

中英對照

THE SELECTION of CHINESE FOLK TALES

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中國民間故事選輯

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中英對照

*The Selected Copy of
Chinese Folk Tales*

中國民間故事選輯

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Fox Who Pretended to be King

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中國民間故事選輯

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How the Horse-Headed Fiddle Came to be Made

You know our Mongolian horse-headed fiddle? Did you ever wonder how our favourite instrument came to be made? Let me tell you: it is a sad story.

The first horse-headed fiddle was invented by Suho, a little shepherd boy who lived in the pasture-land in Chahar. He was an orphan, and was brought up by his grandmother. They owned about a score of sheep. Suho used to take the sheep out to graze and help his grandmother to prepare meals and keep house. When he reached manhood at seventeen, he was a gifted singer whose singing was loved by all the shepherds and herdsmen of the neighbourhood.

One day the sun had set and night was rapidly drawing on, but Suho had not come home. The grandmother was worried, and the neighbours began to get worried too. Then, late, Suho came home, carrying a woolly white thing in his arms. It was a new-born colt. Suho looked at the surprised faces around him and said, smiling, "I came across this

馬 頭 琴

你知道我們蒙古的馬頭四絃琴嗎？你知道我們這可愛的樂器怎樣做嗎？讓我來告訴你：這是個悲慘的故事。

蘇浩，是發明製第一個馬頭琴的人，他是加夏地方的牧場上的一個小牧人。他是個孤兒，由祖母養大。他們有二十隻左右的羊。蘇浩每天趕着羊出去吃草，幫祖母煮吃和看門口。他十七歲的時候，便成了個好歌手，左近看羊的人都很愛聽他的唱歌。

一天，太陽下山了，夜很快降臨，可是蘇浩還未回家。祖母便憂心起來，鄰居們也都替她憂心起來。蘇浩很遲才回到家去，手裏抱着一個白色蓬鬆的東西。牠是隻剛出世的小馬。蘇浩望着週圍驚奇的面孔，笑笑的

little thing lying on the road struggling. There was no sign of its mother there. I was afraid the wolves would get it, so I brought it back here to the yurt."

Time went by, and the little colt grew up strong, thanks to the care Suho took of it. It was snowy white, healthy and beautiful. Everyone who set eyes on it loved it. But it was especially dear to Suho.

One night Suho was woken up by excited neighing. He scrambled out of bed and hurried out of the yurt. By now he could hear wild baaing from the sheep in the fold as well. The white pony was defending the fold from a big grey wolf! Suho drove the wolf away. The white pony was sweating all over. It had apparently been fighting for quite a long time. "Oh white pony, you have saved the sheep. . . ." Suho patted the sweating pony, speaking to it as though it were a dear human friend. Ever since then Suho and the white pony were fast friends who grudged even a minute's separation from one another.

Time slipped by. One spring the news that the prince was organizing a horse-race at the lama temple spread over the pastures. The winner would have the hand of his daughter. Suho heard about it. His friends encouraged him to enter for it. So off went Suho with his white pony whom he loved so well.

The race began. Many strong and healthy young

說：「我當時見牠在路上掙扎着。又不見牠的母親。我慌怕牠給狼吃了，所以抱牠回來。」

時間一天天過去了，在蘇浩小心飼養下的小馬也一天天壯健起來，牠長得全身雪白、健康、美麗，誰看了誰都會愛牠。自然，蘇浩是特別喜愛牠的。

一晚，蘇浩給激動的嘶叫聲吵醒了。他立即趕到幕包外面去。可是他又聽到羊羣裏有羊的狂叫聲。一隻灰大狼來了！小白馬正在保護那些羊羣。蘇浩將狼趕去了。小白馬遍身是汗。牠一定是和狼打鬥了好一會。蘇浩撫着這遍身流汗的小馬，像對一個親愛的朋友說：「啊，小白馬，你救了羊羣啦……」自此蘇浩和小白馬就成了親密的朋友，大家連一分鐘也不願離開。

時間溜走了。一年的春天，傳來了一個消息，說王子要在喇嘛寺的牧場上舉行賽馬。勝利的可和他的女兒結婚。蘇浩也聽到了這個消息；朋友們便鼓勵他去參加競賽。於是蘇浩和他的可愛的小白馬一同去了。

馬賽開始。很多壯健的年青人都參加了比賽。他們

men were competing. They whipped up their steeds and galloped at full speed. But Suho and his white pony were the first to pass the winning post.

"Tell the rider on the white pony to come here," said the prince on the watching stand. However, when he saw that the winner was only a simple herdsman, he made no mention of marriage to his daughter but said cunningly, "You will be given three big ingots for your horse. You may go home."

Suho was infuriated. "What? Does he think I would sell my precious white pony?" he thought. So he answered bluntly, "I came to run a race, not to a horse sale."

"Scoundrel! A poor herdsman dares to resist a prince? He must be punished!" His servants rushed up immediately.

They beat Suho till he lost consciousness and then threw him down from the watching stand. The prince went triumphantly back to his palace with the white pony.

Suho's friends took him home. His grandmother nursed him tenderly and he recovered after a few days. Some days later when Suho was going to sleep he heard someone knocking at the door. "Who's there!" he called. There was no answer, but the banging went on.

"Oh! It's the white pony!" The grandmother had

鞭策着馬匹，用最高速度向前奔馳。可是還是蘇浩的小白馬最先抵達終點。

王子在觀望台說：「叫那個小白馬騎士到這裏來。」可是，當他看見這個勝利者只是個樸素的牧羊人時，他就不再提起女兒的婚事了，他狡猾的說：「把你的馬給我，我賞你三錠大銀吧。你可以回去了。」

蘇浩大怒。他心裏想：「怎麼？他以爲我會賣這寶貝的小白馬？」於是他率直地說：「我是來賽馬的，不是來賣馬。」

「胡說！牧羊人竟敢違背領主？定要罰他一下！」他的從人立即衝前去。

他們打得蘇浩暈了過去，然後將他拋下觀望台來。王子帶了小白馬，得意洋洋的回到皇宮來。

蘇浩的朋友扶他回家去。他的祖母小心地服侍他，過了幾天他就沒事了。過了幾天，蘇浩正要上床時，聽得有人拍門。他問道：「誰！」可是沒有回答，還是砰砰的拍下去。

祖母走去看個究竟，開了門，嚇得呆了。「噢！是

gone to see what it was, and was surprised when she opened the door.

Suho immediately ran out. Yes, it was the white pony indeed! Sweat was dripping from it, and there were seven or eight arrows sticking in it. Suho clenched his teeth and held back his grief, and pulled the arrows out. Blood immediately poured out from the wounds. The pony was very seriously wounded and died the next day.

What had happened was that the prince, overjoyed at having secured such a fine pony, had invited his family and friends to a feast to celebrate it one fine day. He wanted to show off the pony and ordered it to be led out to him.

But when he mounted its back it reared, threw him down and galloped pell-mell through the assembled guests. "Catch it!" the prince shouted, picking himself up angrily. "If you can't, kill it." A shower of arrows rained on the pony. But it managed to reach home and die with its real master.

Suho mourned it very deeply, and could not rest day or night. One uneasy night, as he lay tossing, he seemed to see his pony, alive. It came right up to him, and he made much of it again.

"Will you not think of a way that I may be with you always and keep you company, dear master? Make a fiddle of my bones," the pony said. Next morning

小白馬！」

蘇浩立即跑出去。對，的確是小白馬！牠全身淌着汗，身上有七八枝箭。蘇浩咬緊牙關，壓下悲痛，將箭拔了出來。傷口處立即湧出鮮血來。小白馬傷得很厲害，第二天就死了。

原來王子得到了小白馬以後，高興極了。一個晴天，他請了全家及朋友，舉行一個慶祝會。他想向人們顯示一下他的小白馬，於是下命令把牠牽出來。

當他騎上去後，牠豎立起來，將他拋下，穿過周圍紛亂的人羣馳走了。王子憤怒地站起來，喊着：「捉住牠！捉不到，殺死牠！」像雨般的箭向小馬射來。可是牠始終趕到家裏，死在牠主人的身旁。

蘇浩非常傷心，日夜失眠。一個侷促不安的夜晚，他正在床上輾轉反側，他好像看見他的小馬仍活着。向着他走來，他看清楚了。

小馬說：「好主人，你不會想個方法，使我和你常在一起嗎？用我的骨塊製個四絃琴便行。」第二天早

Suho carved a model of his dear pony's head out of its bones, and used it for the upper end of the fiddle. He used its tendons for strings, and hairs from its flowing tail for the bowstrings. Whenever he played his horse-headed fiddle he remembered his hatred of the prince, and his own feelings when he galloped on the pony. These thoughts went into his music and made it speak of all the desires and emotions of the herdsmen. It became the herdsmen's voice, and all the people used to come to listen to his playing in the evening after work. Listening, they would forget their weariness.

上，蘇浩用牠的一塊骨頭，刻成他那心愛的小馬頭的樣子，用來做四絃琴的上部；用牠的筋做琴絃，馬尾毛作弓。他每一次彈奏這四絃琴時，總記起了對王子的憤恨和他騎在小白馬上奔馳的感受。他的思想和音樂結在一起，唱出了牧羊人的願望和感情。它成了人們的呼聲。黃昏時候，人們一天的工作完了，便都走去聆聽他的演奏。他們聽了琴聲，便忘了一天工作的疲倦。

Why White Rabbits Have Long Ears and Pink Eyes

Once upon a time, all white rabbits had blue eyes and short ears. How is it then, that they have pink eyes and long ears nowadays? Well, here is the story; you can read it for yourself, just how it happened.

Long, long ago there lived an old mother rabbit and her little son in a burrow at the foot of a hill. When the baby rabbit grew up—he was a white rabbit—he turned out to be much bigger and stronger than his mother. But the bigger he grew, the lazier he became; and the lazier he became, the more insolent and arrogant he was. Even when he was full-grown, he still behaved as he did when he was his mother's petted baby, too lazy to move. He never even looked for his own food, but used to say, "You know, mother, I'm only young still."

To begin with, he only used to ask for the choice bits of food, but soon he was not content with asking but began to snatch them from his mother's hand; the next thing was that he began to say openly that

白兔爲啥有長耳朵和紅眼睛

從前，兔子的眼睛是藍藍的，耳朵是短短的。爲什麼現在的兔子有着紅紅的眼睛，長長的耳朵呢？這裏就是兔子的故事，你自己讀讀就知道了。

很久以前，在一座山脚下的一個黃泥洞裏，住着一隻老母兔和一隻小兔。這隻小兔長大了，身體長得比自己的媽媽還高，氣力還要大。但是，小白兔越長大就越懶惰，越懶惰就越驕橫。當牠長大了，牠還是學小時那樣懶得動一動。牠從不自己去找東西吃，只是對媽媽說：「媽，我還小呢。」

最初，牠只是常常吵着要吃好的東西，可是遲一些時，牠就從媽媽手裏搶來吃了，還公然地鬧着要住好的

he ought to have a better home.

One night, angry with his mother for no reason at all, he shouted at her: "My fur is white, isn't it? Why do you make me sleep on this dirty, ordinary bed?" and he actually refused to go to bed until his mother brought out new, snow-white bedding for him.

One day, the old mother rabbit went out to search for food deep in the hills and wild ranges, while her lazy white son stayed at home as usual. A storm came on, and she was drenched to the skin. Despite this, she searched for food the whole day, but failed to find any. It was already night when she groped her way back home, empty-handed. Her son was at the doorway waiting impatiently for her. When he saw that she had come back with nothing, he was furious and abused her roundly. "Oh! So you're back at last! I thought you must be dead," he said. "Why ever are you so late? D'you mean to tell me you've brought me nothing to eat?"

The old mother rabbit answered him sadly. "My child," she said, "you're a grown-up rabbit now, and should go out to search for food yourself. You must stop relying always on your mother."

Naturally, her son, who had always been his mother's pet, could not stand even such a gentle rebuke. "All right!" he muttered, half under his breath. "From now on, no one is going to rely on anyone else, I sup-