



超级畅销书双语彩色插图本

中英对照 彩色插图 难词解释



The Secret Garden

秘密花园

[美] 弗朗西丝·伯内特 著

马 萧 江承志 译

一本关于爱与自然的

心灵魔法书

中国国际广播出版社

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译者序

弗朗西斯·伯内特 (1849~1924) 生于英国曼城, 是著名的英裔美国小说家、剧作家、儿童文学家。幼年生活在曼城的贫民窟里, 家境贫寒凄惨。1854 年父亲去世, 是年她只有 5 岁。1865 年举家迁往美国田纳西州的诺克斯维尔市。这次搬迁对其家境并没有多大的改善, 1867 年母亲去世, 18 岁的弗朗西斯担负起了抚养 4 个弟妹的重任。她开始以写作来艰难地维持着全家的生计。1877 年她发表了成名作《劳瑞家的女儿》(The Lass of Lowrie's), 该故事取材于幼年时代在英国兰开夏的生活经历。1886 年发表的儿童小说《小少爷方特罗伊》(Little Lord Fauntleroy), 非常成功, 卖出 50 多万册。此后, 还发表了《萨拉·克鲁》(1888 年), 并于 1905 年改编成话剧《小公主》(Little Prince), 极为成功。她的代表作《秘密花园》(The Secret Garden) 于 1909 年发表, 奠定了她的文学地位。晚年弗朗西斯潜心研究心灵学和通神学, 试图从中寻找心灵安慰, 这些观念在其作品中都有反映, 如在小说《秘密花园》中, 残疾的柯林认为可以用积极的思想和观念来医治自己的疾病。弗朗西斯的主要写作特点是把细致入微的现实主义描写与浪漫主义的故事情节紧密结合。

《秘密花园》讲述了一个发人深省的故事。主人公玛莉生于印度的一个村庄, 父母都是英国人, 一次霍乱摧毁了这个印度的小村庄, 玛莉的父母和奶妈也在霍乱中死去, 成为孤儿的玛莉只好投靠在英国的姑父。她被带到英国后, 生活在姑父的庄园里。玛莉在印度时, 由于缺乏父母的关爱, 长得面黄肌瘦, 丑陋不

堪，性格也变得古怪、孤僻、任性。来到姑父的庄园后，她先后结识了玛莎——一个纯朴的乡村女孩，玛莎的弟弟笛肯——憨厚率真、乐于助人的沼泽男孩，以及自己的堂兄柯林——专横、怪僻、忧郁，病魔缠身的小少爷。柯林的母亲在他出生时意外死亡，姑父克莱文先生由于失去了心爱的妻子，受到了严重的精神创伤，从此一蹶不振。他遗弃了柯林，将妻子喜爱的花园钥匙埋掉，不准任何人进入。从此以后，花园也就被人们遗忘，进入花园的门也无人知晓。一天，出于好奇，玛莉偶然发现了这个被遗弃的花园，花园四周都是围墙。在知更鸟的指引下，她找到了花园的钥匙和通向花园的门。开始时，她和笛肯在花园里挖地种花，后来柯林也加入进来。他们非常喜爱这个花园，一直保守着这个秘密。他们整天在花园里干活玩耍，呼吸新鲜空气。最后，玛莉和柯林都改掉了自己的坏习气，身心得到了健康发展，玛莉变成了漂亮的小姑娘，柯林则长成了健壮的小伙子。他们把这一切都归功于大自然的“魔力”。

《秘密花园》是二十世纪一部最具创造性、最杰出的儿童小说，它以其永恒的主题、细腻的人物刻画以及严谨的叙述风格，为其赢得了儿童文学作品的经典地位。故事展现了人类善良、友爱和坚毅的天性，揭示了人与自然的关系，探索了健康的思想和心灵对于儿童身心成长的巨大作用，是一部乐观向上、积极健康的好作品。同时，小说中充满了神话色彩和拯救灵魂等宗教象征意义。在英语儿童文学里，《秘密花园》是公认的无年龄界限的精品，也是一部打通雅俗界限的文学作品，既入严肃文学的殿堂，也是畅销小说的赢家。在英国它被收入牛津《世界经典丛书》。在美国的历史上，也是一部难得的成功之作。近百年来，它被多次拍成电影，搬上舞台和制作成卡通片。总之，《秘密花园》讲述的关于大自然的魔力和美好心灵的故事是人类永远渴望探索和难以舍弃的主题。

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Chapter 1 There Is No One Left

When Mary Lennox was sent to Misselthwaite **Manor** to live with her uncle, everybody said she was the most **disagreeable**-looking child ever seen. It was true, too. She had a little thin face and a little thin body, thin light hair and a sour expression. Her hair was yellow, and her face was yellow because she had been born in India and had always been ill in one way or another. Her father had held a position under the English Government and had always been busy and ill himself, and her mother had been a great beauty who cared only to go to parties and amuse herself with gay people. She had not wanted a little girl at all, and when Mary was born she handed her over to the care of an Ayah, who was made to understand that if she wished to please the Mem Sahib she must keep the child out of sight as much as possible. So when she was a sickly, **fretful**, ugly little baby she was kept out of the way, and when she became a sickly, fretful, **toddling** thing she was kept out of the way also. She never remembered seeing familiarly anything but the dark faces of her Ayah and the other native servants, and as they always obeyed her and gave her her own way in everything, because the Mem Sahib would be angry if she was disturbed by her crying, by the time she was six years old she was as **tyrannical** and selfish a little pig as ever lived. The young English governess who came to teach her to read and write disliked her so much that she gave up her place in three months, and when other governesses came to try to fill it they always went away in a shorter time than the first one. So if Mary had not chosen to really want to know how to read books she would never have learned her letters at all.

One frightfully hot morning, when she was about nine years old, she awakened feeling very cross, and she became crosser still when she saw that the servant who stood by her bedside was not her Ayah.

"Why did you come?" she said to the strange woman. "I will not let you stay. Send my Ayah to me."

The woman looked frightened, but she only **stammered** that the Ayah

第1章 楼空人去

manor

['mænə]

n. 庄园

disagreeable

[,disə'grɪəbl]

adj. 讨厌的,令人不愉快的

fretful

['fretful]

adj. 烦恼的,烦躁的

toddle

['tɒdl]

v. 蹒跚学步

tyrannical

[ti'rænikəl]

adj. 专制的,专横的

stammer

['stæmə]

v. 结结巴巴

玛莉·莱诺克丝被送到了米塞施维特庄园,住在她姑父那儿。人们见了都说,还从没看到过长得这么难看的小孩。确也如此。她脸蛋瘦削、个头矮小,头发稀稀落落,整天一副郁郁寡欢的样子。玛莉在印度出生,经常不是这病就是那病,头发枯黄,脸色蜡黄。她爸爸在当地英国政府的一个部门当差,总是忙忙碌碌,自己也常生病。她妈妈可是个大美人,但成天出入宴会舞池,与人寻欢作乐。她压根不想要这个小女孩,玛莉一出生,就把她交给了印度奶妈照看,还让奶妈心知肚明:要想取悦女主人,得尽量别让她瞧着孩子。婴儿时的玛莉,体弱多病,又爱哭又爱闹,长相丑陋,所以总是避免与人接触;等到她长成一个蹒跚学步的小家伙了,依然多病、乖戾,也不让人接触。她从不曾记得见过什么让她感觉亲切的东西,只是奶妈和其他印度佣人那一张张黑黝黝的脸。他们总是顺着她,凡事由着她的性子,因为女主人只要经她的哭声一搅,就会大发脾气。六岁时,玛莉变成世上最跋扈、自私的难缠鬼。前来教她读书写字的年轻英国家庭教师十分讨厌她,三个月就辞职不干了。其他前来一试的教师连三个月不到就走人了。要不是玛莉自己真想读书,她只怕会目不识丁了。

大约九岁那年,一天早晨,天热得要命,她一醒来就十分烦躁,发现站在床前的佣人不是奶妈,脾气就更大了。

“你在这儿干嘛?”她对那个陌生女佣说,“我不许你呆这儿。去叫我奶妈来。”

女佣显得很害怕,不过还是结结巴巴地说,奶妈不

could not come and when Mary threw herself into a passion and beat and kicked her, she looked only more frightened and repeated that it was not possible for the Ayah to come to Missie Sahib.

There was something **mysterious** in the air that morning. Nothing was done in its regular order and several of the native servants seemed missing, while those whom Mary saw **slunk** or hurried about with ashy and scared faces. But no one would tell her anything and her Ayah did not come. She was actually left alone as the morning went on, and at last she wandered out into the garden and began to play by herself under a tree near the **veranda**. She pretended that she was making a flower-bed, and she stuck big **scarlet hibiscus** blossoms into little heaps of earth, all the time growing more and more angry and **muttering** to herself the things she would say and the names she would call Saidie when she returned.

"Pig! Pig! Daughter of Pigs! " she said, because to call a native a pig is the worst insult of all.

She was **grinding** her teeth and saying this over and over again when she heard her mother come out on the veranda with some one. She was with a fair young man and they stood talking together in low strange voices. Mary knew the fair young man who looked like a boy. She had heard that he was a very young officer who had just come from England. The child stared at him, but she stared most at her mother. She always did this when she had a chance to see her, because the Mem Sahib—Mary used to call her that oftener than anything else—was such a tall, slim, pretty person and wore such lovely clothes. Her hair was like **curly** silk and she had a delicate little nose which seemed to be **disdaining** things, and she had large laughing eyes. All her clothes were thin and floating, and Mary said they were "full of lace." They looked fuller of lace than ever this morning, but her eyes were not laughing at all. They were large and scared and lifted **imploringly** to the fair boy officer's face.

"Is it so very bad? Oh, is it?" Mary heard her say.

"Awfully, " the young man answered in a trembling voice. "Awfully, Mrs. Lennox. You ought to have gone to the hills two weeks ago."

The Mem Sahib wrung her hands.

"Oh, I know I ought! " she cried. "I only stayed to go to that silly dinner party. What a fool I was! "

mysterious

[mis'tiəriəs]

adj. 神秘的, 不可思议的

slink

[slink]

v. 行事鬼祟

veranda

[və'rændə]

n. 游廊, 走廊

scarlet

['skɑ:lɪt]

adj. 深红色的

hibiscus

[hai'biskəs]

n. 木槿

mutter

['mʌtə]

v. 咕哝, 嘀咕

grind

[graɪnd]

v. 磨, 咬牙

curly

['kɜ:li]

adj. 卷曲的

disdain

[dis'deɪn]

v. 蔑视, 鄙弃

imploringly

[im'plɔ:ɪŋli]

adv. 恳求地

能来了。玛莉大发雷霆, 对她又踢又打。女佣更加害怕, 反复说奶妈不可能来伺候小姐了。

那天上午, 气氛有些诡异。发生的事情有悖常规, 几个本地佣人好像也不见了。玛莉所能看见的佣人, 一个个行动鬼祟, 来去匆匆, 脸色如灰, 神情恐慌。可谁也没告诉她发生了什么事, 奶妈也没来。上午还没过完, 就只剩她独自一人了。最后她逛到花园, 开始在游廊边的树下自个儿玩。她假装堆花坛, 把一朵朵又大又红的木槿花插在一个个小土堆上, 心里却越来越生气, 嘴里嘀咕着奶妈回来时骂她的话。

“猪! 猪! 猪娘养的!” 她说, 骂当地人猪可是最侮辱人的。

她咬牙切齿, 嘴里不停地骂着, 这时她听见妈妈和一个人走出来, 到了回廊上。她身边是个漂亮的年轻男子, 他们站在那儿说话, 声音低沉怪异。这个漂亮的年轻男子长着一副娃娃脸, 玛莉认得他。她曾听说他是个很年轻的军官, 刚从英国回来。这孩子瞪了瞪这位男子, 但多半还是瞪着她的妈妈。一有机会见到妈妈, 她就这样瞪着她, 因为女主人——玛莉常这样叫她, 别的称呼用得较少——是如此高挑、苗条、漂亮, 衣着又是如此华丽。她的头发卷曲如丝, 精致小巧的鼻子傲气十足, 大大的双眼常带着笑意。她所有的衣服都轻盈飘逸, 用玛莉的话说就是“衣服到处都是花边”。这天早上, 衣服的花边似乎更多, 但眼里却没有一丝笑意。大大的眼睛, 透着惊恐, 哀求般地仰望着年轻军官的脸。

“情况这么糟吗? 噢, 是真的吗?” 玛莉听见妈妈说。

“糟透了,” 年轻人回答道, 声音在颤抖。 “是糟透了, 莱诺克丝太太。两星期前您就该去山上的。”

女主人两手紧攥。

“噢, 我是知道!” 她喊道。 “就是那个该死的晚宴把我拖住了。我多傻啊!”

At that very moment such a loud sound of wailing broke out from the servants' quarters that she clutched the young man's arm, and Mary stood shivering from head to foot. The wailing grew wilder and wilder.

"What is it? What is it? " Mrs. Lennox **gasped**.

"Some one has died, " answered the boy officer. "You did not say it had broken out among your servants."

"I did not know! " the Mem Sahib cried. "Come with me! Come with me! " and she turned and ran into the house.

After that, appalling things happened, and the mysteriousness of the morning was explained to Mary. The cholera had broken out in its most fatal form and people were dying like flies. The Ayah had been taken ill in the night, and it was because she had just died that the servants had wailed in the huts. Before the next day three other servants were dead and others had **run away in terror**. There was panic on every side, and dying people in all the **bungalows**.

During the confusion and **bewilderment** of the second day Mary hid herself in the nursery and was forgotten by everyone. Nobody thought of her, nobody wanted her, and strange things happened of which she knew nothing. Mary alternately cried and slept through the hours. She only knew that people were ill and that she heard mysterious and **tightening** sounds. Once she crept into the dining-room and found it empty, though a partly finished meal was on the table and chairs and plates looked as if they had been hastily pushed back when the diners rose suddenly for some reason. The child ate some fruit and biscuits, and being thirsty she drank a glass of wine which stood nearly filled. It was sweet, and she did not know how strong it was. Very soon it made her intensely drowsy, and she went back to her nursery and shut herself in again, frightened by cries she heard in the huts and by the hurrying sound of feet. The wine made her so sleepy that she could **scarcely** keep her eyes open and she lay down on her bed and knew nothing more for a long time.

Many things happened during the hours in which she slept so heavily, but she was not **disturbed** by the wails and the sound of things being carried in and out of the bungalow.

When she awakened she lay and stared at the wall. The house was perfectly still. She had never known it to be so silent before. She heard

gasp

[gɑ:sp]

v. 气喘吁吁地说

就在此时，一阵嚎啕哭声从佣人们的住处突然传来，女主人紧紧抓住年轻人的手臂，玛莉站在那儿，浑身发抖。哭声越来越大。

“出了什么事？出了什么事？”莱诺克丝太太喘着粗气问。

“有人死了，”年轻军官回答说。“你没说过佣人里面也有染上的。”

“我不知道！”女主人叫道。“跟我来！跟我来！”然后转身就跑进屋了。

run away in terror

惊慌地跑开

bungalow

['bʌŋgələu]

n. 印度平房

bewilderment

[bi'wildəmənt]

n. 困惑，迷乱

此后，可怕的事情发生了。早上那诡秘的气氛现在玛莉一切都明白了。致命的霍乱爆发了，人们像苍蝇一样成群死去。奶妈夜间染病，刚才死了，棚子里传来的嚎啕声就是佣人们哭她的。一天不到，又死了三个佣人，其他人惊恐而逃。到处一片恐慌，棚屋里都是奄奄一息之人。

第二天，乱糟糟的一片混乱，玛莉躲进了幼儿室，被人遗忘了。没人想到她，也没人需要她，怪事接二连三，她却一无所知。这段时间，玛莉哭了睡，睡了哭，只知道大家都病了，还听见神秘可怖的声音。有一次，她蹑手蹑脚走进餐厅，里面一个人也没有，吃了一半的饭菜剩在桌上。吃饭的人似乎出于什么原因突然起身，慌乱地推开椅子和盘子跑了。小家伙吃了点水果和饼干，因为渴，又喝了满满一杯几乎没人动过的葡萄酒。她感觉甜甜的，却不知酒的劲头。很快，她昏昏欲睡，回到幼儿室，又把自己关了起来。听到棚屋里的哭喊声和匆匆的脚步声，不由得有几分害怕。酒劲使她睡意十足，难以睁眼。她躺在床上，很长时间什么都不知道。了。

scarcely

['skɜ:slɪ]

adv. 几乎不

disturb

[dis'tɜ:b]

v. 使不安，使烦躁

她沉睡的时候，发生了很多事，但哀哭声和棚屋里东西抬进抬出的声音并没吵醒她。

醒来时，她躺在床上环顾墙壁。房子里寂无声息，以前从未如此安静，听不到说话声，也听不到脚步声，

neither voices nor footsteps, and wondered if everybody had got well of the **cholera** and all the trouble was over. She wondered also who would take care of her now her Ayah was dead. There would be a new Ayah, and perhaps she would know some new stories. Mary had been rather tired of the old ones. She did not cry because her nurse had died. She was not an **affectionate** child and had never cared much for any one. The noise and hurrying about and wailing over the cholera had frightened her, and she had been angry because no one seemed to remember that she was alive. Everyone was too panic-stricken to think of a little girl no one was fond of. When people had the cholera it seemed that they remembered nothing but themselves. But if everyone had got well again, surely some one would remember and come to look for her.

But no one came, and as she lay waiting the house seemed to grow more and more silent. She heard something **rustling** on the **matting** and when she looked down she saw a little snake **gliding** along and watching her with eyes like jewels. She was not frightened, because he was a harmless little thing who would not hurt her and he seemed in a hurry to get out of the room. He **slipped** under the door as she watched him.

"How queer and quiet it is," she said. "It sounds as if there were no one in the bungalow but me and the snake."

Almost the next minute she heard footsteps in the compound, and then on the veranda. They were men's footsteps, and the men entered the bungalow and talked in low voices. No one went to meet or speak to them and they seemed to open doors and look into rooms.

"What desolation! " she heard one voice say. "That pretty, pretty woman! I suppose the child, too. I heard there was a child, though no one ever saw her."

Mary was standing in the middle of the nursery when they opened the door a few minutes later. She looked an ugly, cross little thing and was frowning because she was beginning to be hungry and feel **disgracefully** neglected. The first man who came in was a large officer she had once seen talking to her father. He looked tired and troubled, but when he saw her he was so startled that he almost jumped back.

"Barney! " he cried out. "There is a child here! A child alone! In a place like this! Mercy on us, who is she! "