



外语教学指导与学术研究系列丛书

英文学名著赏析

The Appreciation and Analysis of Works of British and American Literature

British & American literature

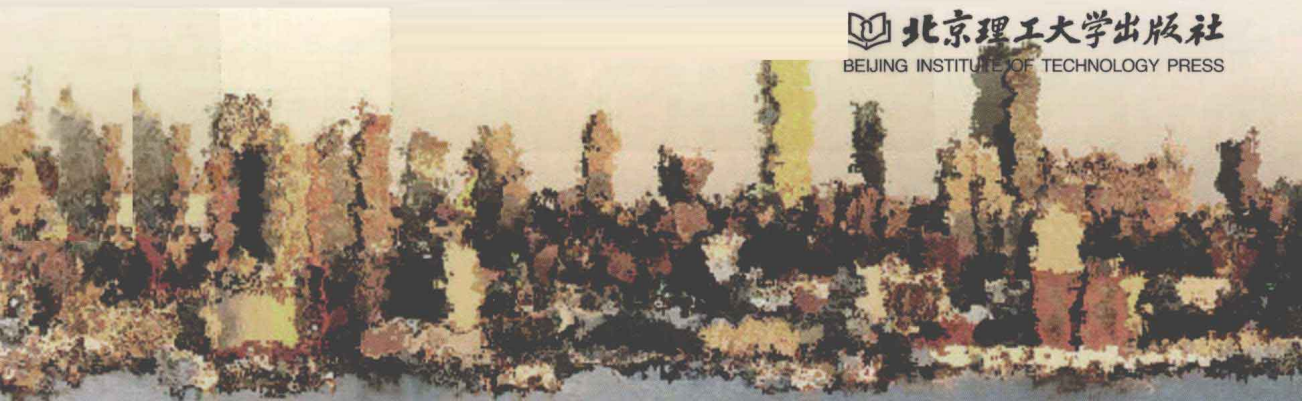
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HUANG YIN

编著

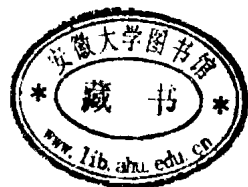
 **北京理工大学出版社**
BEIJING INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY PRESS



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内 容 简 介

《英美文学名作赏析》全书共涵盖了英美文学近现代 10 位作家的 10 篇著名作品,其中包括每位作家的生平简介,所选作品的内容梗概及每篇作品的英文赏析与导读。该书选篇绝大多数为英美文学中的近现代作品,它们贴近生活、情节生动、内涵丰富、富有哲理,语言生动、时代感强。相信阅读此书可以在某种程度上帮助读者把握近现代英美文学发展的动态,进而了解英美现代文化及社会状况。

全书作品题材丰富、体裁多样,包括长篇小说选段、短篇小说、散文及诗歌。选文及赏析部分通俗易懂并有编者自己的一定见解,力求与读者共勉。

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编委会成员情况

1. 黄吟，现任职于长春理工大学外国语学院，副教授，英美文学硕士生导师。

毕业于吉林大学，曾于1995年获美国哥伦比亚大学结业证书。主讲英美文学史及选读课程，曾编撰：

- ①《新编英国文学作品选读》（主编），兵器工业出版社；
- ②《英语二级测试》（主编），东北朝鲜族人民出版社；
- ③《大学英语短语动词精解》（主编），哈尔滨工业大学出版社；
- ④《大学英语阅读理解教程（第四册）》（副主编），中国农业出版社（获农业部优秀教材奖）。

2. 王欣，长春理工大学讲师，毕业于长春理工大学，硕士。曾编有：

- ①《动感英语朗文新要求大学快读教程》（编委），吉林出版集团；
- ②《大学英语快读教程》（编委），吉林出版集团。

3. 王力思，长春理工大学讲师，毕业于长春理工大学，硕士。
4. 李小枫，长春理工大学讲师，毕业于上海外国语大学，硕士。
5. 王一粟，长春理工大学学生。

前 言



英美文学随着社会的发展而推陈出新，呈现出流派纷呈，高潮迭起，名家佳作辈出的局面。英美近现代诗歌、小说、散文、戏剧成就卓著，代表了英美社会文化、政治、经济各领域的精神风貌，为英国和美国乃至世界人民提供了研究英美社会发展的第一手资料及英美人思想及行为的参照。因此，编写《英美文学名作赏析》一书对重温英美文学经典，促进文化交流，提高个人素养及文学鉴赏力，促进文化产业发展具有一定的现实意义。

本书所选作品从不同侧面真实反映了英美特定时代的社会生活，具有积极向上的思想倾向，在艺术上更堪称完美之作，值得我们去学习和借鉴。除每篇作品篇章之外，还编撰有英美文学名家扼要介绍，作品内容梗概，该作品英文赏析或导读。本书本着新颖、合理和实用的原则进行编撰，主要适合为广大文学爱好者阅读及为各高等院校的师生教学及考研之用。本书选材大多是国内同类书籍未选用过的作品，具有新鲜感。另外，关于英美名作的英文导读和赏析较少，因而本书的特点就在于通过通俗易懂的英文赏析或导读来帮助广大读者提高对英美文学的感受力，进而增进大家对英美社会与文化的了解。

由于编者水平有限，风格各异，本书难免有不当之处，希望读者给予谅解。

编 者



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1. Walt Whitman

作者简介



Walt Whitman (1819–1892) is the most remarkable democratic American poet and essayist, who wins the international reputation. He sings the song of himself, the song of labor and freedom and the song of America. Whitman keeps himself loosing from conventional theme, traditional rhymes and meters of the 19th century.

Whitman was born in a carpenter and peasant's family in Brooklyn, New York and because of the extreme poverty, he had to leave school at the age of 11 and began to support himself by working as a printer's assistant and an office boy before turning to teaching in village schools. Living among the down-trodden people, he was familiar with the life and feelings of those farmers, shepherds, students, cart-drivers, workers and bred his love for freedom, labor and common people. At the same time, he collected the vivid materials for his later poetry writing. In 1846, he made himself an editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, a respected newspaper. But two years later, he was dismissed because of his outspoken opposition to slavery. Afterwards, Whitman began to make a tour of his



country to get touch with more low-class people and recognized American society. In 1855, he made the publication of the first version of his masterpiece, *Leaves of Grass* at his own expense. In *Leaves of Grass*, Whitman created a subject matter for poetry and free verse—poetry that doesn't have a regular beat, rhyme, or line length, but instead, uses a rhythm that reinforces the meaning and sound of spoken language.

Leaves of Grass is composed of 12 suits of poems. From 1855 to 1892, it has been reprinted for 11 times. *Leaves of Grass* concerns revolution, labor and common people's life. The poetry sings of the new America, Abraham Lincoln and human beings, and condemns the cruelty of slavery and the darkness of the American society. In *Leaves of Grass*, Whitman "combines the ideal of common people with that of the rugged individual's life experience to develop his democratic ideas." His belief that everything in the Universe is embodying of a soul or cosmic spirit, in *Leaves of Grass* which is admired by Ralph Waldo Emerson who calls *Leaves of Grass* "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that Americans have yet to contribute."

During the American Civil War, Whitman wrote *Drum-Tags*, a collection of poems of which reveal the war and the fighting spirit of American people. Whitman shows his great respect and admiration for Abraham Lincoln, the great president who rose up for the humble class with his democratic ideas. So when Lincoln was assassinated in April, 1865, Whitman produced his elegy *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd* to express his great grief over Lincoln's death. In *O Captain! My Captain!*, his another poem in memory of Abraham Lincoln, Whitman also showed his respect and admiration for Lincoln through the image of the captain. From these poems, we can sense Whitman's democratic viewpoint and his pursuit of freedom and equality. In 1871, Whitman published his famous collection of prose *Democratic Vistas*.

Seven years later, he authored *November Boughs*, the collection of prose and verse, which embodies the maturity of Whitman's poetry and prose writing.

Whitman adopts the rhythms of natural speech, free verse and words from everyday speech to express his democratic beliefs, his compliments for labour and common people as well as his transcendentalist ideas. Although he has been attacked by literary critics for his unconventional style, his poetry is still generally appreciated by readers today.

作品介绍

Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking

Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking is a poem about Whitman's memory of his childhood. It evolves such a theme: the cycle of life and death. At the beginning of this poem, the poet uses three repeated words "out" to create the strong rhythm and make clear its theme. Then, the poet begins to recall the scenes he was familiar with in Long Island, his hometown in his childhood by means of several repeated words "from." At the end of the poem, Whitman expresses his reminiscence of the good old days by such lines, "a man, yet by these tears a little boy again, Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves, chanter's pains and joys" and then the poet gives the implication of death by "swiftly leaping beyond them (pains and joys)" and reveals his nostalgia by a line of "the ocean will sing the song of the good old days." From this poem, we can have a good comprehension of Whitman's optimistic viewpoint of death as well as his outlook on human life. Maybe he maintains death is a natural part of the cycle of life. The images of the rocking cradle, the



singing bird, the sea waves make people sense life's constancy and the change of it. This poem is written in the form of free verse. Its strong rhythms and repetitions intensify the motif of the poem.

作品欣赏

Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond, where the child
leaving his bed wander'd alone, bareheaded, barefoot,
Down from the shower'd halo,
Up from the mystic play of shadows twining and twisting as if they
were alive,
Out from the patches of briars and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,
From your memories sad brother, from the fitful risings and fallings I
heard,
From under that yellow half-moon late-risen and swollen as if with
tears,
From those beginning notes of yearning and love there in the mist,
From the thousand responses of my heart never to cease,
From the myriad thence-arous'd words,
From the word stronger and more delicious than any,
From such as now they start the scene revisiting,
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,

Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter,
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping beyond them,
A reminiscence sing.

Once Paumanok,
When the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-month grass was
growing,
Up this seashore in some briers,
Two feather'd guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with brown,
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,
And every day the she-bird crouch'd on her nest, silent, with bright
eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing
them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together.

Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,



While we two keep together.

Till of a sudden,
May-be kill'd, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouch'd not on the nest,
Nor return'd that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appear'd again.

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glisten'd,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears.

He call'd on his mate,
He pour'd forth the meanings which I of all men know.

Yes my brother I know,
The rest might not, but I have treasur'd every note,

For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds and sights
after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listen'd long and long.

Listen'd to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,
Following you my brother.

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind embracing and lapping, every one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love.

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

Loud! loud! loud!
Loud I call to you, my love!
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves,
Surely you must know who is here, is here,

You must know who I am, my love.

Low-hanging moon!

What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?

O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!

O moon do not keep her from me any longer.

Land! land! O land!

Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate back
again

if you only would,

For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

O rising stars!

Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.

O throat! O trembling throat!

Sound clearer through the atmosphere!

Pierce the woods, the earth,

Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one I want.

Shake out carols!

Solitary here, the night's carols!

Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!

Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!

O under that moon where she droops almost down into the sea!

O reckless despairing carols.

But soft! sink low!

Soft! let me just murmur,
And do you wait a moment you husky-nois'd sea,
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,
But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately to
me.

Hither my love!
Here I am! here!
With this just-sustain'd note I announce myself to you,
This gentle call is for you my love, for you.

Do not be decoy'd elsewhere,
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice,
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray,
Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful.

O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping upon the sea!
O troubled reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.

O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my mate no more, no more with me!

We two together no more.

The aria sinking,
All else continuing, the stars shining,
The winds blowing, the notes of the bird continuous echoing,
With angry moans the fierce old mother incessantly moaning,
On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray and rustling,
The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, drooping, the face of
the sea almost touching,
The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves, with his hair the
atmosphere dallying,
The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last tumultuously
bursting,
The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul, swiftly depositing,
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,
The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering,
The undertone, the savage old mother incessantly crying,
To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing, some drown'd secret
hissing,
To the outsetting bard.

Demon or bird! (said the boy's soul,)
Is it indeed toward your mate you sing? or is it really to me?
For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping, now I have heard you,
Now in a moment I know what I am for, I awake,
And already a thousand singers, a thousand songs, clearer, louder
and more sorrowful than yours,
A thousand warbling echoes have started to life within me, never to die.