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船林童话集 Grimm's Fairy Tales

Grimm brothers

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在如今的信息社会中,英语作为国际通用语言,它对国民经济的发展起到了推波助澜的作用。

学习英语已经成为无数中国青年在求职之前的首选义修课,特别是近几年来,为迎接2008奥运会的召开,参与学习英语的人群已经进入了全民学习的阶段。但注注因缺乏对欧洲文化背景的了解,人们在阅读英文书刊或与英语国家人士的交注中增加了许多困难。由于东西方文化有着很大的差异,小的如名言、人名,大到各个时期的哲学思想、艺术创作、文学著作等,都与当时的文化密不可分。而文学著作更是包罗万象,通过阅读不同作家的作品,我们不仅能了解西方社会的文化背景和社会面貌,还能感悟大师们各自的观点,思想和主张。因此我们认为文学名著是开启西方文化大门的金钥匙。

基于以上原因,我们选择出版这套常用英语经典名著丛书,献给有定于提高英语阅读水平,进一步了解西方文化的朋友。优秀的文学作品是人们不可缺少的精神食粮,它对培养人的品德、开阔视野、丰富想象力、陶冶情操等方面,都会起到十分重要的作用。而英文版文学名著的出版,更能使读者深切体会原汁原味的西方文化,感受西方文化的独特魅力,从而丰富自己的思想,给本应属于自己脑海中的那部分知识增添一些色彩。

愿您能从本套丛书中获取您想要的东西。

常用英语经典丛书编委会 2004.北京



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March The Frog-King, or Iron Henry

In olden times when wishing still helped one, there lived a king whose daughters were all beautiful, but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun itself, which has seen so much, was astonished whenever it shone in her face. Close by the King's castle lay a great dark forest, and under an old lime - tree in the forest was a well, and when the day was very warm, the Kin's child went out into the forest and sat down by the side of the cool fountain; and when she was bored she took a golden ball, and threw it up on high and caught it; and this ball was her favourite plaything.

Now it so happened that on one occasion the princess's golden ball did not fall into the little hand which she was holding up for it, but on to the ground beyond, and rolled straight into the water. The King's daughter followed it with her eyes, but it vanished, and the well was deep, so deep that the bottom could not be seen. At this she began to cry, and cried louder and louder, and could not be comforted. And as she thus lamented, someone said to her: "What ails you, King's daughter? You weep so that even a stone would show pity." She looked round to the side from whence the voice came, and saw a frog stretching forth its big, ugly head from the water. "Ah! old water - splasher, is it you?" said she; "I am weeping for my golden ball, which has fallen into the well."

"Be quiet, and do not weep," answered the frog, "I can help you, but what will you give me if I bring your plaything up again?" Whatever you will have, dear frog, said she—"my clothes, my pearls and juwels, and even the golden crown which I am wearing."

The frog answered: "I do not care for your clothes, your pearls and Jewels, nor for your golden crown; but if you will love me and let me be your companion and play - fellow, and sit by you at your little table, and eat off your little golden plate, and drink out of your little cup, and sleep in your little bed—if you will promise me this I will go down below, and bring you your golden ball up again."

"Oh, yes, "said she, "I promise you all you wish, if you will but bring me my ball back again." But she thought: "How the silly frog does talk! All he does is to sit in the water with the other frogs, and croak! He

The Frog King, or Iron Henry

can be no companion to any human being!"

But the frog when he had received this promise, put his head into the water and sank down, and in a short while came swimming up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The King's daughter was delighted to see her pretty plaything once more, and picked it up, and ran away with it. "Wait, wait," said the frog. "Take me with you. I can't run as you can." But what did it avail him to scream his croak, croak, after her, as loudly as he could? She did not listen to it, but ran home and soon forgot the poor frog, who was forced to go back into his well again.

The next day when she had seated herself at table with the King and all the courtiers, and was eating from her little golden plate, something came creeping splish splash, splish splash, up the marble staircase, and when it had got to the top, it knocked at the door and cried: "Princess, youngest princess, open the door for me." She ran to see who was outside, but when she opened the door, there sat the frog in front of it. Then she slammed the door to, in great haste, sat down to dinner again, and was quite frightened. The King saw plainly that her heart was beating violently, and said: "My child, what are you so afraid of? Is there perchance a giant outside who wants to carry you away?" "An, no," replied she, "it is no giant, but a disgusting frog."

"What does the frog want with you?" "An, dear father, yesterday as I was in the forest sitting by the well, playing, my golden ball fell into the water. And because I cried so, the frog brought it out again for me; and because he so insisted, I promised him he should be my companion, but I never thought he would be able to come out of his water! And now he is outside there, and wants to come in to me."

In the meantime it knocked a second time, and cried:

"Princess! youngest princess!

Open the door for me!

Do you not know what you said to me

Yesterday by the cool waters of the well?

Princess, youngest princess!

Open the door for me!"

Then said the King: "That which you have promised must you perform. Go and let him in." She went and opened the door, and the frog hopped in and followed her, step by step, to her chair. There he sat and cried: "Lift me up beside you." She delayed, until at last the King commanded

her to do it. Once the frog was on the chair he wanted to be on the table, and when he was on the table he said: "Now, push your little golden plate nearer to me that we may eat together." She did this, but it was easy to see that she did not do it willingly. The frog enjoyed what he ate, but almost every mouthful she took choked her. At length he said: "I have eaten and am satisfied; now I am tired, carry me into your little room and make your little silken bed ready, and we will both lie down and go to sleep."

The King's daughter began to cry, for she was afraid of the cold frog which she did not like to touch, and which was now to sleep in her pretty, clean little bed. But the King grew angry and said: "He who helped you when you were in trouble ought not afterwards to be despised by you. "So she took hold of the frog with two fingers, carried him upstairs, and put him in a corner. But when she was in bed he crept to her and said: "I am tired. I want to sleep as well as you. lift me up or I will tell your father." At this she was terribly angry, and took him up and threw him with all her might against the wall. "Now, will you be quiet, odious frog,"said she. But when he fell down he was no frog but a king's son with kind and beautiful eyes. He by her father's will was now her dear companion and husband. Then he told her how he had been bewitched by a wicked witch, and how no one could have delivered him from the well but herself, and that to - morrow they would go together into his kingdom. Then they went to sleep, and next morning when the sun awoke them, a carriage came driving up with eight white horses, which had white ostrich feathers on their heads, and were harnessed with golden chains, and behind stood the young King's servant, faithful Henry, Faithful Henry had been so unhappy when his master was changed into a frog, that he had caused three iron hands to be laid round his heart, lest it should burst with grief and sadness. The carriage was to conduct the young King into his kingdom. Faithful Henry helped them both in, and placed himself behind again, and was full of joy because of this deliverance. And when they had driven a part of the way, the King's son heard a cracking behind him as if something had broken. So he turned round and cried: "Henry, the carriage is breaking."

"No,master,it is not the carriage. It is a hand from my heart, which was put there in my great pain when you were a frog and imprisoned in the well." Again and once again while they were on their way something cracked, and each time the King's son thought the carriage was breaking; but it was only the bands which were springing from the heart of faithful Henry because his master was set free and was happy.

★ Little Red—Cap

Once upon a time there was a dear little girl who was loved by every one who looked at her, but most of all by her grandmother, and there was nothing that she would not have given to the child. Once she gave her a little cap of red velvet, which suited her so well that she would never wear anything else; so she was always called 'Little Red - Cap.'

One day her mother said to her: "Come, Little Red - Cap, here is a piece of cake and a bottle of wine; take them to your grandmother, she is ill and weak, and they will do her good. Set out before it gets hot, and when you are going, walk nicely and quietly and do not run off the path, or you may fall and break the bottle, and then your grandmother will get nothing; and when you go into her room, don't forget to say, 'Good-morning,' and don't peep into every corner before you do it."

"I will take great care," said Little Red—Cap to her mother, and gave her hand on it.

The grandmotner lived out in the wood, half a league from the village, and just as Little Red—Cap entered the wood, a wolf met her.Red—Cap did not know what a wicked creature he was, and was not at all afraid of him.

"Good—day,Little Red—Cap,"said he.

"Thank you kindly, wolf."

"Whither away so early, Little Red—Cap?"

"To my grandmother's."

"What have you got in your apron?"

"Cake and wine; yesterday was baking—day, so poor sick grandmother is to have something good, to make her stronger."

"Where does your grandmother live, Little Red—Cap?"

"A good quarter of a league farther on in the wood; her house stands under the three large oak—trees, the nut—trees are just below; you surely must know it, "replied Little Red—Cap.

The wolf thought to himself: "What a tender young creature! want a nice plump mouthful—she will be better to eat than the old woman. I must act craftily, so as to catch both." So he walked for a short time by the side of Little Red—Cap, and then he said: "See, Little Red—Cap, how

pretty the flowers are about here—why do you not look round? I believe, too, that you do not hear how sweetly the little birds are singing; you walk gravely along as if you were going to school, while everything else out here in the wood is merry."

Little Red—Cap raised her eyes, and when she saw the sunbeams dancing here and there through the trees, and pretty flowers growing everywhere, she thought: "Suppose I take grandmother a fresh nosegay; that would please her too. It is so early in the day that I shall still get there in good time"; and so she ran from the path into the wood to look for flowers. And whenever she had picked one, she fancied that she saw a still prettier one farther on, and ran after it, and so got deeper and deeper into the wood.

Meanwhile the wolf ran straight to the grandmother's house and knocked at the door.

"Who is there?"

"Little Red—Cap," replied the wolf. "She is bringing cake and wine; open the door."

"Lift the latch," called out the grandmother, "I am too weak, and cannot get up."

The wolf lifted the latch, the door sprang open, and without saying a word he went straight to the grandmother's bed, and devoured her. Then he put on her clothes, dressed himself in her cap, laid himself in bed and drew the curtains.

Little Red—Cap, however, had been running about picking flowers, and when she had gathered so many that she could carry no more, she remembered her grandmother, and set out on the way to her.

She was surprised to find the cottage—door standing open, and when she went into the room, she had such a strange feeling that she said to herself: "Oh dear! how uneasy I feel today, and at other times I like being with grandmother so much. She called out: "Good morning," but received no answer, so the went to the bed and drew back the curtains. There lay her grandmother with her cap pulled far over her face, and looking very strange."

"Oh! grandmother," she said, "what big ears you have!"

"The better to hear you with, my child, "was the reply.

"But, grandmother, what big eyes you have!" she said.

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what large hands you have!"

And scarcely had the wolf said this, than with one bound he was out of bed and swallowed up Red—Cap.

When the wolf had appeased his appetite, he lay down again in the bed, fell asleep and began to snore very loud. The huntsman was just passing the house, and thought to himself: "How the old woman is snoring! I must just see if she wants anything."So he went into the room, and when he came to the bed, he saw that the wolf was lying in it. "Do I find you here, you old sinner!" said he. "I have long sought you!" Then just as he was going to fire at him, it occurred to him that the wolf might have devoured the grandmother, and that she might still be saved, so he did not fire, but took a pair of scissors, and began to cut open the stomach of the sleeping wolf. When he had made two snips, he saw the little Red—Cap shining, and then he made two snips more, and the little girl sprang out, crying: "Ah, how frightened I have been! How dark it was inside the wolf"; and after that the aged grandmother came out alive also, but scarcely able to breathe. Red—Cap, however, quickly fetched great stones with which they filled the wolf's belly, and when he awoke, he wanted to run away, but the stones were so heavy that he collapsed at once, and fell dead.

Then all three were delighted. The huntsman drew off the wolf's skin and went home with it; the grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine which Red—Cap had brought, and revived, but Red—Cap thought to herself: "As long as I live, I will never by myself leave the path, to run into the wood, when my mother has forbidden me to do so."

It is also related that once when Red—Cap was again taking cakes to the old grandmother, another wolf spoke to her, and tried to entice her from the path.Red—Cap, however, was on her guard, and went straight forward on her way, and told her grandmother that she had met the wolf, and that he had said good—morning to her, but with such a wicked look in his eyes, that if they had not been on the public road she was certain he would have eaten her up. "Well," said the grandmother, "we will shut the door, that he may not come in. "Soon afterwards the wolf knocked, and cried: "Open the door, grandmother, I am little Red—Cap, and am bringing you some cakes." But they did not speak, or open the door, so the grey beard stole twice or thrice round the house, and at last jumped on the

[&]quot;The better to hug you with"

[&]quot;Oh! but, grandmother, what a terrible big mouth you have!"

[&]quot;The better to eat you with!"

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roof, intending to wait until Red—Cap went home in the evening, and then to steal after her and devour her in the darkness. But the grand—mother saw what was in his thoughts. In front of the house was a great stone trough, so she said to the child: "Take the pail, Red—Cap; I made some sausages yesterday, so carry the water in which I boiled them to the trough." Red—Cap carried until the great trough was quite full. Then the smell of the sausages reached the wolf, and he sniffed and peeped down, and at last stretched out his neck so far that he could no longer keep his footing and began to slip, and slipped down from the roof straight into the great trough, and was drowned. But Red—Cap went joyously home, and no one ever did anything to harm her again.

Manual Thumbling

There was once a poor peasant who sat in the evening by the hearth and poked the fire, and his wife sat and spun. Then said he: "How sad it is that we have no children! With us all is so quiet, and in other houses it is noisy and lively."

"Yes,"replied the wife, and sighed, "even if we had only one, and it were quite small, and only as big as a thumb, I should be quite satisfied, and we would still love it with all our hearts." Now it so happened that the woman fell ill, and after seven months, gave birth to a child, that was perfect in all its limbs, but no longer than a thumb. Then said they: "It is as we wished it to be, and it shall be our dear child"; and because of its size, they called it Thumbling. Though they did not let it want for food, the child did not grow taller, but remained as it had been at the first. Nevertheless it looked sensibly out of its eyes, and soon showed itself to be a wise and nimble creature, for everything it did turned out well.

One day the peasant was getting ready to go into the forest to cut wood, when he said as if to himself: "How I wish that there was someone who would bring the cart to me!" "Oh, father, "cried Thumbling, "I will soon bring the cart, rely on that; it shall be in the forest at the appointed time." The man smiled and said: "How can that be done, you are far too small to lead the horse by the reins?" "That's of no consequence, father, if my mother will only harness it, I will sit in the horse's ear, and call out to him how he is to go." "Well, "answered the man, "for once we will try it."

When the time came, the mother harnessed the horse, and placed Thumbling in its ear, and then the little creature cried "Gee up, gee up!"

Then it went quite properly as if with its master, and the cart v ent the right way into the forest. It so happened that just as he was turning a corner, and the little one was crying "Gee up," two strange men came towards him. "My word!" said one of them. "What is this? There is a cart coming, and a driver is calling to the horse, and still he is not to be seen!" That can't be right, "said the othe, "we will follow the cart and see where it stops. "The cart, however, drover right into the forest,

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and exactly to the place where the wood had been cut. When Thumbling saw his father, he cried to him: "Do you see, father, here I am with the cart; now take me down."The father got hold of the horse with his left hand, and with the right took his little son out of the ear. Thumbling sat down quite merrily on a straw, but when the two strange men saw him, they did not know what to say for astonishment. Then one of them took the other aside and said: "Listen, the little fellow would make our fortune if we exhibited him in a large town, for money. We will buy him," They went to the peasant and said: "Sell us the little man. He shall be well treated with us.""No, "replied the father, "he is the apple of my eye, and all the money in the world cannot buy him from me. "Thumbling, however, when he heard of the bargain, had crept up the folds of his faterh's coat. placed himself on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear: "Father, do give me away. I will soon come back again. Then the father parted with him to the two men for a handsome sum of money. "Where will you sit?" they said to him. "Oh, just set me on the rim of your hat, and then I can walk backwards and forwards and look at the country, and still not fall down."They did as he wished, and when Thumbling had taken leave of his father, they went away with him. They walked until it was dusk, and then the little fellow said: "Do take me down, it is necessary." "Just stay up there,"said the man on whose hat he sat, "it makes no difference to me. The birds sometimes let things fall on me. ""No, "said Thumbling, "I know what's manners; take me quickly down." The man took his hat off, and put the little fellow on the ground by the wayside, and he leapt and crept about a little between the sods, and then he suddenly slipped into a mouse—hole which he had sought out. "Good evening, gentlemen, just go home without me,"he cried to them, and mocked them. They ran thither and stuck their sticks into the mouse—hole, but it was all in vain. Thumbling crept still farther in, and as it soon became quite dark, they were forced to go home with their vexation and their empty purses.

When Thumbling saw that they were gone, he crept back out of the subterranean passage. "It is so dangerous to walk on the ground in the dark," said he; "how easily a neck or a leg is broken!" Fortunately he stumbled against an empty snail—shell. "Thank God!" said he. "In that I can pass the night in safety," and got into it. Not long afterwards, when he was just going to sleep, he heard two men go by, and one of them was saying: "How shall we set about getting hold of the rich pastor's silver and gold?" I could tell you that," cried Thumbling, interrupting

them. "What was that?" said one of the thieves in a fright, "I heard someone speaking." They stood still listening, and Thumbling spoke again, and said: "Take me with you, and I'll help you."

"But where are you?" Just look on the ground, and obseve from whence my voice comes,"he replied. There the thieves at length found him, and lifted him up. "You little imp, how will you help us?" they said. "Listen, "said he, "I will creep into the pastor's room through the iron bars, and will reach out to you whatever you want to have." "Come then," they said, "and we will see what you can do." When they got to the pastor' s house, Thumbling crept into the room, but instantly cried out with all his might: "Do you want to have everything that is here?" The thieves were alarmed, and said: "But do speak softly, so as not to waken any one!" Thumbling, however, behaved as if he had not understood this, and cried again: "What do you want? Do you want to have everything that is here?" The cook, who slept in the next room, heard this and sat up in bed, and listened. The thieves, however, had in their fright run some distance away, but at last they took courage, and thought: "The little rascal wants to mock us." They came back and whispered to him: "Come, be serious, and reach something out to us. "Then Thumbling again cried as loudly as he could: "I really will give you everything, just put your hands in."The maid who was listening, heard this quite distinctly, and jumped out of bed and rushed to the door. The thieves took flight, and ran as if the Wild Huntsman were behind them, but as the maid could not see anything, she went to strike a light. When she came to the place with it, Thumbling, unperceived, betook himself to the granary, and the maid, after she had examined every comer and found nothing, lay down in her bed again, and believed that, after all, she had only been dreaming with open eyes and ears.

Thumbling had climbed up among the hay and found a beautiful place to sleep in; there he intended to rest until day, and then go home again to his parents. But there were other things in store for him. Truly, there is much worry and affliction in this world! When day dawned, the maid arose from her bed to feed the cows. Her first walk was into the barn, where she laid hold of an armful of hay, and precisely that very oe in which poor Thumbling was lying asleep. He, however, was sleeping so soundly that he was aware of nothing, and did not awake until he was in the mouth of the cow, who had picked him up with the hay. "Ah, heavens!" cried he, "how have I got into the fulling mill?" but he soon discovered