



英语美文

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英语美文

(大学英语补充阅读)

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内 容 简 介

本书是大学英语补充阅读教材,可供非英语专业学生课堂选讲,也适合学生课后自行阅读、背诵。本书选录了英语精品文章 81 篇,分为 23 章,每章围绕一个主题(譬如学习、美、父爱、友谊、人生、爱情、青春、梦想、时光等),有短小精悍、余音绕梁的诗歌,有饱含哲理的精品散文,有慈爱满溢的家书,有铿锵有力的演讲稿,还有循循善诱的歌词及名著选摘等。为使学生尽享文字的魅力和阅读的快乐,本书没有附任何习题。每篇文章配有作者简介和生词、难句的注解,诗歌配有汉语译文,方便学生理解原文。

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前 言

执教大学英语多年，笔者发现国内非英语专业大学生普遍存在一个现象：虽然学习英语的年限不短，但大多数非英语专业的学生学英语仅局限于读教科书里的课文、做课后习题及大学英语四六级真题或模拟题，以至于学了多年英语，却背不出一两首英语诗歌，不曾体味英语阅读的“幸福”和“甜蜜”。

因各种原因，非英语专业的英语教科书和各类习题集提供给学生品读英语经典文章的机会不多，以致有的学生对英语世界很有知名度的文人墨客竟闻所未闻，似乎学生上英语课就是为了过级考试，而忽略了英语的实际功能——打开英语世界宝库的钥匙。这把钥匙可以让我们尽情享受英语文学和英语文化。多年教学的切身体会使笔者一直想编写一本英语美文阅读书，将英语专业学生品尝到的“美味”介绍给非英语专业的学生们，因为非英语专业学生也需要了解和欣赏英语世界中诸如培根、拜伦、雪莱、华兹华斯、朗费罗、爱伦·坡、兰斯顿·休斯、狄更生等大家的作品。感谢西安电子科技大学2015年的教材立项和西安电子科技大学出版社，给了我实现夙愿的机会。

本书是一本大学英语补充阅读书、诵读书，可作为大学英语教学的辅助教材。全书共选佳作81篇，分为23章，每章围绕一个主题（譬如学习、美、父爱、友谊、人生、爱情、青春、梦想、时光等），有短小精悍、余音绕梁的诗歌，有饱含哲理的精品散文，有慈爱满溢的家书，有铿锵有力的演讲稿，还有循循善诱的歌词及名著选摘。为了让学生尽享文字的魅力和阅读的快乐，本书没有附任何习题。每篇文章配有作者简介和生词、难句的注解，诗歌配有汉语译文，方便学生理解原文。

本书还选录了不少在英语国家颇有知名度但在国内并不被知晓的文人的经典作品，譬如英国骑士精神的杰出代表菲利普·锡德尼的情诗《协定》，十七世纪的英国诗人、历史学家、探险家沃尔特·罗利在伦敦塔里写就的让人潸然泪下的《与妻书——给伊丽莎白·罗利夫人的信》，十九世纪的著名诗人托马斯·胡德令人拍案叫绝的《十一月》，英国著名战争诗人鲁伯特·布鲁克广为传

诵的爱国诗篇《士兵》，英国著名探险家约翰·斯皮克的非洲探险日志，空想社会主义代表人物托马斯·莫尔的代表作《乌托邦》，以及受到哈代和高斯华绥等人高度评价的威廉姆森的《水獭塔卡》等，相信这些美文也会给英语专业学生别有洞天的感觉。

感谢牛津大学《生物信息学简报》的主编 Martin John Bishop 教授，感谢他对笔者一如既往的支持（因他的鼎力支持，才有《托马斯·胡德诗选》（双语版）的出版），在本书的选材和编辑过程中，这位“百科全书”式的智者，不惜花费自己宝贵的时间和精力为笔者注解所有难以定义的晦涩术语、难句，并附相关链接；还根据主题的需要为笔者推荐了“Hope Springs Eternal”、“Why Dreams?”、“On the Proper Use of Time”和“Tarka the Otter”等文。

本书诗歌的译文得益于昔日同窗田海斌、鲁晓安和西安电子科技大学2016级本科生刘浩宇的校稿和润色。附录中《与妻书——给伊丽莎白·罗利夫人的信》的译文是在西安电子科技大学外国语学院研究生马燕译稿的基础上加以修改润色而成的。在此，笔者对以上诸位深表感谢。

正如坊间流传的那句话，“理想很丰满，现实很骨感”，虽然笔者竭尽所能想达到“一沙一世界，一花一天堂”的效果，但英语精品岂能一书囊括，加之本人才疏学浅，不足之处在所难免，请各位读者及同仁不吝赐教，给予本书日臻完善的机会。

编者

2017年2月

Contents

| | |
|--|----|
| Chapter 1 Vision | 1 |
| The Blind Boy | 1 |
| Three Days to See | 3 |
| Helen Keller | 6 |
| Chapter 2 Dreams | 8 |
| Longing Is Like the Seed | 8 |
| Dreams | 9 |
| Hope Springs Eternal | 10 |
| Why Dreams? | 11 |
| Chapter 3 On Beauty | 14 |
| On Beauty | 14 |
| She Walks in Beauty | 15 |
| To Helen | 17 |
| Beauty | 18 |
| Chapter 4 Nobody | 20 |
| She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways | 20 |
| How Happy Is the Little Stone | 21 |
| A Memorial to Boatswain | 22 |
| Chapter 5 Creatures | 26 |
| The Death of the Moth | 26 |
| The Robin | 29 |
| Tarka the Otter | 31 |
| Chapter 6 On Friendship | 34 |
| Of Friendship | 34 |
| Friends in Infirmity | 36 |
| The Eulogy to the Dog | 38 |
| Chapter 7 On Study | 40 |

| | |
|---|----|
| Of Studies | 40 |
| On Reading | 41 |
| The Pleasure of Books | 43 |
| The Joys of Writing | 45 |
| Chapter 8 Of Seasons | 48 |
| Spring | 48 |
| Spring, the Resurrection Time | 49 |
| Back Yard | 50 |
| A Word for Autumn | 52 |
| January | 54 |
| Chapter 9 Snow | 57 |
| First Snow | 57 |
| London Snow | 58 |
| In the Bleak Midwinter | 61 |
| Chapter 10 Fog | 62 |
| Fog | 62 |
| No! | 63 |
| Fog Patterns | 63 |
| Chapter 11 On The Road Taken | 68 |
| The Two Roads | 68 |
| The Road Not Taken | 69 |
| The Road to Business Success | 71 |
| Chapter 12 On Life | 76 |
| Love Your Life | 76 |
| A Psalm of Life | 77 |
| The Noble Nature | 80 |
| Chapter 13 Love | 82 |
| The Bargin | 82 |
| To Lady Elizabeth Raleigh Walter | 83 |
| Love's Philosophy | 85 |
| Annabel Lee | 87 |
| How Do I Love Thee? | 89 |

| | |
|---|-----|
| My Love Is like a Red Red Rose | 91 |
| Home and Love | 92 |
| Chapter 14 Time | 94 |
| On the Proper Use of Time | 94 |
| Letter XXI | 95 |
| Leisure | 97 |
| Chapter 15 Youth | 99 |
| What Is a Youth | 99 |
| Youth | 101 |
| Envy | 102 |
| Chapter 16 Paternal Love | 105 |
| A Letter from Henry Sidney to Philip Sidney | 105 |
| Letter XXII | 107 |
| From George Washington to Bushrod Washington | 109 |
| Chapter 17 Patriotism | 112 |
| My Loving People | 112 |
| In Flanders Fields | 113 |
| The Soldier | 114 |
| Duty, Honor, Country | 115 |
| Chapter 18 Who's Who | 121 |
| Epitaph on Sir Isaac Newton | 121 |
| Rupert Brooke | 121 |
| Eulogies—"A Lonesome Place Against the Sky" | 124 |
| Chapter 19 Close to Nature | 128 |
| The Table Turned | 128 |
| Nature | 130 |
| Who Has Seen the Wind? | 133 |
| Chapter 20 Classical Speeches | 135 |
| Gettysburg Address | 135 |
| General Patton's Address to the Troops June 5, 1944 | 136 |
| Lecture to Art Students | 141 |
| Chapter 21 Dilemma | 146 |

| | |
|--|-----|
| Work and Pessimism | 146 |
| Let It Be | 148 |
| Talking About Our Troubles | 150 |
| The Rainy Day | 152 |
| Chapter 22 Excerpts of Classics | 154 |
| Who Am I? | 154 |
| Of Their Trades, and Manner of Life | 158 |
| March down the Northern Slopes of Africa | 162 |
| Chapter 23 Meditation | 167 |
| Thoughts in Westminster Abbey | 167 |
| Self-Help—National and Individual | 171 |
| Men of Business | 173 |
| Ideas That Have Harmed Mankind | 174 |
| 附录..... | 183 |

Chapter 1 Vision

眼睛如果还没有变得像太阳，它就看不见太阳；心灵也是如此，如果本身不美就看不见美。

——普洛丁

The Blind Boy


O say what is that thing call'd Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of **wondrous** things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my **hapless** woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.



作者简介: 考利·西伯(Colley Cibber, 1671—1757), 英国剧作家, 桂冠诗人。他以演员起步进而成为喜剧大师、剧院经理, 一生创作、改编了 25 部戏剧。1730 年, 他被授予“桂冠诗人”。他被许多文学大家认为是因政治倾向而非文学成就享有这一封号的, 故招致众多讥讽。他的剧作《致歉》迎来广泛好评, 就连对他一向持批评态度的塞缪尔·约翰逊也对该剧大加赞赏。

注解

wondrous [ˈwʌndrəs] *adj.* 奇妙的

hapless [ˈhæpləs] *adj.* 不幸的

whilst [waɪlst] *conj.* 当……的时候

译文

盲童

哦, 聊聊那叫作“光”的东西好么?
我可是从未享受过,
你们的双眼能看到什么?
我是个可怜的盲孩, 请快告诉我!

你谈你看到的奇妙世界,
你说那太阳金光闪闪,
我感受到了它的温暖,
却看不到白天黑夜的变幻。

我自己决定我的黑夜和白天,
我的黑夜就是我的睡眠,
醒来玩耍的时间,
我唤作白天。

我常听到沉重的叹息,
你们为我的境遇而悲怜,
但我还能承受,
我意识不到的缺憾。

别让我无法拥有的,
毁掉我心灵的快乐,
即便一个悲怜的盲孩, 只要放声歌唱,
我就是个国王。

Three Days to See

If, by some miracle, I were granted three seeing days, to be followed by a **relapse** into darkness, I should divide the period into three parts.

On the first day, I should want to see the people whose kindness and gentleness and companionship have made my life worth living. First I should like to gaze long upon the face of my dear teacher, Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy, who came to me when I was a child and opened the outer world to me. I should want not merely to see the outline of her face, so that I could cherish it in my memory, but to study that face and find in it the living evidence of the sympathetic tenderness and patience with which she accomplished the difficult task of my education. I should like to see in her eyes that strength of character which has enabled her to stand firm in the face of difficulties, and that compassion for all humanity which she has revealed to me so often.

And I should like to look into the loyal, trusting eyes of my dogs—the grave, **canny** little Scottie, Darkie, and the **stalwart**, understanding Great Dane, Helga, whose warm, tender, and playful friendships are so comforting to me.

On that busy first day I should also view the small simple things of my home. I want to see the warm colors in the rugs under my feet, the pictures on the walls, the intimate trifles that transform a house into home. My eyes would rest respectfully on the books in raised type which I have read, but they would be more eagerly interested in the printed books which seeing people can read, for during the long night of my life the books I have read and those which have been read to me have built themselves into a great shining lighthouse, revealing to me the deepest channels of human life and the human spirit.

In the afternoon of that first seeing day, I should take a long walk in the woods and **intoxicate** my eyes on the beauties of the world of Nature, trying desperately to absorb in a few hours the vast splendor which is constantly unfolding itself to those who can see. On the way home from my woodland jaunt my path would lie near a farm so that I might see the patient horses ploughing in the field (perhaps I should see only a tractor!) and the serene content of men living close to the soil. And I should pray for the glory of a colorful sunset.

When dusk had fallen, I should experience the double delight of being able to see by artificial light, which the genius of man has created to extend the power of his sight when Nature decrees darkness.

In the night of that first day of sight, I should not be able to sleep, so full would be my mind of the memories of the day.

The next day—the second day of sight—I should arise with the dawn and see the

thrilling miracle by which night is transformed into day. I should behold with awe the magnificent panorama of light with which the sun awakens the sleeping earth.

This day I should devote to a hasty glimpse of the world, past and present. I should want to see the pageant of man's progress, the **kaleidoscope** of the ages. How can so much be compressed into one day? Through the museums, of course. Often I have visited the New York Museum of Natural History to touch with my hands many of the objects there exhibited, but I have longed to see with my eyes the condensed history of the earth and its inhabitants displayed there—animals and the races of men pictured in their native environment; gigantic **carcasses** of dinosaurs and **mastodons** which roamed the earth long before man appeared, with his tiny stature and powerful brain, to conquer the animal kingdom; realistic presentations of the processes of evolution in animals, in man, and in the implements which man has used to fashion for himself a secure home on this planet; and a thousand and one other aspects of natural history.

The evening of my second day of sight I should spend at a theater or at the movies. Even now I often attend theatrical performances of all sorts, but the action of the play must be spelled into my hand by a companion. But how I should like to see with my own eyes the fascinating figure of **Hamlet**, or the **gusty Falstaff** amid colorful Elizabethan trappings! How I should like to follow each movement of the graceful Hamlet, each strut of the hearty Falstaff! And since I could see only one play, I should be confronted by a many-horned dilemma, for there are scores of plays I should want to see. You who have eyes can see any you like. How many of you, I wonder, when you gaze at a play, a movie, or any spectacle, realize and give thanks for the miracle of sight which enables you to enjoy its color, grace, and movement?

I cannot enjoy the beauty of rhythmic movement except in a sphere restricted to the touch of my hands. I can vision only dimly the grace of a **Pavlova**, although I know something of the delight of rhythm, for often I can sense the beat of music as it vibrates through the floor. I can well imagine that **cadenced** motion must be one of the most pleasing sights in the world. I have been able to gather something of this by tracing with my fingers the lines in sculptured marble; if this static grace can be so lovely, how much more acute must be the thrill of seeing grace in motion.

The following morning, I should again greet the dawn, anxious to discover new delights, for I am sure that, for those who have eyes which really see, the dawn of each day must be a **perpetually** new revelation of beauty.

This, according to the terms of my imagined miracle, is to be my third and last day of sight. I shall have no time to waste in regrets or longings; there is too much to see. The first day I devoted to my friends, **animate** and inanimate. The second revealed to me the history of man and Nature. Today I shall spend in the workaday world of the present, amid the **haunts** of men going about the business of life. And where can one find so many

activities and conditions of men as in New York? So the city becomes my destination.

Perhaps this short outline of how I should spend three days of sight does not agree with the programme you would set for yourself if you knew that you were about to be stricken blind. I am, however, sure that if you actually faced that fate your eyes would open to things you had never seen before, storing up memories for the long night ahead. You would use your eyes as never before. Everything you saw would become dear to you. Your eyes would touch and embrace every object that came within your range of vision. Then, at last, you would really see, and a new world of beauty would open itself before you.

I who am blind can give one hint to those who see—one **admonition** to those who would make full use of the gift of sight: Use your eyes as if tomorrow you would be stricken blind. And the same method can be applied to the other senses. Hear the music of voices, the song of a bird, the mighty strains of an **orchestra**, as if you would be stricken deaf tomorrow. Touch each object you want to touch as if tomorrow your tactile sense would fail. Smell the perfume of flowers, taste with **relish** each **morsel**, as if tomorrow you could never smell and taste again. Make the most of every sense; glory in all the facets of pleasure and beauty which the world reveals to you through the several means of contact which Nature provides. But of all the senses, I am sure that sight must be the most delightful.



作者简介: 海伦·凯勒(Helen Keller, 1880—1968), 19世纪美国盲聋女作家、教育家、慈善家、社会活动家。在19个月大时因病被夺去视力和听力,但她在安妮·莎莉文老师的帮助下,以顽强的毅力,考入哈佛大学,并完成学业。她掌握英、法、德、拉丁语、希腊语等五种语言,撰写了一系列著作;并致力于慈善事业,为残疾人造福。她被美国《时代周刊》评为美国十大英雄偶像之一,荣获“总统自由勋章”等奖项。主要著作有《假如给我三天光明》《我的生活》《我的老师》等。著名作家马克·吐温曾说:“海伦·凯勒和拿破仑是19世纪两位最杰出的人物。”

注 解

本文节选自海伦·凯勒的同名著作。

relapse [rɪ'læps] *n.* 恢复原状

canny ['kæni] *adj.* 精明的

stalwart ['stɔ:lwɜ:t] *adj.* 健壮的

intoxicate [ɪn'tɒksɪkeɪt] *vt.* 使陶醉;使中毒

kaleidoscope [kə'laidəskəʊp] *n.* 万花筒;千变万化

carcass ['kɑ:kəs] *n.* (动物的)尸体

mastodon ['mæstədɒn] *n.* [古生]乳齿象;庞然大物

Hamlet ['hæmlət] 哈姆雷特(莎士比亚同名悲剧中的人物,王子)

gusty [ˈɡʌstɪ] *adj.* 阵风的; 生机勃勃的

Falstaff [ˈfɔ:lstɑ:f] *n.* 福斯塔夫(莎士比亚作品中的喜剧人物)

Pavlova [pævˈlɒvə] 人名, 巴甫洛娃。安娜·巴甫洛娃(Anna Pavlovna, 1881—1931), 十九世纪末二十世纪初俄罗斯乃至世界芭蕾舞坛的一颗巨星、艺术家, 素有“芭蕾女皇”之称, 代表作《天鹅之死》。

cadenced [ˈkeɪdənst] *adj.* 音调整齐的, 有节奏的

perpetually [pəˈpetʃuəli] *adv.* 永恒地, 持久地

animate [ˈænɪmeɪt] *adj.* 有生命的

haunt [hɔ:nt] *n.* 栖息地; 常去的地方

admonition [ˌædməˈnɪʃ(ə)n] *n.* 警告

orchestra [ˈɔ:kɪstrə] *n.* 管弦乐队; 乐队演奏处

relish [ˈrelɪʃ] *n.* 滋味; 食欲;

morsel [ˈmɔ:s(ə)l] *n.* 一口; (食物)少量

Helen Keller

She,
In the dark,
Found light
Brighter than many ever see.
She,
Within herself,
Found loveliness,
Through the soul's own mastery.
And now the world receives
From her dower:
The message of the strength
Of inner power.

作者简介: 兰斯顿·休斯(Langston Hughes, 1902—1967), 美国诗人、小说家、剧作家及专栏作家, 被誉为“黑人民族的桂冠诗人”。他是早期新文学艺术形式爵士诗的发起人之一, 也是二十世纪哈莱姆文艺复兴运动中最重要作家及思想家之一。1922年, 休斯进入哥伦比亚大学学习, 一年后辍学。之后他当过厨师助理、洗衣工、勤杂工、水手等, 阅历丰富。1924年, 他移居华盛顿, 2年后发表了第一部诗集《疲惫的蓝调》。在美国文坛, 特别是黑人文学领域, 作品涉及小说、戏剧、散文、历史、传记等多种文体的他是一个举足轻重的人物, 尤以诗歌著称。

译文

海伦·凯勒

是她
在黑暗里
发现了光明
而这光明比许多人视线里的还要明亮。

是她
凭借自身的力量
和心灵的感悟
实现了富足
于是全世界
享受着她的财富：
她宣告着
内心的永不屈服。

Chapter 2 Dreams

希望是件好事，也许是最美好的事。

——电影《肖申克救赎》

Longing Is Like the Seed

Longing is like the Seed
That wrestles in the Ground,
Believing if it **intercede**
It shall at length be found.

The Hour, and the Clime —
Each Circumstance unknown,
What Constancy must be achieved
Before it see the Sun!

作者简介：艾米莉·狄更生 (Emily Dickinson, 1830—1886)，美国传奇诗人，美国现代主义诗歌的先驱之一(与惠特曼齐名)。出生于律师家庭，青少年时代接受正规宗教教育。从二十五岁起，她弃绝社交，深居简出，生活单调而平静，终身未嫁，文学史上称她为“阿默斯特的女尼”。她的诗歌关注自然、生命、信仰、友谊、爱情等，颇富生活情趣；诗风凝练婉约、意向清新，极具独创性。生前只发表过诗歌七首，身后随着她的诗歌(一千八百首)为世人所知，声名剧增，被认为是古希腊萨福以来西方最杰出的女诗人。代表作有《我从未看过荒原》《云暗》《我是无名之辈》《逃亡》《希望》《战场》等。

注 解

intercede [ˌɪntəˈsiːd] *vi.* 说情，周旋

译 文

渴望就像种子
渴望就像泥土里
奋力挣扎的种子，