

美丽英文系列丛书

# 缤纷的人生之旅

*COLORFUL JOURNEY OF LIFE*

本书编选了各个时代的部分名家名篇名作，这些不朽的传世力作一定能使读者领略到文学奇葩的瑰丽！

余平姣◎编著

励志美文 英汉对照



企业管理出版社

ENTERPRISE MANAGEMENT PUBLISHING HOUSE

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## The Good Old Times

Charles lamb

查尔斯·兰姆 (Charles lamb, 1775—1834), 英国最杰出的小品文作家、散文家。他的散文在世界文学中具有不朽的艺术魅力。

兰姆的散文以举重若轻、委婉谦和的叙事风格, 风趣、博雅的文笔, 揭示出深沉博大的人类之爱, 教会人们什么才是爱的真谛。他的作品总有一种独特神韵, 有股令人感动的力量。《伊里亚随笔》是其后期的作品, 其丰富的情趣和精妙的表述为兰姆赢得了英国散文创作中首屈一指的地位。《好时光不再重现》便是其中的名篇之一。

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to, but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and **saucers** were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?—to that little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—china teacup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics) , yet on terra firma still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly mandarin, handing tea to a lady from salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on teacups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty **mincing** foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world ) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream! Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays. Here—a cow and rabbit couchant, and coextensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson (which we are old-fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon) , some of these speciosa miracula upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking how favorable circumstances had been to us of late years that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to over shade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

“I wish the good old times would come again,” she said, “when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor; but there was a middle



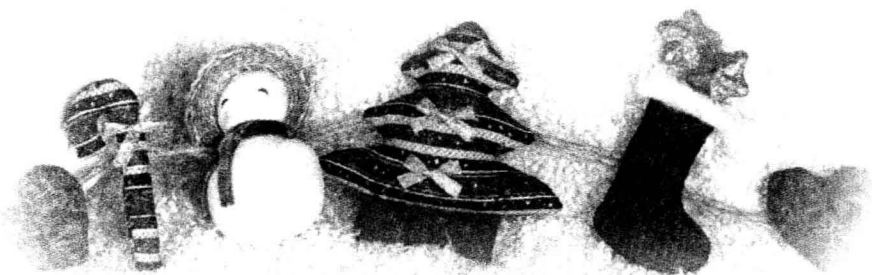
state” ——so she was pleased to ramble on——“in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!) ——we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the for and against, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

“Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so **threadbare**——and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker’s in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten O’clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late——and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper ( for he was setting bed -wards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures——and when you lugged it borne, wishing it were twice as cumbersome——and when you presented it to me——and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (collating, you called it) ——and while I was repairing some of these loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak——was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and **finical**, give you half the honest vanity with which you flaunted it about in that over worn suit——your old corbeau——for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify

your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.


“When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Leonardo, which we christened the ‘Lady Blanch’; when you look at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi’s, and buy a wilderness of Leonardos. Yet do you?

“Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter’s Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holiday—holidays, and all other fun, are gone now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day’s fare of savory cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noontide for some decent house, where we might go in and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and **speculate** upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a tablecloth—and wish for such another honest hostess as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a fishing—anti sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now—when we go out a day’s pleasuring, which is seldom, moreover, we ride part of the way—and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense—which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage and a precarious welcome.



“You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the Battle of Hexham, and the Surrender of Calais, and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in the Children in the Wood—when we squeezed out our shillings apiece to sit three or four times in a season in the one—shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria. You used to say that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were **obliged** to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have

been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases was bad enough—but there was still a law of civility to woman recognized to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.”



### 热词空间

saucer n. 茶碟，垫盘，茶托

mincing adj. 矫饰的，装模作样的，装腔作势的

sentiment n. 感情；情绪；情操；感伤

threadbare adj. 穿破旧衣服的，俗套的

finical adj. 过分讲究的；爱挑剔的

speculate v. 深思，投机；推测

obliged adj. 感激的

# 好时光不再重现

[英] 查尔斯·兰姆

我对古瓷器的偏爱趋近于女性化。每次造访大户人家，我都会要求先看看瓷器架，再是画廊。我改变不了这个欣赏的先后顺序。只能说人人都有这样或那样的偏好，只是年代久远人们不可能记得哪些是后天形成的。我还记得跟人看的第一出戏、第一次展览，但真不记得这些瓷坛瓷碟是何时进入我的思维空间的。

我当时就不曾抵触，现在又怎会反感呢？在常人眼中，那些怪异的天蓝色的小巧形体在那个没有透视的世界——一个瓷茶杯上不受任何局限，飘浮不定，根本就毫无规律可寻。

我喜欢看这些老朋友们——他们不会因距离而缩小，看似在半空漂浮着（正如我的眼睛所看到的），但又踏在坚实的土地上。我们不得不怀着一颗虔诚的心来解释那个深蓝色的点：为了使其看上去不那么荒诞不经，造诣深厚的艺术家，在他们拖鞋底下点了那个蓝点。

我喜欢长相女性化的男人和女人味十足的女人。

这是一位彬彬有礼的年轻的中国官员，他正在两里开外的地方用托盘向一位夫人敬茶。崇敬就是由这样的距离中衍生出来的！就是这位女士，或者另外一位——因为在茶杯上的相似等同于相同，正要走进一只精巧的小船中，而小船正停在花园中那条平静的小河的这边。只见她莲步轻移，

若是不出所料（像我们生活中一样的话），她将会踏上那片布满鲜花的草地，草地就在200米以外的一条同样奇特的河的对岸。远处——如果他们也有远近的话——可以看见马、树、塔等正跳着圆圈舞。这儿，一头奶牛同一只兔子伏首地上，同样大——画面显示如此。美丽的中国空气清新。

昨天晚上我和表妹首次用我们刚买的一套与众不同的蓝色古瓷器喝茶（我们都很怀旧，可以喝着不掺杂任何东西的茶静静地坐一下午）。我把上面的一些奇观异景指给她看，禁不住说：“这些年我们过得多幸福呀，竟然可以买到如此好的东西一饱眼福。”这时，她的眉头掠过一丝伤感的阴影——我总是善于觉察她心中的愁云。

“我多希望过去的美好时光可以重现，”她说：“那时我们并不富有。我不是说想成为穷人，但那是一种中间状态，”她喜欢随口漫谈，“我相信如果是那样的话，我们现在会更更快乐。现在你有钱了，购物也就仅仅就是购物了，要在从前买东西可是件令人快乐的事。如果我们相中了一件便宜的奢侈品时（哦！那时我要赢得你的同意多难啊！）常常要讨论好几天，精打细算，看可以从哪儿省出钱来，要存多久才能凑够那个数；我觉得当时买的每件物品都物有所值。

“你还记得你经常穿的那件棕色外套吗？朋友们都觉得穿着它太丢面子了！衣服的线头都露出来了！这都要归咎于波蒙特和弗莱彻的对开本剧作集。那是一个深夜，你把剧作集从科文特加登剧院的巴克书店拖了回来。记得当时我们犹豫良久直到星期六晚上十点才决定将它买下。从伊斯灵顿出发时，你十分担心，因时实在是太晚了。不过幸运的是书店老板虽然不乐意，有些嘟囔，但仍借助摇曳的烛火（他准备睡觉了）从尘封的宝藏中将这件遗物翻了出来。而你回到家后，仍希望这本书的内容能两倍于你买回来的。你不等天亮就迫不及待把它拿给我看，我们一起检查它的完整性（你称之为校对），然后我用糨糊将疏松了的书页粘补整齐。你能说穷人就没有快乐吗？说说你现在穿的这件整洁的黑礼服吧，自从我们变得富有之后，我们也随之变得讲究了，我们就很精心地打理它。为了安抚一

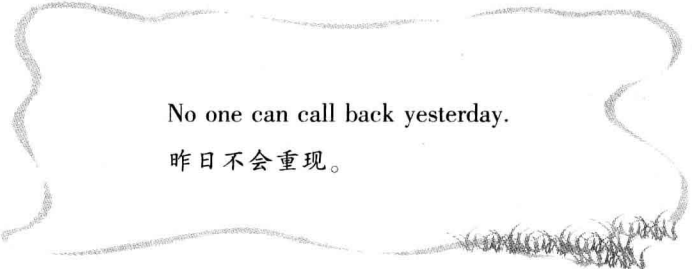
下不安的心情，这件衣服你多穿了四五个星期——因为这件衣服花了15或16先令的巨款（从前我们觉得这是个大数目，你把钱都用来买那本旧书了）。但是这件黑礼服带给你快乐和满意有你那件旧衣服一半多吗？现在你能随心所欲地买你喜欢的书，但却一直没能带一本好的旧书回来给我。

“因为买了一件不到15先令的列昂纳多仿制品——就是我们称为布朗奇夫人的那幅画，你至少对我说了不下20句的‘对不起’！当你看着画，想着花的钱——想着花的钱，再看那幅画时——你会觉得穷人的生活没有乐趣吗？而如今，你只需走进科尔拉吉画店，只要你想，你就可以买到列氏的画，对吧？”

“然后，还记得吗，我们徒步去恩菲尔德、波特斯巴和沃尔瑟姆旅行时是多么的开心快乐！当然现在我们有钱了，可以出去度假之类的，但却全然没有了兴致。还记得那只小提篮吧：我用它来装薄荷冷羊肉和沙拉。记得你如何打听到一家还不错的餐馆，只需花点钱买你非要不可的麦芽酒，便允许我们进去摆出自带的食物。我们看着老板娘的神色暗自揣测，看她是否会给我们铺上桌布——我们真心期望她是个朴实厚道的老板娘，就像艾萨克·沃尔顿所描绘的那样，他在风景宜人的丽河两岸钓鱼时遇到过许多这样的老板娘——她们有时慷慨热情但有时又很冷淡。不过我们仍很快乐，吃着我们的家常便饭，很少渴望皮斯卡托的鳟鱼厅，还记得吗？现在我们开心玩一天的机会太少了，即使出游大多也是以车代步，住最好的酒店，不计价格点最好的菜，但味道却远远不如偶尔在乡下吃的农家饭。在乡下时我们不知道人家会怎么招待我们，欢不欢迎我们。”

“你现在太自傲了，只愿坐在正厅后排看戏。记得看《赫克瑟姆之战》、《征服加来》和斑尼斯特与布兰德夫人主演的《丛林中的孩子们》时，我们都坐哪里吗？我们坐在门票为一先令的走廊座上。那时候，我们必须尽量节约每个先令，只有这样我们才有机会一个季度去看上三四出戏。你一直觉得不该带我去，而我却一直很感激你能带我去，在羞愧的同时享受更大的乐趣——开幕了，我们介意坐在哪里吗？或者说坐在哪里重

要吗？我们的思绪早已随着罗莎琳德飞到阿登，或随着薇奥拉飞进伊利里亚法院。你过去常说顶层楼座是欣赏戏剧的最佳之处，还说演出次数应越少越好。当时我们在剧院里见到的观众，一般不看剧本，所以看戏时都很专注，全神贯注的，——因为即使只是漏掉一个字都是一种无法弥补的缺憾。那时我们就靠这种想法来安慰自己。作为女性，我想问一下，是不是在剧院有了昂贵的座位，我就可以得到更多的礼遇？事实并非如此。以前虽然进门走楼梯时的秩序相当差，但是女士优先的惯例却被良好的保持着，克服一点小麻烦后，再坐下来舒适地看戏，真是其乐无穷！现在我们只需付完钱然后往里走。你说如今在顶层楼座看不清演出了，但肯定的是当年我们看得清楚也听得明白，并且感觉良好——但那时的一切都已随贫穷消逝了。”



No one can call back yesterday.

昨日不会重现。



## Music

Walt Whitman

沃尔特·惠特曼 (Walt Whitman, 1819—1892), 美国19世纪最伟大的诗人之一, 著有诗集《草叶集》。其诗作热情奔放, 不受传统格律束缚, 超越了传统诗作的一般美学形式, 因此有“自由的追求者”之名。对美国和欧洲自由诗的发展有着很大的影响。

惠特曼的诗适合大声朗读, 其诗的一部分精髓是通过声音来体验的, 他的诗作曾被多位著名的作曲家引用, 创作成交响曲。

Never did music more sink into and soothe and fill me——never so prove its soul——**rousing** power, its impossibility of statement.

Especially in the **rendering** of one of Beethoven's master septets...

I was carried away, seeing, absorbing many wonders. Dainty abandon, sometimes as if Nature laughing on a hillside in the sunshine; serious and firm monotonies, as of winds; a horn sounding through the tangle of the forest, and the dying echoes; soothing floating of waves, but presently rising in surges, angrily lashing, muttering, heavy; **piercing** peals of laughter, for interstices; now and then weird, as Nature herself is in certain moods——but mainly **spontaneous**, easy, careless——often the sentiment of the postures of naked children playing or sleeping.