

## <<秘密花园>>

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## &lt;&lt;秘密花园&gt;&gt;

## 前言

弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特(1849—1924), 英裔美国人, 是19世纪和20世纪美国最著名的小说家、童话作家和剧作家。

1849年11月24日生于英国曼彻斯特市, 1865年随全家移民美国田纳西州。

她从18岁开始在杂志上发表故事。

1877年, 编著出版了《劳瑞家的那闺女》, 该书取材于幼年她在英国煤矿的生活, 一经出版便获得读者认可并成为当时最畅销的小说之一。

然而, 让弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特闻名于世的, 是她的儿童文学作品。

1886年, 她发表了小说《小爵爷》, 描写一个美国小男孩成为英国伯爵继承人的故事, 该本书让伯内特成为当时最畅销、最富有的流行作家之一。

1905年, 伯内特发表了《小公主》, 该书通过一位遭遇家庭变故, 善良、美丽的印度富家千金的成长和生活经历, 讲述一个关于财富、地位以及人生态度的故事。

1909年, 当她在纽约长岛布置自己家花园的时候, 突发灵感, 构思出《秘密花园》, 该书于1911年出版, 成为当时英国和美国最畅销童话图书。

她的许多作品被改编为话剧和电影, 这其中包括《小少爷方特罗伊》、《小公主》和《秘密花园》。

作为伯内特最成功的童话作品, 《秘密花园》于1919年、1949年、1993年三度在美国被拍成电影, 1994年制作成电视卡通片。

除此之外, 根据《秘密花园》制作的各種产品, 从磁带有声书籍、幼儿图书、简写本、缩写本, 到玩具书、文具、手工艺品, 不计其数。

该书出版近100年来, 被译成世界上50多种文字, 销售册数以千万记。

目前, 仅在美国的图书市场上, 全文的《秘密花园》超过30个版本, 其中包括由著名的蓝登书屋(Random House)、企鹅出版集团(Penguin Group)、牛津大学出版社(Oxford University Press)等出版公司出版的相关图书。

由于《秘密花园》语言平易, 故事却极富传神, 同时思想丰富、情节精彩曲折, 容易吸引青少年学生, 因而在世界各地常被选作英文教材教学或英语课外阅读用书。

在中国, 《秘密花园》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典童话作品之一。

自20世纪20年代引进中国以来, 各种版本总计不下百种。

作为世界童话文学宝库中的传世经典之作, 它影响了一代又一代中国人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。

目前, 在国内数量众多的《秘密花园》书籍中, 主要的出版形式有两种, 一种是中文翻译版, 另一种是中英文对照版。

而其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎, 这主要得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。

而从英文学习的角度上来看, 直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。

考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读, 使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式, 也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。

采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排, 这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。

基于以上原因, 我们决定编译《秘密花园》, 并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。

在中文导读中, 我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓, 也尽可能保留原作简洁、精练、明快的风格。

我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。

读者在阅读英文故事之前, 可以先阅读中文导读内容, 这样有利于了解故事背景, 从而加快阅读速度。

我们相信, 该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者, 特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由刘乃亚、纪飞编译。

参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、王勋、赵雪、左新杲、黄福成、冯洁、徐鑫、马启龙、王业伟、王旭敏、陈楠、王多多、邵舒丽、周丽萍、王晓旭、李永振、孟宪行、熊红华、胡国平、熊建国、徐平国和王小红等。

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限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，书中难免会有一些不当之处，我们衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。

## <<秘密花园>>

### 内容概要

《秘密花园》是20世纪最伟大的童话巨著之一，它是由美国著名作家弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特（1849-1924）编著而成。

这是一部讲述一个关于美好心灵和大自然的魔法的故事，是关于“内心秘密成长”的童话。

书中主人公玛丽虽然与父母生活在一起，但并未享受过来自父母的亲情，土著仆人对她的百依百顺，使她变得任性又乖戾，但是当她遇到一个秘密的废弃花园后，她和她的伙伴们都去掉了所有讨人厌的坏毛病，成为富有爱心的漂亮姑娘和健壮小伙子。

他们把这一切，都归功于大自然的宽法。

本书一经出版，很快就成为当时最受关注和最畅销的儿童文学作品，至今被译成世界上60多种文字，曾经先后十几次被改编成电影、电视剧、卡通片、话剧、舞台剧。

无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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### 作者简介

弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特（1849年-1924），一位影响了整个20世纪的英国女作家，是最早使用现代心理描写手法进行少儿文学创作的作家之一。

出于曼彻斯特，你亲早逝，家境贫寒。

16岁时，弗朗西丝随全家移民美国；18岁时，开始发表作品；28岁时，出版了她的第一部畅销书《劳瑞家

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## 章节摘录

1. 一个也不剩      There is No One Left      人们都说没见过长得像玛丽这么难看的小孩。她看上去是那么的令人不愉快，又瘦又黄的脸，又薄又黄的头发，身材单薄，而脸上整天都是一副气呼呼的样子。

自从她在印度出生后，她就只熟悉印度奶妈和仆人的黑脸，因为她的妈妈心里只有宴会和玩乐。那些仆人们对这个病恹恹又难看的小女孩百依百顺。

玛丽就这样随心所欲地生活着，长成了一个自私、暴躁又孤单的孩子。

然而，她的生活发生了巨大的变化。

那是在她差不多九岁的一天早上，霍乱爆发了，奶妈死了，她在混乱中藏到婴儿室里，时哭时睡，没有人想起来找她。

不知道什么时候她醒来了，听不到说话声，也没有脚步声，房子里从未如此寂静过。

过了一段时间，一个军官和一个年轻男人打开门走了进来，从他们的对话中，玛丽得知自己已经没有父亲母亲了。

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

可怜的玛丽      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 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

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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! ” 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 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,



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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! ” “ I am Mary Lennox, ” the little girl said, drawing herself up stiffly. She thought the man was very rude to call her father ’ s bungalow “ A place like this! ” “ I fell asleep when everyone had the cholera and I have only just wakened up. Why does nobody come? ” “ It is the child no one ever saw! ” exclaimed the man, turning to his companions. “ She has actually been forgotten! ” “ Why was I forgotten? ” Mary said, stamping her foot. “ Why does nobody come? ” The young man whose name was Barney looked at her very sadly. Mary even thought she saw him wink his eyes as if to wink tears away. “ Poor little kid! ” he said. “ There is nobody left to come. ” It was in that strange and sudden way that Mary found out that she had neither father nor mother left; that they had died and been carried away in the night, and that the few native servants who had not died also had left the house as quickly as they could get out of it, none of them even remembering that there was a Missie Sahib. That was why the place was so quiet. It was true that there was no one in the bungalow but herself and the little rustling snake.

The Secret

Garden

?There is

No One Left

## &lt;&lt;秘密花园&gt;&gt;

## 编辑推荐

《秘密花园》是一部展现孩子心灵的魔法书。

记述的是在一个大庄园里，有一个废弃的花园。

一位名叫玛丽的小女孩无意中获得园园的钥匙，在知更鸟的指导下找到隐藏的小门。

她和佃户的儿子迪肯在花园里栽花种共。

肯迪聪明能干，会和很多动物说话。

后来，庄园主的这儿子柯林也参加进来，他是个多病、瘦弱、脾气暴躁的小男孩。

在这个美丽的花园里，玛丽和柯林改掉了所有讨人厌的坏毛病，长成了漂亮的姑娘和健壮的小伙子。

这个美丽的秘密花园，是展示爱和大自然力量的舞台，它使人相信：依靠爱与大自然的力量，人类才可以告别凄惨的爱情和不幸的命运。

在美国历史上，很少有一本书能像《秘密花园》这样成功，近百年来，先后被译成世界上60多种文字，还十几次被改编成电影、电视、卡通片、话剧、舞台剧。

这说明，美好的心灵是人类永远舍不得丢弃的，《秘密花园》正好讲的是关于美好心灵和大自然的魔法的故事。

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