

双语美文悦读馆

# 追忆 似水年华

(小说美文)

主编 执云 / 魏茂峰 译

GOLDEN AGE TIME RECOLLECTING

流年似水，往昔之事引人无限遐思。  
时间是雕刻人的最佳工具。



光明日报出版社

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## 主编寄语

每一次的相遇都会发生一些故事，相遇可以是人，亦可是物。如伯牙之于子期、陆游之于唐婉、伯乐之于千里马，而人与好书的相遇，也定会携带醉人的故事。

与一本好书相遇，如同十字路口寻获了地标，减少了些许的迷茫。

与一本好书相遇，如同都市尘嚣偶得了清茗，涤荡了几多的倦怠。

与一本好书相遇，如同夜深枯灯瞥见了后窗，增加了无限的遐思。

与一本好书相遇，如同历史遗迹发掘了珍宝，开拓了未知的视野。

每个人会与许多不同的好书相遇，这是人与物的牵绊，也是人与人的牵绊。每个人与好书相遇都在上演着各自不同的故事。当然你也不例外，现在你也与一本好书相遇了。这本书中有优美的英文及美丽的中文，她会给你山泉般甘甜的知识，待你畅游你未曾游览过的景致，而你又将与她上演怎样精彩的故事呢……





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## The Gift of the Magi

*O. Henry*

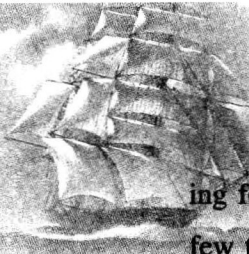
One dollar and eighty – seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it in the smallest pieces of money—pennies. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty – seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas. There was clearly nothing to do but sit down and cry. So Della cried. This led her to the thought that life is made up of little cries and smiles, with more little cries than smiles.

Jim earned twenty dollars a week, which does not go far. Expenses had been greater than she had expected. They always are. Many a happy hour she had spent planning to buy something nice for him. Something fine and rare—something close to being worthy of the honor of belonging to Jim.

Now, Mister and Missus James Dillingham Young had two possessions which they valued. One was Jim's gold time piece, the watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Delia's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in their building, Delia would have let her hair hang out the window to dry just to reduce the value of the queen's jewels.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, shining like a brown waterfall. It reached below her knees and made itself almost like a cover-





ing for her. And then quickly she put it up again. She stood still while a few tears fell on the floor.

She put on her coat and went out the door and down the street. Where she stopped the sign read, "Madame Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." Della ran up the steps to the shop, out of breath.

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take your hat off and let us have a look at it."

Down came the beautiful brown waterfall of hair.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the hair with an experienced hand.

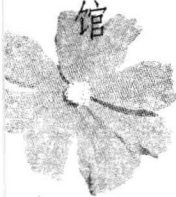
"Give it to me quick," said Della.

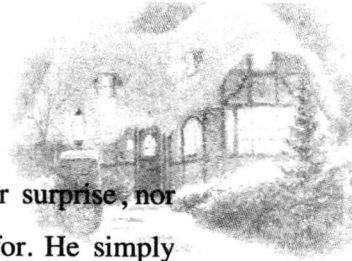
The next two hours went by as if they had wings. Della looked in all the stores to choose a gift for Jim.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. It was a chain—simple round rings of silver. It was perfect for Jim's gold watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be for him. It was like him. Quiet and with great value. She gave the shopkeeper twenty — one dollars and she hurried home with the eighty — seven cents that was left.

At seven o'clock that night the coffee was made and the pan on the back of the stove was hot and ready to cook the meat.

Jim was never late coming home from work. Della held the silver chain in her hand and sat near the door. The door opened and Jim stepped in. He stopped inside the door, as immovable as a dog smelling a bird. His eyes were fixed upon Della. There was an expression in them that she





could not read, and it frightened her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor fear, nor any of the feelings that she had been prepared for. He simply looked at her with a strange expression on his face. Della went to him.

“Jim, my love,” she cried, “do not look at me that way. I had my hair cut and sold because I could not have lived through Christmas without giving you a gift. My hair will grow out again. I just had to do it. My hair grows very fast. Say ‘Merry Christmas!’ Jim, and let us be happy. You do not know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I have for you.”

“You have cut off your hair?” asked Jim, slowly, as if he had not accepted the information even after his mind worked very hard.

“Cut it off and sold it,” said Della. “Do you not like me just as well? I am the same person without my hair, right?”

Jim looked about the room as if he were looking for something.

“You say your hair is gone?” he asked. Jim seemed to awaken quickly and put his arms around Della. Then he took a package from his coat and threw it on the table.

“Do not make any mistake about me, Dell,” he said. “I do not think there is any haircut that could make me like my girl any less. But if you will open that package you may see why you had me frightened at first.”

White fingers quickly tore at the string and paper. There was a scream of joy; and then, alas! A change to tears and cries, requiring the man of the house to use all his skill to calm his wife.

For there were the combs—the special set of objects to hold her hair that Della had wanted ever since she saw them in a shop window. Beautiful combs made of shells, with jewels at the edge—just the color to wear



in the beautiful hair that was no longer hers. They cost a lot of money, she knew, and her heart had wanted them without ever hoping to have them. And now, the beautiful combs were hers, but the hair that should have touched them was gone.

But she held the combs to herself, and soon she was able to look up with a smile and say, "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

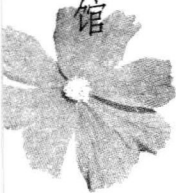
Then Della jumped up like a little burned cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful gift. She happily held it out to him in her open hands. The silver chain seemed so bright.

"Isn't it wonderful, Jim? I looked all over town to find it. You will have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim fell on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let us put our Christmas gifts away and keep them a while. They are too nice to use just right now. I sold my gold watch to get the money to buy the set of combs for your hair. And now, why not put the meat on?"



valued a. 经估价的, 贵重的, 受尊重的

jewel n. 珠宝, 贵重物, 镶珠宝的饰物

vt. 饰以珠宝, 镶以宝石

immovable a. 不能移动的, 固定的



## 麦琪的礼物

欧·亨利

一元八角七分，全在这儿了，而且其中有六角是一分一分的钢镚儿。德拉反复数了三遍，还是一元八角七分，可是第二天就是圣诞节了。显然，除了坐下来哭泣，没有别的办法了。所以，德拉哭了。这让她不禁想到，生活就是由哭泣和微笑组成的，而哭泣常常多于微笑。

吉姆一周赚20块钱，实在不算多。生活花销比想象的大多了，而且总是这样。她曾花费了多少快乐的光间盘算着送他一件可心的礼物，一件精美而珍稀的礼物——至少能配得上吉姆才行啊。

如今，詹姆斯·迪林汉姆·杨夫妻两人分别拥有一件被视如珍宝的东西。一件是吉姆的金表，那是他的爸爸从他的爷爷那里得到、又传给他的传家宝；另一件就是德拉的秀发。假如示巴女王也住在她们这栋公寓里，德拉一定会把长发垂在窗外晾着，使那女王的珠宝相形见绌。

此时此刻，德拉的秀发垂撒在她的周围，光泽闪耀，宛如一道褐色的瀑布。美发末及膝盖，仿佛给她穿上了一件长袍。接着，她又急忙把长发盘起来，站在原地一动不动，几滴眼泪跌落在地板上。

她穿上外衣，走到楼下街上，在一块招牌前停下脚步。招牌上写着“索佛罗妮夫人——专营各种头发产品”。她一口气跑到楼上，累得气喘吁吁。

“你买我的头发吗？”德拉问道。

“买呀，”夫人说，“把帽子摘下来，让我看看你的头发。”

褐色瀑布般的美丽长发一泻而下。



“20 块钱。”夫人一边说，一边老练地挽起她的头发。

“那给我钱吧。”德拉说。

接下来的两个小时犹如长了翅膀，过得飞快。德拉跑遍了所有的店铺为吉姆寻找礼物。

终于找到了。那简直就是为吉姆专门定制的——一条由简约的银质小环串成的表链。用它来配吉姆的金表是最合适不过的。第一眼看到这条表链时她就知道，它就是为吉姆而做的。它就像吉姆本人一样，不张扬却很宝贵。她给了商店老板 21 块钱，揣着剩下的八角七分钱匆匆赶回了家。

七点钟，咖啡已经煮好了，炉子上的煎锅也热了，她准备煎肉了。

吉姆下班回家一向准时，德拉手拿着银表链坐在门边。门开了，吉姆走了进来。他一动不动地站在那儿，就好像狗儿闻到了小鸟的气息一样。他直勾勾地盯着德拉，那种表情她看不懂，于是她不禁害怕起来。既不是愤怒，也不是惊讶，更不是害怕，根本不是她预料中的任何一种神情。他只是带着这种奇怪的表情看着她。

德拉走到他的面前，大声说道：“吉姆，亲爱的，别那样看着我。我是把头发剪掉卖了，因为不送你一件礼物，我根本无法过圣诞节。头发很快就会再长起来的，我只能这么做了。我的头发长得很快的！对我说‘圣诞快乐’吧，吉姆，咱们都高高兴兴的。你肯定想不到我给你买了一件多么好、多么漂亮精致的礼物！”

“你把头发剪掉了？”吉姆缓缓地问道，似乎绞尽脑汁也没弄明白是怎么回事。

“剪掉卖了，”德拉说，“你不也同样喜欢我吗？虽然没了长发，可我还是我，对吗？”

吉姆四下看看房间，似乎在找什么。

“你是说你的头发没了？”他问道。吉姆好像刚刚从恍惚之中清醒过来，一把把德拉搂在怀里。接着，他从大衣口袋里掏出一个 small 盒，扔在桌上。





“别误会，德尔，”他说，“我觉得无论什么发型都不会减少我对我妻子的爱。不过你打开那包东西，就会明白我为什么一开始被你吓着了。”

白皙的手指迅速地解开绳子，打开包装纸，紧接着是欣喜若狂的尖叫声。然后，哎！又变成了泪水和哭泣，需要男主人使出浑身解数来安慰她。

因为是那套梳子，那套可以把头发盘起来的特殊梳子。自从德拉在一个商店橱窗里看见过之后，就一直想要。那些美丽的梳子是用贝壳做成的，边上镶着珠宝，颜色正好同她卖了的美丽长发相配。她知道，这一定花了很多钱。虽然她一直很想要，但却从来没有奢望拥有过。现在，漂亮的梳子是她的了，可是能佩戴梳子的头发却没了。

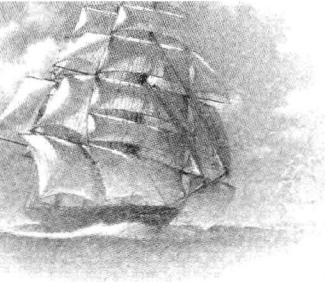
然后，德拉就像一只被烫伤的小猫一样跳了起来，叫道：“喔！喔！”

吉姆还没有看到他漂亮的礼物呢。她兴高采烈地把手掌摊开，伸到他面前。那条银表链看起来是那么光彩夺目。

“漂亮吗，吉姆？我搜遍了全城才找到的。现在，你可以每天看一百次时间了。把表给我，我要看看它配上表的样子。”

吉姆没有拿表，反而躺倒在沙发上，两手枕在头下，笑了起来。

“德尔，”他说，“我们把圣诞礼物放在一边保存一阵儿吧。它们实在太珍贵了，现在用不合适。我把金表卖了，换成钱为你买了那套发梳。那咱们开始煎肉吧！”



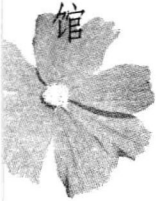
## The Little Match Girl(excerpted)

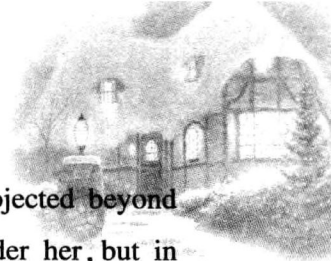
*Hans christian Andersen*

It was dreadfully cold, it was snowing fast, and almost dark; the evening—the last evening of the old year was drawing in. But, cold and dark as it was, a poor little girl, with bare head and feet, was still wandering about the streets. When she left her home she had slippers on, but they were much too large for her; indeed, properly, they belonged to her mother, and had dropped off her feet whilst she was running very fast across the road, to get out of the way of two carriages. One of the slippers was not to be found, the other had been snatched up by a little boy, who ran off with it thinking it might serve him as a doll's cradle.

So the little girl now walked on, her bare feet quite red and blue with the cold. She carried a small bundle of matches in her hand, and a good many more in her tattered apron. No one had bought any of them the live-long day; no one had given her a single penny. Trembling with cold and hunger crept she on, the picture of sorrow; poor little child!

The snow – flakes fell on her long, fair hair, which curled in such pretty ringlets over her shoulders; but she thought not of her own beauty, or of the cold. Lights were glimmering through every window, and the savour of roast goose reached her from several houses; it was New Year's eve, and it was of this that she thought.

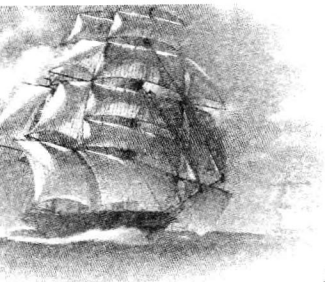




In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other. She sat down, drawing her little feet close under her, but in vain, she could not warm them. She dared not go home, she had sold no matches, earned not a single penny, and perhaps her father would beat her, besides her home was almost as cold as the street, it was an attic; and although the larger of the many chinks in the roof were stopped up with straw and rags, the wind and snow often penetrated through. Her hands were nearly dead with cold; one little match from her bundle would warm them. Perhaps, if she dared light it, she drew one out, and struck it against the wall, bravo! it was a bright, warm flame, and she held her hands over it. It was quite an illumination for that poor little girl; nay, I call it rather a magic taper, for it seemed to her as though she was sitting before a large iron - stove with brass ornaments, so beautifully blazed the fire within! The child stretched out her feet to warm them also; alas, in an instant the flame had died away, the stove vanished, the little girl sat cold and comfortless, with the burnt match in her hand.

A second match was struck against the wall; it kindled and blazed, and wherever its light fell the wall became transparent as a veil. The little girl could see into the room within. She saw the table spread with a snow - white damask cloth, whereon were ranged shining china - dishes; the roast goose stuffed with apples and dried plums stood at one end, smoking hot, and which was pleasantest of all to see; the goose, with knife and fork still in her breast, jumped down from the dish, and waddled along the floor right up to the poor child. The match was burnt out, and only the thick, hard wall was beside her.





## 卖火柴的小女孩（节选）

安徒生

天气非常非常冷，雪下得很大，夜幕已降临。这是旧年最后的一夜——除夕之夜。尽管天气是那么的寒冷和黑暗，一个贫穷的小女孩，光头赤脚仍在大街上徘徊。当她离家出门的时候，脚上穿着一双拖鞋，那是一双相当大的拖鞋——的确太大了，那是她妈妈穿着合适的一双拖鞋。当她匆忙横穿马路的时候，两辆马车飞快地闯过来，吓得她把拖鞋跑丢了。一只怎么也找不到，另一只被一个小男孩抢跑了。那小男孩可能把鞋拿回家去给玩具娃娃当摇篮了。

现在这小女孩只好光着脚在街上走，一双小脚冻得红一块青一块的。她那破旧的围裙兜着许多火柴，手里还拿着一小捆。可整整一天谁也没有向她买过一根——谁也没有给她一个铜板。她又饿又冷，哆哆嗦嗦地向前走着，这是一幅非常凄惨的景象：可怜的小姑娘！

雪花落在她那金黄色的头发上——长长的头发打着小卷儿披散在肩上，看起来十分美丽，心里想的不是自己多漂亮，也不是天多寒冷。从每扇窗子透出的亮光和飘出的烤鹅肉香味，今天是除夕之夜，这才是她心里想的。

街边一前一后坐落着两座房子，形成一个小墙角，她蹲在墙角里，把一双小脚缩到身下坐了下来，可是没有用，她还是不得暖和。她不敢回家，因为她还没有卖掉一根火柴，没有挣到一个铜板，她的父亲也许会因此打她，况且她家几乎和大街上一样冷。那是一间阁楼，虽然屋顶上几个较大的裂缝用干草和破布堵住了，可风雪还是不时地灌进来，她那双小手差不多冻僵了。她想，只要她敢抽出一根火柴，对着墙上擦燃，就可以

