

美国原版经典语文课本



THE ECLECTIC READERS

美国语文读本

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WILLI

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上海三联书店



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WILLIAM H. MCGUFFEY



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呈现于读者面前的这套《美国语文读本》，亦名《麦加菲读本》，其编者威廉·H·麦加菲曾先后任美国迈阿密大学语言学教授和俄亥俄大学校长。考虑到“麦加菲”的英文名称在美国已是注册商标，加之它是一套影响深远而广泛的语文课本，我们在中国首次原文出版这套著名教材时，便将书名定为《美国语文读本》。这套书既有教材功能，亦可当作提高英语水平的有效读物。

《美国语文读本》从19世纪中期至20世纪中叶，一直被广泛用作美国学校的语文教材，据称有10000多所美国学校用它当作教材。美国著名汽车制造商亨利·福特称赞这套书是他儿童时代最有兴趣的读物，后来他自费大量印刷这套书，分发给很多学校。到了21世纪，西方一些私立学校和家庭学校仍用它作为教材，足见这套书的价值与影响力。据估计，这套书从问世至1960年，至少发行了1.22亿册；1961年后，在西方每年销量仍达30000册以上。应该说，没有哪一套个人主编的教材能超过此发行量了！

这套读本的英文原版共分七级，包括启蒙读本和第1-6级。考虑到启蒙读本与第一级篇幅都较少，难易程度也很接近，于是我们将其合并为第1册，其余2-6级与英文原版相同。这样国内出版的这套读本共包括6册。第1册从字母表开始，主要侧重于字母的发音与书写、基本单词与常用句型，同时强调英文书写，课文后面附

有不少书法练习，让孩子们不仅将英语说得像外国人，而且写得也跟外国人一样，这也许是国内英语教学所缺少的一个环节。从第2册开始，均是比较正式的课文，每一课包括词汇和课文，对一些难词有英文解释，让学生学会通过简单英文理解生词，养成用英语理解和思维的习惯。第4册还附有课后思考练习，这些练习可以帮助学生更好理解文章，引发孩子们的思考。第5册和第6册的课文前增加了作者简介与相关背景知识，内容丰富而有一定深度。

从所选课文的英文难易程度来看，大致而言，这套读本的第1-3册跟国内小学毕业程度相近，那么第4级以上则适用于中学生阅读使用。从文体方面，除了常用文体外，这套读本对诗歌、戏剧、论说文等文体也很重视，书中选取了不少名家的名作名篇。这对国内孩子们真正感受英语这一西方语言的魄力是大有帮助的。

人类文化的瑰宝不仅源远流长，而且具有很大共通性，在全社会不断呼吁教育改革的今天，我们将这套优秀的美国读本引进到国内，应该具有一定借鉴意义。它有益于中国孩子在学习英语的同时，了解西方的文学与文化历史，通过英语这门语言工具，开阔自己的视野，打开通往世界的心灵之窗。同时，这套书的字里行间灌输了很多做人的道理和准则，让孩子们在学习英语的同时学会做人，这正是我们出版此套书的内心所愿！

作为此书的出版者，我们最后恳请读者原谅并给予帮助的是，由于此套书出版过程中扫描和编排校对的工作量较大，或许会出现一些错误与不当之处，恳请读者谅解并指正，并帮助我们更加完善此套读本。我们的联系方式为 meiguoyuwen@126.com，期待与您交流！

出版者



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LESSON 1
THE SHEPHERD BOY

either *trickle* *fancied* *murmur* *reflected*
glossy *entered* *shepherd* *chestnuts* *command*



1. Little Roy led his sheep down to pasture,
 And his cows, by the side of the brook;
But his cows never drank any water,
 And his sheep never needed a crook.
2. For the pasture was gay as a garden,
 And it glowed with a flowery red;
But the meadows had never a grass blade,

And the brooklet—it slept in its bed:

3. And it lay without sparkle or murmur,
Nor reflected the blue of the skies;
But the music was made by the shepherd,
And the sparkle was all in his eyes.
4. Oh, he sang like a bird in the summer!
And, if sometimes you fancied a bleat,
That, too, was the voice of the shepherd,
And not of the lambs at his feet.
5. And the glossy brown cows were so gentle
That they moved at the touch of his hand
O'er the wonderful, rosy-red meadow,
And they stood at the word of command.
6. So he led all his sheep to the pasture,
And his cows, by the side of the brook;
Though it rained, yet the rain never pattered
O'er the beautiful way that they took.
7. And it was n't in Fairyland either,
But a house in the midst of the town,
Where Roy, as he looked from the window,
Saw the silvery drops trickle down.
8. For his pasture was only a table,
With its cover so flowery fair,
And his brooklet was just a green ribbon,
That his sister had lost from her hair.

9. And his cows were but glossy horse-chestnuts,
 That had grown on his grandfather's tree;
And his sheep only snowy-white pebbles,
 He had brought from the shore of the sea.
10. And at length when the shepherd was weary,
 And had taken his milk and his bread,
And his mother had kissed him and tucked him,
 And had bid him "good night" in his bed;
11. Then there entered his big brother Walter,
 While the shepherd was soundly asleep,
And he cut up the cows into baskets,
 And to jackstones turned all of the sheep.

(Emily S. Oakey)

LESSON 2

JOHNNY'S FIRST SNOWSTORM

country *groves* *losing* *sugar* *freezes*

1. Johnny Reed was a little boy who never had seen a snowstorm till he was six years old. Before this, he had lived in a warm country, where the sun shines down on beautiful orange groves, and fields always sweet with flowers.

2. But now he had come to visit his grandmother, who lived where the snow falls in winter. Johnny was standing at the window when the snow came down.



3. "O mamma!" he cried, joyfully, "do come quick, and see these little white birds flying down from heaven."

4. "They are not birds, Johnny," said mamma, smiling.

5. "Then maybe the little angels are losing their feathers! Oh! do tell me what it is; is it sugar? Let me taste it," said Johnny. But when he tasted it, he gave a little jump—it was so cold.

6. "That is only snow, Johnny," said his mother.

7. "What is snow, mother?"

8. "The snowflakes, Johnny, are little drops of water that fall from the clouds. But the air through which they pass is so cold it freezes them, and they come down turned into snow."

9. As she said this, she brought out an old black hat from the closet. "See, Johnny! I have caught a snowflake on this hat. Look quick through this glass, and you will see how beautiful it is."

10. Johnny looked through the glass. There lay the pure, feathery snowflake like a lovely little star.

11. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star!" he cried in delight. "Oh! please show me more snow-flakes, mother."

12. So his mother caught several more, and they were all beautiful.

13. The next day Johnny had a fine play in the snow, and when he came in, he said, "I love snow; and I think snowballs are a great deal prettier than oranges."

LESSON 3

LET IT RAIN

daughter quench wreaths butter thirsty

Rose. See how it rains! Oh dear, dear, dear! how dull it is! Must I stay in doors all day?

Father. Why, Rose, are you sorry that you had any bread and butter for breakfast, this morning?

Rose. Why, father, what a question! I should be sorry, indeed, if I could not get any.

Father. Are you sorry, my daughter, when you see the flowers and the trees growing in the garden?

Rose. Sorry? No, indeed. Just now, I wished very much to go out and see them,—they look so pretty.

Father. Well, are you sorry when you see the horses, cows, or sheep drinking at the brook to quench their thirst?

Rose. Why, father, you must think I am a cruel girl, to wish that the poor horses that work so hard, the beautiful cows that give so much nice milk, and the pretty lambs should always be thirsty.

Father. Do you not think they would die, if they had no water to drink?

Rose. Yes, sir, I am sure they would. How shocking to think of such a thing!

Father. I thought little Rose was sorry it rained. Do you think the trees and flowers would grow, if they never had any water on them?

Rose. No, indeed, father, they would be dried up by the sun. Then we should not have any pretty flowers to look at, and to make wreaths of for mother.

Father. I thought you were sorry it rained. Rose, what is our bread made of?

Rose. It is made of flour, and the flour is made from wheat, which is ground in the mill.

Father. Yes, Rose, and it was rain that helped to make the wheat grow, and it was water that turned the mill to grind the wheat. I thought little Rose was sorry it rained.

Rose. I did not think of all these things, father. I am truly very glad to see the rain falling.

LESSON 4

CASTLE-BUILDING

<i>anger</i>	<i>castle</i>	<i>foundation</i>	<i>rattling</i>	<i>tower</i>
<i>dismay</i>	<i>sofa</i>	<i>interested</i>	<i>passion</i>	<i>pile</i>
<i>mimic</i>	<i>nodded</i>	<i>exclaimed</i>	<i>already</i>	<i>spilled</i>



1. "O pussy!" cried Herbert, in a voice of anger and dismay, as the blockhouse he was building fell in sudden ruin. The playful cat had rubbed against his mimic castle, and tower and wall went rattling down upon the floor.

2. Herbert took up one of the blocks and threw it fiercely at pussy. Happily, it passed over her and did no harm. His hand was reaching for another block, when his little sister Hetty sprang toward the cat, and caught her up.

3. “No, no, no!” said she, “you sha’n’t hurt pussy! She did n’t mean to do it!”

4. Herbert’s passion was over quickly, and, sitting down upon the floor, he covered his face with his hands, and began to cry.

5. “What a baby!” said Joe, his elder brother, who was reading on the sofa. “Crying over spilled milk does no good. Build it up again.”

6. “No, I won’t,” said Herbert, and he went on crying.

7. “What’s all the trouble here?” exclaimed papa, as he opened the door and came in.

8. “Pussy just rubbed against Herbert’s castle, and it fell down,” answered Hetty. “But she didn’t mean to do it; she did n’t know it would fall, did she, papa?”

9. “Why, no! And is that all the trouble?”

10. “Herbert!” his papa called, and held out his hands. “Come.” The little boy got up from the floor, and came slowly, his eyes full of tears, and stood by his father.

11. “There is a better way than this, my boy,” said papa. “If you had taken that way, your heart would have been light already. I should have heard you singing over your blocks instead of crying. Shall I show you that way?”

12. Herbert nodded his head, and papa sat down on the floor by the pile of blocks, with his little son by his side, and began to lay the foundation for a new castle.