

《清雅英文》

唯美版有声读物
Audio Books

英汉双语对照

热爱此生

To Love This Life

学习英文的最佳读本 · 滋养心灵成长的精神SPA

主编 / 王正元 马瑞香

美籍专家朗读
高清数码录音

MP3



大连理工大学出版社
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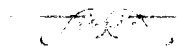
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前言



一本好书,一篇美文,总会让您从中学习到很多东西,犹如游历一样,使人开阔眼界,增长知识。尤其是在阅读原版外国文学的时候,更能帮助我们了解异国风土人情、文化习俗,乃至他们的思维方式、见解观念,以及如何面对现实生活的启示。当然,用中英对照的方式来读,既学内容又学语言,更是一箭双雕。这正是我们编选本套书的一个主要目的。

《清雅英文》丛书是专为大、中学生及英语阅读爱好者而设计的双语心灵读物。一共有五个分册,即《我选择快乐》、《热爱此生》、《梦想的礼物》、《爱是奇迹》、《这些美好不会消逝》。书中尽量做到所收篇目均为经典且可读性极强的英文原文。无论是大地风貌的描绘还是社会生活的写照,无论是时代声音的记录还是人生情感的抒写,可让您获得一些愉悦和美的享受;可让您在一种优美的语言交融中不知不觉地体会到英语水平的提升和长进;可让您的一天沉浸在美好的语言韵律中;可让您刚刚读过的优美篇章、精彩句子在慢慢积累、消化、吸收中,成为自己的知识。

一个故事可以影响一个人的一生,一个哲理可以改变千万人的命运。谨以本套丛书献给那些深爱家人与朋友,有追求、有梦想、有渴望,对生活有激情,对英语学习有热情的读者朋友们。

编者

2012年5月

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Part 1



陌上花开缓缓归

Returning on the Road Full of Flowers





春天的承诺



A Promise of Spring



Early in the spring, about a month before my grandpa's stroke¹, I began walking for an hour every afternoon. Sometimes I would walk four blocks south to see Grandma and Grandpa. At eighty-six, Grandpa was still quite a gardener, so I always watched for his earliest blooms and each new wave of spring flowers.

I was especially interested in flowers that year because I was planning to landscape my own yard and I was eager to get Grandpa's advice. I thought I knew pretty much what I wanted—a yard full of bushes and plants that would bloom from May till November.

It was right after the first rush of purple violets² in the lawns³ and the sudden blaze⁴ of forsythia⁵ that spring that Grandpa had a stroke. It left him without speech and with no movement on his left side. The whole family rallied to Grandpa. We all spent many hours by his side. Sometimes his eyes were eloquent — laughing at our reported mishaps, listening alertly, revealing painful awareness of his inability to care for himself. There were days, too, when he slept most of the time, overcome with the weight of his approaching death.

As the months passed, I watched the growing flowers from the earth with Grandpa's eyes. Each time I was with him, I gave him a garden report. He listened, gripping my hand with the sure strength and calm he had always had. But he could not answer my questions. The new flowers

else was at his bedside. He was glad to have me there, and reached out his hand to pull me close.

I told Grandpa what I had learned — that few flowers last from April to November. Some of the most beautiful bloom for only a month at most. To really enjoy a garden, you have to plant corners and drifts and rows of flowers that will bloom and grace the garden, each in its own season.

His eyes listened to every word. Then, another discovery, “If I want a garden like yours, Grandpa, I’m going to have to work.” His grin laughed at me, and his eyes teased me.

“Grandpa, in your life right now the chrysanthemums⁶ are in bloom. Chrysanthemums and roses.” Tears clouded both our eyes. Neither of us feared this last flower of fall, but the wait for spring seemed too long in November. We knew how much we would miss each other.

It was the end of August when Grandpa died, the end of summer. As we were choosing flowers from the florist for Grandpa’s funeral, I slipped away to Grandpa’s garden and walked with my memories of columbine⁷ and Sweet William. Only the tall lavender and white phlox were in bloom now, and some baby’s breath in another corner.

On impulse, I cut the prettiest strands of phlox and baby’s breath and made one more arrangement for the funeral. When they saw it, friends and family all smiled to see Grandpa’s flowers there. We all felt how much Grandpa would have liked that.

The October after Grandpa’s death, I planted tulip and daffodil bulbs, snowdrops, crocuses, and bluebells. Each bulb was a comfort to me, a love sent to Grandpa, a promise of spring.



would blaze, peak, fade, and die before I knew their names.

Grandpa's illness held him through the spring and on, week by week, through summer. I began spending hours at the local nursery, studying and choosing seeds and plants. It gave me special joy to buy plants I had seen in Grandpa's garden and give them humble starts in my own garden. I discovered Sweet William, which I had admired for years in Grandpa's garden without knowing its name. And I planted it in his honor.

As I waited and watched in the garden or by Grandpa's side, some quiet truths emerged. I realized that Grandpa loved flowers that were always in bloom; he kept a full bed of roses in his garden. But I noticed that Grandpa left plenty of room for the brief highlights. Not every nook of his garden was constantly in bloom. There was always a treasured surprise tucked somewhere.

I came to see, too, that Grandpa's garden mirrored his life. He was a hard worker who understood the law of the harvest. But along with his hard work, Grandpa knew how to enjoy each season, each change. We often teased him about his life history. He had written two paragraphs summarizing fifty years of work, and a full nine pages about every trip and vacation he'd ever taken.

In July, Grandpa worsened. One hot afternoon arrived when no one

注释 陌上花开缓缓归

1. stroke [strəʊk] *n.* 中风
2. violet ['vaiəlit] *n.* 紫罗兰
3. lawn [lɔ:n] *n.* 草地, 草坪

4. blaze [bleiz] *n.* 迸发, 出现
5. forsythia [fɔ:'saiθiə] *n.* 连翘
6. chrysanthemum [kri'sæθəməm] *n.* 菊花
7. columbine ['kɒləmbain] *n.* 大头菜



早春时节,大约在爷爷中风前的一个月,我开始每天下午散步一个小时。有时,我会步行向南穿过四个街区去看望爷爷奶奶。八十六岁的爷爷仍然是一个杰出的花匠,因此我总是观察他那最早盛开的花,以及一片片春的花海。

那年,因打算把自己的小院美化一下,所以我对花特别感兴趣,渴望能够得到爷爷的指导。我认为我知道自己到底想要什么——满院子的花草树木,从五月一直开到十一月。

那年春天,就是在草坪里钻出第一株紫罗兰又突然迸出连翘之后,爷爷中风了。他不能说话了,左半身也不能动。家里所有人都来看望爷爷,我们都花了大量的时间陪在他身边。有时,他眼睛很有神——笑我们所汇报来的不幸,听我们说话也很机警,还说他生活不能自理,心里感觉很难过。有时候,他一整天都在昏睡,随时都可能有生命危险。

时间一晃几个月过去了。我像爷爷一样关注着地上长出来的花儿。每次我俩在一起时,我都要向他汇报一下花园的情况。他一边听着,一边握着我的手,平静而又无力,一如既往。然而,他却无法回答我的问题了。因此,很多新的花朵绽放、盛开、凋谢和死亡了,我却不知道它们都是什么花儿。

从春季开始,爷爷就一直受疾病的折磨,一周又一周,一直持续到夏



季。我开始花很多时间当地的苗圃，研究并选择种子和植株。我买了一些曾在爷爷的花园里见过的植株，尽心尽力地种在了我自己的花园里，这给我带来了异样的快乐。我发现了美洲石竹，这个曾在爷爷的花园里就发现了并喜欢多年但却一直不知道名字的植物，现在我以爷爷的名义栽下了它。

当我在花园里或守护在爷爷身边的时候，我的脑海中就会浮现出一些有道理的东西来。我知道爷爷深爱着那些繁盛的花草；在他的花园里，他种了一苗圃的玫瑰。不过，我也发现为了能够突出一些东西，爷爷留了很多空地方。花园里并不是每个角落都一直有花开放，但总有一个接一个的惊喜从某个地方冒出来。

我也发觉爷爷的花园是他一生的真实写照。他是一个勤劳的人，他懂得收获的规律。但是除了他的辛勤劳动，他又是一个懂得如何享受四季变化的人。我们经常拿他的过去开玩笑。他写了两段文字概述了他五十年的工作，和九页文字来记载他的每次旅行和假期。

七月，爷爷的病情恶化了。一天下午天气很炎热，爷爷身边除我外，没有别人。我在，他很高兴，就伸出手把我拉到他身边。

我把我所学到的告诉了爷爷——很少有花能从四月开到十一月，绝大多部分花花期最多一个月。为了真正达到欣赏花园的目的，你必须在每个角落都种上花，丛丛花儿开放，把花园装扮得非常漂亮，每个季节某个角落总有花儿开放。

他用眼睛认真地倾听着我的每句话。还有一个发现是：“爷爷，如果我想要我的花园像你的花园一样的话，我必须去干活。”他对着我笑，眼神也在笑。

“爷爷，现在，你生命中的菊花正在开放，菊花和玫瑰花都在开放。”我俩的眼里都盈满了泪花，我们都不害怕秋天最后一朵花凋谢，但在十

一月等待春天未免有点太长了，我俩都知道我们会非常想念对方的。

八月底，也是夏季即将过去的时候，爷爷还是走了。当大家在花店为爷爷的葬礼选择葬花时，我悄悄地来到了爷爷的花园。走在花园里，回忆着那些大头菜和美洲石竹，现在只有高高的熏衣草和白色夹竹桃在开花，另一个角落里还开放着一些满天星。

一时心血来潮，我把最漂亮的几束夹竹桃和满天星剪了下来，给爷爷的葬礼增添了一分色彩。看到这些花儿的时候，亲友们都因为看到爷爷种的花儿而露出微笑。我们都感觉得到爷爷是多么喜欢那些花儿的。

在爷爷去世后的十月，我种了一些郁金香、水仙、雪花莲、番红花及蓝铃花。每一个花苞对我来说都是一种安慰，都是献给爷爷的一份爱，都是一份春天的承诺。

心灵小语

怎样才能让自己的花园里一直都有漂亮的鲜花盛开呢？作者很聪明，那就是在自己花园的每个角落里都种上不同季节不同花期的花儿。怎样才能让我们的人生也一直都像春天一样繁盛美丽呢？那就在我们心里的每一个角落都种上不同时节的花儿吧！只要我们勤劳地付出，春天就会永驻我们的心里，让我们的生命开满希望之花！



诚信的重要性

The Importance of Being Honest

In the busy city of New York, such an astonishing thing ever happened.

On a Friday night, a poor young artist stood at the gate of the subway station, playing his violin. The music was great, though people were quickly going home for the weekend, many of them slowed down their paces and put some money into the hat of the young man.

The next day, the young artist came to the gate of the subway station, and put his hat on the ground gracefully. Different from the day before, he took out a large piece of paper and laid it on the ground and put some stones on it. Then he adjusted the violin and began playing. It seemed more pleasant to listen to.

Before long, the young violinist was surrounded with people, who were all attracted by the words on that paper. It said, "Last night, a gentleman named George Sang put an important thing into my hat by mistake. Please come to claim it soon."

Seeing this, it caused a great excitement and people wondered what it could be. After about half an hour, a middle-aged man ran there in a hurry and rushed through the crowd to the violinist and grabbed his shoulders and said, "Yes, it's you. You do come here. I know that you're an honest man and would certainly come here."

The young violinist asked calmly, “Are you Mr. George Sang?”

The man nodded. The violinist asked, “Did you lose something?”

“Lottery¹. It’s lottery.” said the man.

The violinist took out a lottery ticket on which George Sang’s name was seen. “Is it?” he asked.

George nodded promptly² and seized the lottery ticket and kissed it, then he danced with the violinist.

The story turned out to be this. George Sang is an office clerk. He bought a lottery ticket issued³ by a bank a few days ago. The awards opened yesterday and he won a prize of \$500,000. So he felt very happy after work and felt the music was so wonderful that he took out 50 dollars and put them in the hat. However, the lottery ticket was also thrown in. The violinist was a student at an Arts College and had planned to attend advanced studies in Vienna. He had booked the ticket and would fly this morning. However, when he was cleaning up yesterday, he found the lottery ticket. Thinking that the owner would return to look for it, he cancelled the flight and came back to where he was given the lottery ticket.

Later, someone asked the violinist, “At that time you were in need to pay the tuition⁴ fee and you had to play the violin in the subway station every day to make money. Then why didn’t you take the lottery ticket for yourself?”

The violinist said, “Although I don’t have much money, I live happily; but if I lose honesty, I won’t be happy forever.”

Through our lives, we can gain a lot and lose so much. But being