, sir," said the rich man, "this poor peasant can talk no worse than you or me. He spoke to me very well out there on the road."

"Are you sure?" asked the astonished judge. "What did he say?"

"He told me not to tie my horse to that tree, because his horse could kill mine. He advised me to tie my horse to some other tree."

"Ah," said the judge, "Now I see. So you think your horse must be paid for. Why didn't you do as you were told to do? Why didn't you save your horse from death?"

Then the judge asked the poor man, "Why