

Selection From Hans Andersen's  
Fairy Tales

安徒生童话精选（一）

## 1. THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL

It was dreadfully cold! It was snowing fast, and almost dark; the evening—the last evening of the 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 a pair of slippers on: but what was the good of that! They were too large for her. They belonged to her mother. And now they 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 old apron. No one had bought any of them the whole day; no one had given her a single penny. Trembling with cold and hunger she walked 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 certainly wasn't thinking of how nice she looked.

## 1. 卖火柴的小女孩

这是冬季的一天，天气非常寒冷，正下着大雪，黑夜即将降临。除夕之夜——一年中最后的一个夜晚——就要来临了。尽管天又黑又冷，一个贫穷的小女孩仍徘徊在街头，她光着头，赤着脚。她离开家时，曾穿着一双便鞋。但是那又有什么用呢！那双便鞋对她来说太大了，因为那是她妈妈的。当她为了躲避两辆马车飞快地跑过马路时，便鞋被甩掉了。一只便鞋找不到了，另一只被一个小男孩捡起来拿着跑了，他觉得这只便鞋可以当布娃娃的摇篮。

现在小女孩赤脚走在路上，她的脚被冻得紫红紫红的。她手里拿着一小把火柴，在旧围裙里还装着更多的火柴。一整天，没有一个人买过她一根火柴，没有一个人给过她一个铜板。小女孩饥寒交迫，全身颤抖地朝着前走着，一幅愁苦的画面。多可怜的小女孩呀！

雪花飘落到她长长的金发上——她的头发卷曲得很漂亮，垂在肩上。当然她没想着自己看上去多漂

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, call it rather magic taper, ——for it seemed to her as though she were 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.

亮。每扇窗户都透露着灯光，有几所房子还飘出烤鹅的香味。现在是除夕，而这正是小女孩想的事。

小女孩在两座房子——一座房子比另一座突出——所形成的角落里坐了下来，把两只脚紧紧地缩在身子底下，但这也是徒劳——她不能捂暖它们。小女孩不敢回家，她没有卖出一根火柴，也没有赚到一个铜板，也许她的父亲会打她。而且，家里和街上差不多一样冷——她家住在阁楼里，尽管在屋顶的许多大裂缝上都塞上了稻草和破布，但是风雪还是常常吹透。她的双手都快冻得失去知觉了。如果她敢划着一根火柴，也许可以暖暖手。她拿出一根，在墙上划着，太好了！这是明亮而温暖的火焰，她把手放在上面。对于这个可怜的小女孩来说，这就是焰火——不，还不如把它叫做有魔法力量的蜡烛——因为它使她觉得自己坐在一个有黄铜装饰的大铁炉前，里面的火焰燃烧得多美呀！小女孩想伸出双脚准备暖一暖，哎呀！瞬间火苗熄灭了，炉子消失了，只有小女孩寒冷地得不到任何安慰地坐在那里，手里拿着那根烧秃的火柴。

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.

She kindled a third match. Again the flame shot up; and now she was sitting under a most beautiful Christmas-tree, far larger, and far more prettily decked out, than the one she had seen last Christmas Eve through the glass doors of the rich merchant's house. Hundreds of wax-tapers lighted up the green branches, and tiny painted figures, such as she had seen in the shop-windows, looked down from the tree upon her. The child stretched out her hands towards them in delight, and in that moment the light of the match was quenched. Still, however, the Christmas candles burned higher and higher—she beheld them beaming like stars in heaven: one of them fell, the

小女孩拿出第二根火柴在墙上划着，火柴点燃了，在墙上，火焰照着的地方，便像薄纱一样透明——小女孩能看见屋子里面，她看见桌上铺着一块雪白的织花桌布，上面摆着亮晶晶的精细的碗碟，塞满苹果和葡萄干的烤鹅冒着热气，放在桌子的一端。但看上去最美妙的是：那只烤鹅——背上插着刀叉——直朝这穷苦的小姑娘走来，这时火柴熄灭了，只有那堵又厚又坚硬的墙竖立在她旁边。

她点燃了第三根火柴。火柴再一次燃烧起来，现在她坐在一棵异常美丽的圣诞树下，这棵树比上次圣诞前夕她从商人的玻璃门看到的那棵圣诞树大多了也装饰得漂亮多了。绿色的树枝上点燃着上百支蜡烛，那些她曾在橱窗里见到过的涂色的小偶人在树上望着她。小女孩高兴地向他们伸出双手，这时火柴光熄灭了。但是圣诞蜡烛却越燃越亮——她看见它们像天空中的星星那样明亮：其中一颗坠落下来，后面飘

lights streaming behind it like a long, fiery tail.

“Now some one is dying,” said the little girl, softly, for she had been told by her old grandmother—the only person who had ever been kind to her, and who was now dead—that whenever a star falls an immortal spirit returns to the God who gave it.

She struck yet another match against the wall. It flamed up, and, surrounded by its light, appeared before her that same dear grandmother, gentle and loving as always, but bright and happy as she had never looked during her lifetime.

“Grandmother!” exclaimed the child, “oh, take me with you! I know you will leave me as soon as the match goes out—you will vanish like the warm fire in the stove, like the splendid New Year’s feast, like the beautiful large Christmas-tree!” and she hastily lighted all the remaining matches in the bundle, lest her grandmother should disappear. And the matches burned with such a blaze of splendour, that noon-day could scarcely have been brighter. Never had the good old grandmother looked so tall and stately, so beautiful and kind. She took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew together—joyfully and gloriously they flew—higher and higher, till they were in that place where neither cold, nor hunger, nor

下来的光像一条燃烧着的长尾巴。

“现在有一个人死了，”小女孩轻声说，因为她老奶奶——唯一一个对她好的人，但现在已去世了——告诉过她，当一颗星坠落时，一个不朽的灵魂回到了给予这个灵魂的上帝那里。

她在墙上又划了一根火柴。火焰燃起，这时，她亲爱的老祖母——浑身被亮光照耀着——出现在她面前，仍然是那样温和、可亲，但是她却是那么快乐和幸福，这是小女孩从未在老祖母活着时见到过的。

“奶奶！”小女孩叫着；啊！带我一起走吧！我知道当火柴燃尽时你就会离开我——你就会像那火炉中温暖的火焰，像那辉煌的新年宴会，像那棵美丽的大圣诞树一样，消失不见了。”于是，她匆忙地点燃了那束火柴中所有剩下的火柴，生怕她的老祖母会消逝掉。火柴燃烧发出了壮丽的火光，甚至连正午的阳光也没有如此明亮。善良的老祖母看上去从未像现在这么高大，这么庄重，这么漂亮和这么和蔼。她抱起小女孩一起飞了起来——她们愉快地荣耀地飞着——越飞越高，一直飞到一个从没有寒冷，没有饥饿，没

pain, is ever known—they were in Paradise.

But in the cold morning hour, crouching in the corner of the wall, the poor little girl was found—her cheeks glowing, her lips smiling—frozen to death on the last night of the Old Year. The New Year's sun shone on the lifeless child as she sat there motionless with the matches in her lap, one bundle of them quite burnt out.

“She has been trying to warm herself, poor thing!” the people said; but no one knew of the sweet visions she had beheld, or how gloriously she and her grandmother were celebrating their New Year's festival.

## 2. THE UGLY DUCKLING

How beautiful it was in the country! It was summer-time; the wheat was yellow, the oats were green, the hay was stacked up in the verdant meadows, and the stork strutted about on his long red legs, chatting in Egyptian, the language he had learned from his mother. The fields and meadows were skirted by thick woods, and in the midst of the woods lay a deep lake. Yes, it was indeed beautiful in the country! The sunshine fell warmly on an old country house, surrounded by deep canals, and from the walls down to

有痛苦的地方——她们飞到了天堂。

但是，在寒冷的早晨，蜷缩在墙角里的可怜的小女孩被人发现了——她的双颊通红，嘴唇带着微笑——她被冻死在旧年的除夕。新年的阳光照在她的身上，她一动不动地坐在那里，膝上放着一些火柴，其中有一束差不多快烧光了。

“她想使自己暖和暖和，真可怜啊！”人们说着。但是没有一个人知道小女孩看见的美好的景象，也没有人知道她和祖母一起快乐地庆祝新年这个节日。

## 2. 丑小鸭

乡下的景致非常迷人！这正是夏天，小麦已经黄了，燕麦绿油油的，干草堆积在绿色的牧场上，鹳鸟迈着又长又红的双腿大摇大摆地走着，用他从母亲那里学来的埃及语闲聊着。田野和牧场的周围是密密的森林，森林的中间有一池深深的湖水。是的，乡下的确很美丽！温暖的阳光照着一幢古老的房子，它的周围有几条很深的小溪，从墙至水边长着高大的牛蒡，

the water's edge there grew large burdock-leaves, so high that children could stand upright among them without being seen. This place was as wild and lonely as the thickest part of the wood, and on that account a duck had chosen to make her nest there. She was sitting on her eggs, but the pleasure she had felt at first was now almost gone, because she had been there so long, and had so few visitors, for the other ducks preferred swimming about in the canals to climbing up the slippery banks and sitting gossiping with her.

At last the eggs began to crack, and one little head after another appeared. "Quack, quack!" said the duck, and all got up as well as they could, and peeped about from under the green leaves.

"How large the world is!" said the little ones.

"Do you think this is the whole of the world?" said the mother. "It stretches far away beyond the other side of the garden down to the pastor's field, but I have never been there. Are you all here?" And then she got up. "No, I have not got you all; the largest egg is still here. How long, I wonder, will this last? I am so weary of it!" And then she sat down again.

"Well! and how are you getting on?" asked an old duck, who had come to pay her a visit.

它们是那么高，以至孩子直着腰站在中间都不会被人看见。这个地方是森林中最浓密的地方，显得十分荒凉，因此一只母鸭选择这里筑窝。她正在孵蛋，最初的兴奋已经快消失了，因为她已经呆了很长时间，这里几乎没有客人，因为其他的鸭子都愿意到小溪里游来游去，不愿意爬上很滑的河岸，坐在那里和她聊天。

最后鸭蛋开始裂开，小脑袋一个接一个地冒了出来。“嘎，嘎！”母鸭叫着，小鸭子都尽力地站起来，从绿叶下面向四周张望。

“世界真大呀！”小鸭子们说着。

“你们认为这就是整个世界吗？”鸭妈妈说。“这世界一直延伸到花园的一边，从那里又延伸到牧师的田里，还要延伸得很远，但我从未去过那里。你们所有的人都来了吗？”于是她站了起来，“不，我还没有把你们全孵出来；最大的蛋还在那里，我想知道多久我才能让最后这个蛋孵出来？我非常疲惫了！”接着她又坐了下来。

“唔，孵得怎么样了？”一只来拜访她的老鸭子问道。

“This one egg keeps me so long,” said the mother, “it will not break; but you should see the others! They are the prettiest little ducklings I have seen in all my days.”

“Depend upon it,” said the old duck, “it is a turkey’s egg. I was cheated in the same way once myself, and I had such trouble with the young ones. They were so afraid of the water that I could not get them to go near it. I called and scolded, but it was all of no use. But let me see the egg. Ah, yes! To be sure, that is a turkey’s egg. Leave it, and teach the other little ones to swim.”

“I will sit on it a little longer,” said the duck. “I have been sitting so long, that a day or two will not matter much.”

“It is no business of mine,” said the old duck, and away she waddled.

The great egg burst at last. “Peep, peep!” said the little one, and out it tumbled. But oh! how large and ugly it was! The duck looked at it. “That is a great, strong creature,” said she, “none of the others are at all like it. Can it be a young turkey-cock? Well, we shall soon find out. Into the water it must go, though I should have to push it in myself.”

The next day there was delightful weather, and the sun was shining warmly upon all the green leaves

“这只蛋让我孵了很长时间，”鸭妈妈说，“它还没破裂，但是你可以看看别的，它们是我这一生中见过的最可爱的小鸭子。”

“你相信我好啦！”老鸭子说，“这是一个火鸡蛋。我自己就曾同样被骗过一次，那些小家伙确实给了我不少麻烦，他们非常怕水，我都无法把他们带去水边，我叫骂着，但是没有用。但是让我看看这只蛋吧。啊，是的！请相信，这一定是个火鸡蛋。甭去管它，去教其他小鸭子游泳吧！”

“我还要再孵一会儿，”母鸭说，“我已经孵了很长时间，不介意再多一两天。”

“这可不关我的事了。”老鸭子说着，摇摇摆摆地走开了。

最大的蛋终于裂开了。“唧，唧！”小鸭子叫着滚了出来。哎哟！他是那么大又那么丑！母鸭子望了他一眼。“这真是一只强壮的小鸭子，”她说，“其他的小鸭子没有一只像他，这会是一只小火鸡吗？好吧，我们将很快搞清楚。即使我要亲自推他，也要让他下到水里。”

第二天，天气晴朗，阳光柔和地照在所有的绿叶

when mother-duck with her family went down to the canal. Splash! she went into the water. "Quack, quack!" cried she, and one duckling after another jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but all came up again, and swam quite easily. All were there; even the ugly grey one was swimming about with the rest.

"No, it is not a turkey," said the mother-duck; "only see how prettily it moves its legs, how upright it holds itself. It is my own child, and it is really very pretty when one looks more closely at it. Quack! quack! now come with me, I will take you into the world; but keep close to me, or someone may tread on you. And beware of the cat."

When they came into the duck-yard, two families were quarrelling about the head of an eel, which in the end was carried off by the cat.

"See, my children, such is the way of the world," said the mother-duck, whetting her beak, for she too was fond of roasted eels. "Now use your legs," said she, "keep together, and bow to the old duck you see yonder. She is the noblest born of them all, and is of Spanish blood, which accounts for her dignified appearance and manners. And look, she has a red rag on her leg; that is considered a special mark of distinction, and is the greatest honour a duck can

上，鸭妈妈带着她所有的孩子来到河边。扑通！她跳进水中，“嘎，嘎！”她叫着，于是小鸭子一个接一个地跳了下来。水一下子淹过他们的头，但很快他们又都露了出来，他们游得非常轻松自如。所有的小鸭子都在这儿，甚至连那只丑陋的灰色小鸭也和其他小鸭子一起游泳。

“不，他不是火鸡，”鸭妈妈说，“只要看看他的腿划动得那么可爱，他的身子保持的那么笔直——看到这些就足矣了！他是我的孩子。只要你仔细地看看他，就会发现他真的很可爱。嘎！嘎！现在跟我一起来，我将你们带到世界中去；但要紧紧跟着我，否则有人会踩着你们。还有要当心猫。”

当他们来到鸭场时，两家鸭子正在为一个鳗鱼头而争吵，最后却被猫叼走了。

“瞧，我的孩子，这就是世界，”鸭妈妈一边说着一边磨着她的喙，因为她也喜欢那烤鳗鱼。“现在要使用你们的双腿，”她说，“把它们并在一起，向那边你们看见的那只老鸭子鞠躬。他们是他们中出身最高贵的鸭子，她具有西班牙血统，这就是她具有出色的外表和举止的原因。看，她的腿上系着一块红布，这被认为是一种特殊的标记，这是一只鸭子所能获得