

快乐英语
Happy English

英汉对照



*The Purest Fairy
Tales in The World*

人类 最纯真 的童话

张艳玲 主编

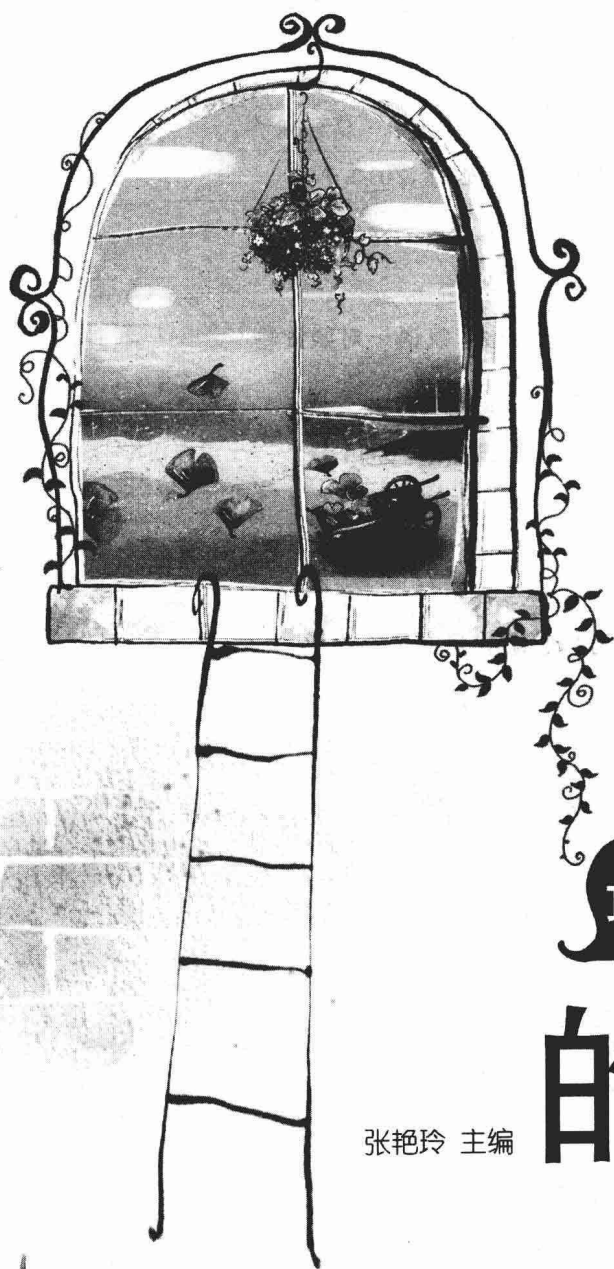
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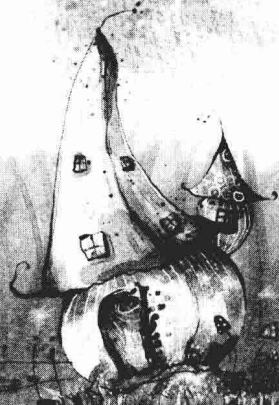


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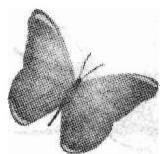
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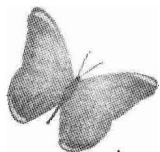
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安徒生童话

安徒生 (Hans Christian Andersen, 1805—1875), 19 世纪丹麦作家, 世界文学童话最杰出的代表之一。他生于丹麦菲英岛欧登塞的贫民区, 从小深受贫困的折磨。他的文学创作生涯开始于 1822 年, 早期主要撰写诗歌和歌剧。1833 年, 他出版长篇小说《即兴诗人》, 赢得了国际性的声誉。“为了争取未来的一代”, 安徒生决定开始童话创作, 出版了《给孩子们的故事》。直至 1872 年因患癌症才逐渐搁笔。在近 40 年中, 他共创作童话 168 篇。代表作: 《丑小鸭》、《卖火柴的小女孩》、《海的女儿》等。



人类最纯真的童话

The Purest Fairy Tales In The World

The Emperor's New Suit

Many, many years ago lived an emperor, who thought so much of new clothes that he spent all his money in order to obtain them; his only ambition was to be always well dressed. He did not care for his soldiers, and the theater did not amuse him; the only thing, in fact, he thought anything of was to drive out and show a new suit of clothes. He had a coat for every hour of the day; and as one would say of a king "He is in his cabinet," so one could say of him, "The emperor is in his dressing - room."

The great city where he resided was very gay; every day many strangers from all parts of the globe arrived. One day two swindlers came to this city; they made people believe that they were weavers, and declared they could manufacture the finest cloth to be imagined. Their colors and patterns, they said, were not only exceptionally beautiful, but the clothes made of their material possessed the wonderful quality of being invisible to any man who was unfit for his office or unpardonably stupid.

"That must be wonderful cloth," thought the emperor. "If I were to be dressed in a suit made of this cloth I should be able to find out which men in my empire were unfit for their places, and I could distinguish the clever from the stupid. I must have this cloth woven for me without delay." And he gave a large sum of money to the swindlers, in



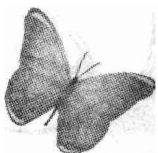
advance, that they should set to work without any loss of time.

They set up two looms, and pretended to be very hard at work, but they did nothing whatever on the looms. They asked for the finest silk and the most precious gold – cloth; all they got they did away with, and worked at the empty looms till late at night.

“I should very much like to know how they are getting on with the cloth,” thought the emperor. But he felt rather uneasy when he remembered that he who was not fit for his office could not see it. Personally, he was of opinion that he had nothing to fear, yet he thought it advisable to send somebody else first to see how matters stood. Everybody in the town knew what a remarkable quality the stuff possessed, and all were anxious to see how bad or stupid their neighbors were.

“I shall send my honest old minister to the weavers,” thought the emperor. “He can judge best how the stuff looks, for he is intelligent, and nobody understands his office better than he.”

The good old minister went into the room where the swindlers sat before the empty looms. “Heaven preserve us!” he thought, and opened his eyes wide, “I cannot see anything at all,” but he did not say so. Both swindlers requested him to come near, and asked him if he did not admire the exquisite pattern and the beautiful colors, pointing to the empty looms. The poor old minister tried his very best, but he could see nothing, for there was nothing to be seen. “Oh dear,” he thought, “can I be so stupid? I should never have thought so, and nobody must know it! Is it possible that I am not fit for my office? No, no, I cannot say that I was unable to see the cloth.”



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"Now, have you got nothing to say?" said one of the swindlers, while he pretended to be busily weaving.

"Oh, it is very pretty, exceedingly beautiful," replied the old minister looking through his glasses. "What a beautiful pattern, what brilliant colors! I shall tell the emperor that I like the cloth very much."

"We are pleased to hear that," said the two weavers, and described to him the colors and explained the curious pattern. The old minister listened attentively, that he might relate to the emperor what they said; and so he did.

Now the swindlers asked for more money, silk and gold - cloth, which they required for weaving. They kept everything for themselves, and not a thread came near the loom, but they continued, as hitherto, to work at the empty looms.

Soon afterwards the emperor sent another honest courtier to the weavers to see how they were getting on, and if the cloth was nearly finished. Like the old minister, he looked and looked but could see nothing, as there was nothing to be seen.

"Is it not a beautiful piece of cloth?" asked the two swindlers, showing and explaining the magnificent pattern, which, however, did not exist.

"I am not stupid," said the man. "It is therefore my good appointment for which I am not fit. It is very strange, but I must not let any one know it;" and he praised the cloth, which he did not see, and expressed his joy at the beautiful colors and the fine pattern. "It is



very excellent," he said to the emperor.

Everybody in the whole town talked about the precious cloth. At last the emperor wished to see it himself, while it was still on the loom. With a number of courtiers, including the two who had already been there, he went to the two clever swindlers, who now worked as hard as they could, but without using any thread.

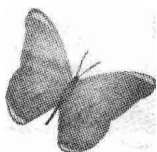
"Is it not magnificent?" said the two old statesmen who had been there before. "Your Majesty must admire the colors and the pattern." And then they pointed to the empty looms, for they imagined the others could see the cloth.

"What is this?" thought the emperor, "I do not see anything at all. That is terrible! Am I stupid? Am I unfit to be emperor? That would indeed be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me."

"Really," he said, turning to the weavers, "your cloth has our most gracious approval;" and nodding contentedly he looked at the empty loom, for he did not like to say that he saw nothing. All his attendants, who were with him, looked and looked, and although they could not see anything more than the others, they said, like the emperor, "It is very beautiful."

And all advised him to wear the new magnificent clothes at a great procession which was soon to take place. "It is magnificent, beautiful, excellent," one heard them say; everybody seemed to be delighted, and the emperor appointed the two swindlers "Imperial Court weavers."

The whole night previous to the day on which the procession was



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to take place, the swindlers pretended to work, and burned more than sixteen candles. People should see that they were busy to finish the emperor's new suit. They pretended to take the cloth from the loom, and worked about in the air with big scissors, and sewed with needles without thread, and said at last: "The emperor's new suit is ready now."

The emperor and all his barons then came to the hall; the swindlers held their arms up as if they held something in their hands and said: "These are the trousers!" "This is the coat!" and "Here is the cloak!" and so on.

"They are all as light as a cobweb, and one must feel as if one had nothing at all upon the body; but that is just the beauty of them."

"Indeed!" said all the courtiers; but they could not see anything, for there was nothing to be seen.

"Does it please your Majesty now to graciously undress," said the swindlers, "that we may assist your Majesty in putting on the new suit before the large looking - glass?"

The emperor undressed, and the swindlers pretended to put the new suit upon him, one piece after another; and the emperor looked at himself in the glass from every side.

"How well they look! How well they fit!" said all. "What a beautiful pattern! What fine colors! That is a magnificent suit of clothes!"

The master of the ceremonies announced that the bearers of the canopy, which was to be carried in the procession, were ready.



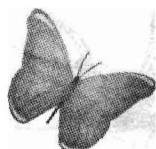
"I am ready," said the emperor. "Does not my suit fit me marvelously?" Then he turned once more to the looking-glass, that people should think he admired his garments.

The chamberlains, who were to carry the train, stretched their hands to the ground as if they lifted up a train, and pretended to hold something in their hands; they did not like people to know that they could not see anything.

The emperor marched in the procession under the beautiful canopy, and all who saw him in the street and out of the windows exclaimed: "Indeed, the emperor's new suit is incomparable! What a long train he has! How well it fits him!"

Nobody wished to let others know he saw nothing, for then he would have been unfit for his office or too stupid. Never emperor's clothes were more admired.

"But he has nothing on at all," said a little child at last. "Good heavens! Listen to the voice of an innocent child," said the father, and one whispered to the other what the child had said. "But he has nothing on at all," cried at last the whole people. That made a deep impression upon the emperor, for it seemed to him that they were right; but he thought to himself, "Now I must bear up to the end." And the chamberlains walked with still greater dignity, as if they carried the train which did not exist.



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1. emperor 皇帝；皇帝的身份〔地位，统治〕
2. amuse 娱乐，使……喜欢〔高兴〕
3. manufacture （成批）生产，制造；捏造，虚构，粗制滥造（文学作品等）
4. unpardonably 不能宽恕的，不能原谅的
5. personally 作为个人，我个人，就自己而言
6. remarkable 值得注意的，惊人的；显著的；非凡的
7. requested 请求，恳求，恳请；要求物，需要品
8. minister 部长；阁员
9. brilliant 明亮的，辉煌的，灿烂的；漂亮的
10. continue 连续，继续；延伸
11. magnificent 宏大的，堂皇的；（衣服、装饰等）华丽的
12. appointment 任命，委派，任用
13. contented 满足的，满意的；甘心的
14. chamberlain （国王的）侍从；（贵族的）管家
15. incomparable 无比的，无双的；不能比较的



皇帝的新装

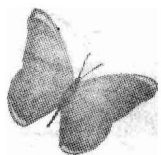
很多年以前，有一位皇帝，他非常喜欢穿漂亮的新衣服。为了要穿得漂亮，他把所有的钱都花在美丽的衣着上了，他从来不关心他的军队，也不喜欢去看戏。事实上，他只喜欢乘着马车逛公园，以此来炫耀他的新衣服。一天当中，他每个钟头要换一套新衣服。人们提到皇帝时总是说：“他在处理朝政。”但是人们一提到他时，总是说：“皇上在更衣室里。”

在他所居住的那个大城市里，人们生活的非常愉快。每天有许多异乡人从四面八方来到这里。一天，两个骗子来到这座城市。他们说自己会织布，声称能织出谁也想象不到的最美丽的布。这种布的色彩和图案不仅格外漂亮，而且用这种材料缝制出来的衣服还有一种奇异的特性，那就是凡是不称职的人或者愚蠢的人，都看不到。

“那种布料做成的衣服一定棒极了！”皇帝心里想，“如果我穿上了这样的衣服，就能够知道我的王国里哪些人不称职；也可以辨别出哪些人是聪明的，哪些人是愚蠢的。是的，我一定要让他们马上织出这样的布！”他给了两个骗子许多钱，叫他们马上开始工作。

他们摆出两架织机来，装作努力工作的样子，可是他们的织机上却什么东西也没有。他们接二连三地向皇帝索要最好的丝线和最纯的金子。但是他们把这些东西都装进自己的腰包，然后依然假装在那两架空空的织机上忙碌着，一直忙到深夜。

“我真想知道他们的布究竟织得怎么样了。”皇帝想。但是，当他想起了愚蠢的人或不称职的人看不见这布时，他心里的确感到有些不舒服。当然，他相信自己是没有什么可害怕的。不过，虽然如此，他还是决定先派一个人去看看工作进展的如何。全城的人都听说这是一种有奇特魔力的布，所以大家都很想趁此机会来测验一下，看看他们的邻人究竟有多么



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愚蠢。

“我要派诚实的老大臣到织布工那里去看看，”皇帝想，“这布料只有他能看出是个什么样子，因为他很有判断力，而且没有谁比他更称职。”

于是，这位诚实的老大臣就到那两个骗子工作的地方去了。他们正在空空的织机上忙碌着。“天哪！这是怎么一回事儿？”老大臣暗想，眼睛睁得有碗口那么大。“我什么东西也没有看见！”但是他并没有把这句话说出来。

那两个骗子请他走近一些，同时问他，布的花纹是不是很漂亮，色彩是不是很华丽，他们指着那两架空空的织机。

可怜的老大臣眼睛越睁越大，可他还是什么东西也看不见，因为那里的确什么东西也没有。“我的天啊！”他想，“难道我是一个愚蠢的人吗？我可从来不这样认为。我决不能让任何人知道这一点。难道我不称职吗？——不，不！我决不能让人知道我看不见布料。”

“哎，您难道没有什么话想说吗？”一个正在织布的织工说。

“啊，美极了！真是美妙极了！”老大臣说。他戴着眼镜仔细地看。“多么漂亮的花纹！多么漂亮的色彩！是的，我将要呈报皇上说我对于这布感到十分满意。”

“嗯，我们很高兴听到您这样说。”两个织工一起说。他们把这些稀有的色彩和花纹加上些名词儿描述了一番。这位老大臣注意地听着，以便回到皇帝那里去时，可以原封不动地背得出来。事实上，他确实那样做了。

这两个骗子又要了更多的钱，更多的丝和金子，他们说这是为了织布的需要。他们把所有这些装进腰包里，连一根线也没有放到织机上去。然后，他们还是继续在空空的织布机上工作。

过了不久，皇帝派了另一位诚实的官员去看看，布是不是很快就可以织好。像那位诚实的老大臣一样，他看了又看，但是那两架空空的织机上什么也没有，他什么东西也看不到。“您看这段布是不是很美？”两个骗子

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问。他们指着一些美丽的花纹，并且作了一些解释。事实上什么花纹也没有。

“我并不愚蠢！”这位官员想，“难道是因为我不配担当现在这样好的官职吗？这真是太奇怪了，但是我决不能让任何人看出来！”因此他把完全没有看见的布称赞了一番，同时对他们说，他非常喜欢这些美丽的颜色和巧妙的花纹。“是的，那真是美极了。”他回去对皇帝说。

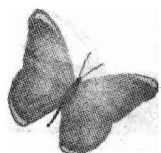
城里每一个人都在谈论这美丽的布料。

当这布还在织的时候，皇帝就很想亲自去看看。他选了一群特别圈定的随员——其中包括已经去看过的那两位诚实的大臣。这样，他就到那两个狡猾的骗子住的地方去。这两个家伙正在全神贯注地织布，但是一根线的影子也看不到。“您看这不漂亮吗？”那两位诚实的官员说。“陛下请看，多么漂亮的花纹！多么漂亮的色彩！”他们指着那架空空的织机，因为他们以为别人一定能够看得见布料的。

“这到底是怎么一回事儿呢？”皇帝心里想。“我什么也没有看到！真是太荒唐了！难道我是一个愚蠢的人吗？难道我不配做皇帝吗？这真是我碰见过的一件最可怕的事情。”“啊，它真是漂亮极了！”皇帝说，“我非常地满意！”

于是，他点头以示满意。他装作很认真地看着织机的样子，因为他不愿意说出他什么也没有看见。跟他来的全体随员也仔细地看了又看，可是他们也没有看出更多的东西。不过，他们也照着皇帝的话说：“啊，真是棒极了！”他们建议皇帝用这种新奇的、美丽的布料做成衣服，穿上这衣服亲自去参加快要举行的游行大典。“真漂亮！真精致！真是好极了！”每个人都随声附和着。每个人都有说不出的快乐。皇帝赐给骗子每人一个爵士的头衔和一枚可以挂在纽扣洞上的勋章；并且还封他们为“御聘织师”。

第二天早晨，游行大典就要举行了。在游行前一天的晚上，这两个骗子整夜不睡，点起 16 支蜡烛。你可以看到他们是在赶夜工，加紧赶制皇帝的新衣。他们假装把布料从织机上取下来。他们用两把大剪刀在空中裁了



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一阵子，同时又用没有穿线的针缝了一通。最后，他们齐声说：“请看！新衣服做好了！”

皇帝带着他最高贵的武士们亲自来到这里。这两个骗子每人举起一只手，好像他们拿着一件什么东西似的。他们说：“请看吧，这是裤子，这是袍子！这是外衣！”等等。“这衣服像蜘蛛网一样轻柔，穿着它的人会觉得好像身上什么东西也没有似的——这也正是这衣服的妙处。”

“一点也不错。”所有的武士都说。可是他们什么也没有看见，因为实际上什么东西也没有。“现在请皇上脱下衣服，”两个骗子说，“我们将要为陛下在这个大镜子面前换上这套新衣服。”

皇帝把身上的衣服全都脱光了。这两个骗子装作把他们刚才缝好的新衣服一件一件地交给他。他们在他的腰围那儿弄了一阵子，好像是系上一件什么东西似的：这就是后裾。皇帝在镜子面前转了转身子，扭了扭腰肢。“上帝，这衣服多么合身啊！式样裁得真是棒极了！”大家都说，“多么漂亮的花纹！多么漂亮的色彩！这真是一套华贵的衣服！”

“大家已经在外面把华盖准备好，恭候陛下了！”典礼官说。

“好的，我已经准备好了，”皇帝说，“这衣服看起来合身吗？”于是他又在镜子面前把身子转动了一下，因为他要叫大家看出他在认真地欣赏他美丽的服装。

那些负责托着后裾的内臣们，都把手在地上东摸西摸，好像他们真的在拾其后裾似的。他们开步走，手中托着空气——他们不敢让人注意到他们实在看不到任何东西。

就这样，皇帝在富丽的华盖下游行起来了。站在街上和窗子里的人都说：“天啊，皇上的新装真是无与伦比！他上衣下面的后裾是多么美丽！衣服多么合身！”谁也不愿意让人知道自己看不见任何东西，因为这样就会暴露自己不称职，或是太愚蠢。皇帝所有的衣服从来没有得到这样普遍的称赞。

“但是他什么衣服也没有穿呀！”一个小孩子最后叫出声来。