

秘密花园



The Secret Garden

—【美】伯内特夫人/F. H. Burnett◎著

申亚玲◎译

蒙木◎导读

伯内特夫人

英美校园被推荐最广的文学经典

——美国人为青少年专门编写

——中国台湾地区组织翻译

——大陆专家审订并导读



中国致公出版社

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中国
教育
出版
社

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

秘密花园: 英汉对照 / (美) 伯内特 (Burnett, F. H.) 著; 申亚玲译. — 北京: 中国致公出版社, 2011

ISBN 978-7-5145-0212-1

I. ①秘… II. ①伯… ②申… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②儿童文学—长篇小说—美国—现代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2011) 第 280691 号

译稿中文简体字版 ©2011 经红蚂蚁图书有限公司正式授权, 同意经由中国致公出版社出版中文简体字版本。非经书面同意, 不得以任何形式任意重制、转载

秘密花园 【美】伯内特夫人 著; 申亚玲 译

出 版 人: 刘伟见

编辑统筹: 高立志

责任编辑: 李娟娟 潜柳西

责任印制: 熊 力 徐 瑶

出版发行: 中国致公出版社

地 址: 北京市海淀区牡丹园北里甲 2 号 邮编 100191

电 话: 010-82259658 (总编室) 62082811 (编辑部)

010-66168543 (发行部)

经 销: 全国新华书店

印 刷: 北京市温林源印刷有限公司

开 本: 700 毫米 × 1000 毫米 1/32

印 张: 17.5

字 数: 333 千字

版 次: 2012 年 4 月第 1 版 2012 年 4 月第 1 次印刷

定 价: 29.80 元

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每人心中都有一座秘密花园¹

《秘密花园》、《小公主》与《小爵爷》的作者弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特(F.H.Burnett, 1849—1924), 出生于英国曼彻斯特一个五金工厂主的家庭。1853年父亲去世, 母亲继续经营, 直到工厂倒闭。伯内特受到过中等教育。由于生活困难, 全家于1865年移居美国, 和亲戚一起住在一座圆木屋中。可以说, 对于丧父、家贫, 伯内特是有切身体会的。1905年, 她正式成为美国公民。她结过两次婚, 伯内特是她第一个丈夫的姓。

从十几岁起, 伯内特便撰写短篇小说与故事, 以帮助赡养家庭。1886年, 她的儿童小说《小爵爷》出版, 名噪一时。此书竟与哈葛德的《所罗门王的矿藏》、托尔斯泰的《战争与和平》一起, 成为该年美国的三大畅销书。作品畅销使过去一向贫困的女作家变得富裕、阔绰。1924年伯内特去世时, 英国的《泰晤士报》发表讣闻, 内称她可能仅以《小爵爷》一书留传人间。此后接连多日, 读者纷纷去信表示异议, 认为绝对不会如此。伯内特一生共写有四十多部作品, 但从今天的情况看, 人们仍然在广泛阅读的还是她的三部描写儿童的小说即《小爵爷》(1886)、《小公主》(1905)和《秘密花园》(1911), 这些都借用

1 本篇主要根据李文俊先生《小爵爷》《小公主》《秘密花园》的译本序言, 改写而成, 李先生的译本被誉为“比原著更令人愉悦”, 谨以此向李先生致敬。

了童话框架，如《灰姑娘》。本来，少儿文学就是从童话、童谣发展而来的。缺乏童心的人恐怕是难以接近少儿文学的。女作家自己曾将《小公主》搬上舞台，《小爵爷》也被人改编为戏剧，多年盛演不衰。

伯内特从小喜爱花草植物，离婚后悉心投入园艺活动。她写书获得成功后，收入颇丰，经常乘高级邮轮来往于欧美之间，还在英国的住所周围有几个带围墙的花园，其中一个还是她的户外书房，她每天都要在园中写作。1909年她在纽约长岛布置自家花园时，突发灵感，构思出了《秘密花园》的基本内容。此书出版后很快就成为一部畅销书，并且多次被改编为舞台剧与音乐剧，也曾三次被拍成电影以及卡通电视片。最近一次将此书改编为音乐剧的玛莎·诺曼还获得了1991年的托尼奖，而扮演玛丽的戴西·依根还是托尼奖有史以来最年轻的最佳女主角得主。它被一代代孩子们反复阅读，是很多人童年时代记忆最深刻的书。

《秘密花园》的内容有些神秘，曲径通幽处。它讲述一个大庄园里有一个连门都被掩埋了得废弃的秘密花园。一个叫玛丽的小女孩无以从泥土中挖到了花园的钥匙，并且在知更鸟的指引下寻到了隐藏的小门。她和佃户的儿子迪肯一起，在花园里重新栽花种草，后来庄园主的儿子科林也加入进来，他是一个暴躁、瘦弱而多病的孩子。他们一起在花园嬉戏，照料花草，花园长满了玫瑰、龙胆花、木樨花、罂粟花、飞燕草、铃兰，还引来狐狸、羔羊、乌鸦……一切都在阳光下茁壮成长，玛丽和科林通过改造周围的环境，也重塑了自己的健康和性格。这本书展示了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，关键取决于我们的内心和态度。

《秘密花园》在美国经常被学校老师当做英语教材，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，很吸引人。这本书还被公认为无年龄界限的精品，作为严肃的文学作品被收入牛津《世界经典丛书》，美国一位叫安丽森·卢瑞的女作家在评价《秘密花园》时说：它非常明显地包含了 20 世纪西方文学从传统向现代转型的几个重要主题，一是对内心世界的关注，二是提倡回到自然，三是神秘主义。

蒙木，图书策划人、书评人，主要编写作品包括《美利坚开国风云》《五四风云》《民国换晚清》等。

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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

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一个不剩

玛丽·伦诺克斯被送到米塞斯维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，所以从小就这病那病不断。她父亲在当地的英国政府工作，非常忙碌，他自己也总是生病。她母亲倒是很漂亮，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全权看管，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。当玛丽还是个多

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 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.

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病、烦躁又难看的婴儿时，经常被带到不妨碍大人的地方；当她长成一个多病、烦躁、蹒跚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、最自私的小霸王。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，待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。

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 her anything and her Ayah did not come.

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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，“我不要你在这儿。把我奶妈叫来。”

女人看起来很害怕，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情，

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.



奶妈也没有来。上午快要过去，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玩起来。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，嘴里嘟哝着奶妈一回来就要骂她的话。

"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。

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 disdainful things, and she had large laughing eyes. All her 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.

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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，小巧玲珑的鼻子使她显得卓尔不群，眼睛大大的、笑咪咪的。她所有的衣服都又轻又薄，玛丽说它们“镶满了花边”。今天早晨，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，伦诺克斯太太。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。

"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 was explained to Mary. The cholera



"哦，我知道，我本该早些去的！”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，浑身发抖。哭声越来越大。

"什么声音？那是什么？”伦诺克斯太太上气不接下气地问道。

"准是有人死了。”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。

此后，让人毛骨悚然的事情来了，玛丽明白了这个早

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

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晨里一切神秘的东西。霍乱以最可怕的形式爆发了，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。

在一片混乱之中的第二天里，玛丽藏到她的儿童室里，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

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.

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

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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。酒让她昏昏欲睡，几乎睁不开眼睛，她躺到床上，一会儿就什么也不知道了。

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

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 some--

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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。她不是个有人情味的孩子，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